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THE  
LETTERS OF  
SIR WALTER SCOTT  
1817—1819

EDITED BY

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REGIUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE  
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*Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith.*  
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*Willis's Current Notes.* London, March 1853 and January 1856

1817

(October 1817 continued)

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I think you should answer Rees explaining the principle in which we intend acting as to G. M. & Wy<sup>1</sup> by dividing them into thirds & continuing the management of each with the original house also giving them the 3d. at discot. and that this will in all probability be a final arrangement although the author retains full power to alter it at pleasure. You may further hint that probably as Agent both for the authors of these novels & of the Tales you may chuse to have only one London house engaged in these matters so that it may be subject of consideration whether these shares of W[averle]y & G. M. with that of the Antiqy. which must soon fall in will not follow the fate of the Tales of my Landld. & depend on their resolution respecting them. I am perfectly inflexible on the subject of their pretended claim—indeed to yield one hairs breadth would be to own I had been using them ill which I am conscious is not the case. You must make them aware of this *gently* in the *manner* but *strongly* in *effect* and I think you may add with propriety that you will be very sorry if a long correspondence in the [course?] of which great mutual advantages have accrued & more may be expected in the course of events should be broken off upon a case of misapprehension which is absolutely incapable of being remedied. Indeed I do not see what recourse they could have except to you for Damages for they have no means to make the author adopt an arrangement of which he disapproved from the instant he heard

<sup>1</sup> *Guy Mannering* and *Waverley*.

of it. But in fact they are *giving in* as appears from their last civil letter.

I will accept for the £700,, so soon as James draws. Dont forget to look over his things & to get bills for W[averle]y and Guy. The former may be delivered to Constable directly so soon as the terms are understood betwixt you & him one 3d. being reserved for Longmans when they come to their stomach : the final destination need not be settled till we hear from them. Observe in writing to Longmans not to admit the identity of the author of the Tales & of the novels but speak of them in the plural number as *twa folk*. They know the contrary of course but you need not *admit* anything.

I may have occasion to draw on you at a fortnight for £100,, from hence which can be paid out of the proceeds of the bills. Yours ever

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 28 *October* [1817].

I am glad you have settled with Southey & trust you will do so with Lundie. This settles the whole affairs of Jo: B & Co/ and mutual releases & discharges should be executed at this term to put all at rights betwixt heirs & successors.

[*Watson Collection*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

ABBOTSFORD, 29th *October* 1817

MY DEAR TERRY,—I enclose a full sketch of the lower story, with accurate measurements of rooms, casements, door-ways, chimneys, &c., that Mr. Atkinson's good will may not want means to work upon. I will speak to the subjects of your letters separately, that I may omit none of them. 1st, I cannot possibly surrender the window to the west in the library,<sup>1</sup> although I subscribe to all you

<sup>1</sup> "Before the second and larger part of the present house of Abbotsford was built, the small room, subsequently known as the breakfast room, was during several years Scott's *sanctum* "—LOCKHART.

urge about it. Still it is essential in point of light to my old eyes, and the single northern aspect would not serve me. Above all, it looks into the yard, and enables me to summon Tom Purdie without the intervention of a third party. Indeed, as I can have but a few books about me, it is of the less consequence. *2dly*, I resign the idea of *coving* the library to your better judgment, and I think the Stirling Heads<sup>1</sup> will be admirably disposed in the glass of the armoury window. I have changed my mind as to having doors on the book-presses, which is, after all, a great bore. No person will be admitted into my sanctum, and I can have the door locked during my absence. *3dly*, I expect Mr. Bullock here every day, and should be glad to have the drawings for the dining-room wainscot, as he could explain them to the artists who are to work them. This (always if quite convenient) would be the more desirable, as I must leave this place in a fortnight at farthest—the more's the pity—and, consequently, the risk of blunders will be considerably increased. I should like if the panneling of the wainscot could admit of a press on each side of the sideboard. I don't mean a formal press with a high door, but some crypt, or, to speak vulgarly, *cupboard*, to put away bottles of wine, &c. You know I am my own butler, and such accommodation is very convenient. We begin roofing to-morrow. Wilkie admires the whole as a composition, and that is high authority. I agree that the fountain shall be out of doors in front of the greenhouse; there may be an enclosure for it with some ornamented mason work, as in old gardens, and it will occupy an angle, which I should be puzzled what to do with, for turf and gravel would be rather mcagre, and flowers not easily

<sup>1</sup> These were pieces of painted glass, representing the heads of some of the old Scottish kings. They had been copied from the carved ceiling of the presence chamber in Stirling Castle. Engravings of them appear in *Lacunar Strevelinense: A collection of Heads, etched and engraved after the carved work which formerly decorated the roof of the King's Room in Stirling Castle.* 40. Edinburgh, 1817.

kept. I have the old fountain belonging to the Cross of Edinburgh,<sup>1</sup> which flowed with wine at the coronation of our kings and on other occasions of public rejoicing. I send a sketch of this venerable relic, connected as it is with a thousand associations. It is handsome in its forms and proportions—a freestone basin about three feet in diameter, and five inches and a half in depth, very handsomely hollowed. A piece has been broken off one edge, but as we have the fragment, it can easily be restored with cement. There are four openings for pipes in the circumference—each had been covered with a Gothic masque, now broken off and defaced, but which may be easily restored. Through these the wine had fallen into a larger and lower reservoir. I intend this for the centre of my fountain. I do not believe I should save £100 by retaining Mrs. Redford,<sup>2</sup> by the time she was raised, altered, and beautified, for, like the Highland-man's gun, she wants stock, lock, and barrel, to put her into repair. In the mean time, "the cabin is convenient." Yours ever,

W. S.

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the demolition of the Edinburgh Mercat Cross, Wilson in his *Memorials of Edinburgh* remarks that "four of the grotesque heads in basso relievo, which surmounted the arches of the octagonal substructure, were . . . rescued by Mr. Walter Ross, and built into his tower at Deanhaugh. On the demolition of the latter in 1814 they were secured by Sir Walter Scott, along with the sculptured stone basin which on festive occasions flowed with wine."

Dun Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
 Rose on a turret octagon ;  
 But now is razed that monument  
     Whence royal edict rang,  
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
     In glorious trumpet clang.  
 O ! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
 Upon its dull destroyer's head !—  
 A minstrel's malison is said.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 63 and note.

To WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

[Extract]

[? October 1817]

MR. LAIDLAW projects a series of letters under the signature of Maugraby. I shall certainly revise and correct them, and if I should write any at length you will understand that I reserve the right of printing such myself, should I ever think it proper, which is highly improbable. Respecting my name in this matter, you will understand that I merely assist Mr. Laidlaw, and you are quite at liberty to say that I do so. But as to my fathering any particular portion of the correspondence, you must hold me excused if I leave that matter to your own sagacity of detection and that of the public. In fact, were I obliged to take pains—and this I must if I were to make myself responsible for what I write—my contributions would be very few indeed. Besides I may, for aught I know, give something or other to Mr. Pringle, who would expect me to favour them also ; so I should be like the poor fellow who was obliged to fly the country in consequence of having rather too numerous an irregular progeny.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[William Blackwood]

To JOHN BALLANTYNE <sup>1</sup>

[Undated]

DEAR JOHN,—I have closed with Usher for his beautiful patrimony, which makes me a great laird. I am afraid the people will take me up for coining. Indeed, these novels, while their attractions last, are something like it. I am very glad of *your* good prospects. Still I cry, *Prudence ! Prudence !*—Yours truly,

W. S.

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> For correct version of this letter see Vol. I, Appendix, p. 522, and note, p. 523.

TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

[*November 1817*]

I HAVE been for several days at Bowhill, and afterwards engaged with visitors here, which has prevented my writing. Mr. Laidlaw showed me a letter this morning about the Chaldean article in your last Magazine, which I hasten to reply to in person. The article (which, from not being acquainted with names and references, I was long of comprehending) possesses a great deal of satirical humour, but the prudence of publishing it may be seriously questioned. Edinburgh is rather too narrow for satire so markedly personal, and there are certainly several individuals who, from their character and situation, have reason to resent having been so roughly treated. And I must add that, disapproving of the whole in point of prudence, I am not greatly pleased with the mode in which one or two of my particular friends have been mentioned, as, for example, Playfair, Charles Sharpe, and Robert Jamieson. You will readily hold me acquitted of the childishness of resenting the good-humoured pleasantry exercised towards myself, with which I was really entertained, and thought the humour very well sustained. Connected as I am with Mr. Laidlaw, and regarding the continuance of the work as a matter of consequence to him, I have no idea of suffering my disapprobation of a particular article, on the grounds I have expressed, to interfere with my promised assistance to him. I do not know any of my friends (meaning such as may have a right to complain of aggression in the present case) who would wish me to resent their quarrel at the risque of disturbing an arrangement made with the views which influenced me in entering into the present. This you will of course understand to be very different from either approving the insertion of the article or subscribing to the justice of the satire. And unquestionably did I conceive it likely that the Magazine could continue

to be a receptacle for articles, however able, composed in the same tone, I could not, consistently with my feelings of what is due to the literary society of Edinburgh, continue my permanent assistance. The field for fair pleasantries is wide enough without enlarging it at the expense of exciting, and not unjustly, feelings of personal and private resentment.

My time for leaving this place now approaches so nearly that it would perhaps be giving you trouble and expense to little purpose to invite you out here. If, however, you should think it of consequence to see Mr. Laidlaw and me together, I will be happy to receive you any day next week.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[*William Blackwood*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY

[*November 1817*]

MY DEAR LORD,—Grateful thanks for your kind enquiries promised. I am better but not well. I trust to be so before your Graces return to Bowhill. James Ballantyne is I conclude at Kelso burying his grandmother<sup>1</sup> (for you may acquaint Mr. & Mrs. Stopford that every body in Scotland have grandfathers & grandmothers except the Glasgow manufacturers). I inclose a note to him or failing him to his brother John who will be the smarter exhibitor of the lions of the two. If your Grace send it in in the morning the one or other will be ready to attend wherever you please to appoint. You need not plague yourself with them more than you find quite convenient as they will be quite enough honored by attending on Mr. & Mrs. S. & Lord Lifford.<sup>2</sup> I envy them the duty which I would have been so happy to have performed myself. Should they wish to see the most

<sup>1</sup> The wife of David Ballantyne died at Kelso on 23rd November 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Powys (1775-1825), second Baron Lilford. His third son, Horatio (1805-1877), became Bishop of Sodor and Man.



accurate & entertaining exhibition of mimicry I ever witnessd they may mention to John Ballantyne a story he tells in the manner of a certain Mrs. Macknight. Matthews got it up at second hand but with infinitely less effect. The said John is not at all *shy* & will readily exhibit his talent whenever required without much hesitation. I did not get an opportunity of asking him to make this exhibition at Bowhill the other day.

I send Walter with this letter being the most active person in Abbotsford at present. I am going to be a bold beggar for a brace or two of game. I promised some to an English Solicitor at Law who (L——d love him) would take no [o]ther payment from a bard & planter. Now Walter contrives to shoot *our* black-cock capitally when required, but before his success amounts to a brace that single bird is usually eaten up— Like Joseph Gillon<sup>1</sup> he cannot *repeat* in the same morning. Will your Grace assist me in this dilemma to bespeak a little assistance from Tom Hutson.

It has just occurd to me that a note to William Erskine might be useful to your Graces party in which case that to the Ballantynes would be unnecessary. I inclose both & am ever Your Graces truly obliged

W. S.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, BOWHILL

[*November 1817*]

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I am compelld to remain here all tomorrow having two matters of consequence to transact with two neighbours the one a madman the other a knave. I trust however I may be a match for the one in my capacity of a bard & for the other in the quality of a lawyer so venture to hope for a favourable issue—I propose to be at Bowhill on friday about the

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Gillon, solicitor. See letter to James Ballantyne, 22nd April 1800, and note, Vol. I, p. 96.

hour of your Graces breakfast that I may spend the day there. Sophia is gone to Edinburgh this morning to keep house for her brothers who go in for their winter studies. Mrs. Scott will take the liberty of bringing Anne with her instead who is a very good girl and as staunch a Jacobite as her Sister : they will appear about dressing time. Believe me ever Your Graces truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Wednesday*

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON[E]

ABBOTSFORD 5 *Nov* 1817

MY DEAR SIR,—My letters to you must be like the cuckoos song a perpetual repetition of thanks & acknowledgements. I cannot tell how much obliged I am to you for the stones which arrived quite safe & will give great distinction to this place. I am much gratified by Mr. Inglis' very flattering liberality. The first thing I shall do when I come to town will be to look out a proper set of my books handsomely bound & to request his acceptance. As you are so kind to living Bards I am not surprised at your care for the memory of those who are no more. Certainly nothing can be more honorable to the Magistrates of Edinr. than their allotment of a spot for a mausoleum to Burns. I hope the liberal contributors will be fortunate in their plan as it will make a conspicuous & interesting ornament on the Caltonhill.

The Act of council makes the fount doubly interesting. I design to have a suitable place & establish it as a fountain I mentioned to you before. It will give me sincere pleasure some day next season when public & private business will permit you to make a start this length to see the use I have made of your liberal gifts & I hope you will not think them misplaced. I have

been annoyed with my old enemy the Cramp which kept me from writing for two or three days but this day I feel like myself again.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO SIR DAVID WILKIE <sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SIR,—There is a certain old proverb which saith Love me love my dog and I feel very much flattered indeed to judge of your regard by the honour which you have done Maida. The picture is most beautiful and expresses the form and character of the animal perfectly. I need not add how much I am gratified by possessing it as a most interesting piece in itself rendered still more valuable as the gift of an artist so justly distinguished. I am very sorry we have not had the pleasure of seeing you here and still more so for the cause. Rheumatisms are awkward companions to begin winter with and you should take great [care] of yourself for the sake of the art and of your friends among whom I hope you will always reckon your truly obliged and faithful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 6 *November* [? 1817]

[*Brotherton*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE <sup>2</sup>

DEAR JOHN,—Longmans answer must be considered as shutting the chequer with respect to the Tales. You can only regret it is not in your power to admit them into the bargain as Mr. Constable takes upon the same terms

<sup>1</sup> Wilkie visited Abbotsford in August 1817 (he writes from there on the 2nd) and probably the picture was started then and completed later, but I can find no reference to it in Allan Cunningham's *Life of Wilkie*.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is printed in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, iii. 101-2, with date "Sunday evening, 9th Nov. 1817." It is printed above from a copy of the original in Mr. Stevenson's possession. It refers to the second series of *Tales of my Landlord*.

as the others the share reserved for them in consequence of their finally rejecting it but whatever share he may be disposed to admit them to whether with or without stock you will be happy to consent to on the part of the author.

Mr. Constable wrote to me that he proposes to make paymt. of the share reserved for Longmn. in good accepted bills or otherwise so as to suit my convenience. You will therefore forthwith arrange with Mr. Caddell the day & manner in which the Bond is to be taken up. The agreement states that from £4000 to £5000 is to be placed at my command at Marts.<sup>1</sup> but if any thing above the £4000 be wanted acceptances from the parties to myself personally<sup>2</sup> will do well enough. You will lose no time in this matter. All our intercourse with the bondholders having been through Mr. Caddell he will of course take the trouble finally to close with him.<sup>2</sup> I wish him joy of his change of condition & hope soon to do it personally.<sup>3</sup>

My illness is quite off but Clarkson says I must take a few days holidays. They will be my last for winter must be well & seriously employd. Yours truly W. S.

*Sunday Even* [8[9] November 1817]

Write to Longman immediatly.

Mr. John Ballantyne Bookseller  
Hanover Street Edinr.

[*Stevenson*]

TO HAY DONALDSON

MY DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter which seems to set the business with Tawse on a very pleasant footing. In fact I am at a good deal of trouble & expence

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Martinmas.

<sup>2</sup> *A. C., etc.* writes “personally,” corrects “to close with him” to “to close with them,” and omits the postscript.

<sup>3</sup> Cadell married Constable’s daughter on 14th October 1817.

to suit & settle our freinds according to their wishes & secure myself the pleasure of their company so have some right to expect everything will be done to render matters convenient for me. I am not like to want for land for Nicol Milne offers me a 150 acres which would square my property with the lake but it is my cue to be in no hurry to snap either his offer or Heitons but to take the best or both or neither according to circumstances. Will you be so good as to have the papers &c ready for my signature on coming to town which will not be untill Monday 17th as I wish to shake off some dregs of the cramp which visited me last week & prepare for the winter campaign. Moreover I have to be at Bowhill for a couple of days to settle some business & make some fun with the otter-hounds. Walter & his brother & Sophia form our advanced party next Tuesday or Wednesday. Believe [me] ever Dear Sir Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 9 *Novr.* [1817]

I acquiesce entirely in what you say as to taking a charter from the Duke also concerning the measures to be pursued at discharging the trustees.

[*Glen*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 10 *November* 1817

DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you half a letter but afterwards thought it worth while to wait a final answer from Longman's house. I was not desirous to fling the door in their face, though indifferent to their thinking proper to shut it upon themselves. Their ultimate answer intimated a desire to take the share retained *without* any part of the stock on the terms settled with you. I have desired J. B. to reply that they having definitely declined the share and terms proposed, the whole bargain was in

consequence taken up by your house who would be the proper persons to deal with as to the share and terms they might wish. So you have the staff in your own hand and as you are on the spot can manage it your own way. Depend on it, that, barring unforeseen illness or death, these will be the best volumes which have appeared. I pique myself on the first tale which is called "The Heart of Midlothian." I have been dreadfully broke in upon by company here, otherwise R. R. would have been out. But not having even a closet to be private in, my course has necessarily been retarded. But time lost shall and indeed must be made up, and you know how I can move upon a pinch. I have had a bad touch of the cramp on the change of weather, but it gave way to bleeding without any bad consequences—save the fright.

Please to write to Mr. Cadell and send the needful for making up Longman's share of the bond money. I shall want only £4000 unless I buy more land—but if I do this desperate deed, simple acceptances will serve for the odd £1000, stipulated to be payable at Martinmas if required. My neighbour Nicol Milne is *mighty* desirous I should buy, at a *mighty* high rate, some land between me and the lake which lies *mighty* convenient, but I am *mightily* determined to give nothing more than the value so that it is likely to end like the old proverb *Ex Nichilo Nichil fit*.

I wish you sincerely joy of Miss Constable's very desirable settlement which promises much happiness on all sides.

There was a publication within this year or two of the music and songs connected with *Shakespeare*.<sup>1</sup> You will oblige me greatly by procuring me a copy. When I next write to you I will send under M. Freeling's cover a letter

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare's Dramatic Songs*, consisting of all the Songs, Duets, Trios, and Chorusses, in Character, as Introduced by him in his Various Dramas, the Music partly New & partly Selected with new Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte from the Works of Purcell, Fording, Drs. Boyce, Nares, Arne, Cooke, Messrs. J. Smith, I. S. Smith, T. Linley Junr. and R. I. S. Stevens, to which are prefixed a general Introduction of the

or two for authors in foreign parts which I will commend to your attention in getting them forwarded.

Please to address to Edinburgh as I shall be there in the end of the week.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

I find I have missed the post, so send to your friendly care under Mr. Freeling's cover two letters, one for M. Douce whose present address you will learn at Longman's or Triphook's, and one for Madame Schubart,<sup>1</sup> translator of some ballads of mine which Bohn, the German bookseller in Covent Garden, will take care to send safe if you commend it to his charge.

We have just received information of the great loss which the country has sustained. Under every point of view it is a fearful calamity.<sup>2</sup>

[Rosebery]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON[E]

ABBOTSFORD *Tuesday* [November 1817]

DEAR SIR,—I embrace your kind offer of once more troubling you for another *rake* of the Old Heart of

Subject and Explanatory Remarks on Each Play. By Wm. Linley, Esq. Vol. i. In Two Volumes. Price, 1. 1. 0. London: Printed & Sold by Preston, at his Wholesale Warehouses, 97, Strand.

The Title page of volume 2 varies slightly, and the Introduction indicates that it was published not with volume 1 but some time after.

Volume 1 was published in 1815 and reviewed in the *European Magazine* of August, September, October 1815. Volume 2 was published in 1816 and reviewed in the *European Magazine* of August, September, October, November 1816.

<sup>1</sup> *Schottische Lieder und Balladen. Uebers. von H. Schubart. 8vo. Leipz. 1817.* Madame Henriette Schubart had written to Scott on the 21st April from Aktenburg, sending him her setting of some ballads from the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* which she had undertaken from a "besondere Vorliebe für die Englische Dichtkunst." She begs him to give her information regarding any notable English romances which she might include in a series, for which she has already adapted several. She would also gladly undertake any service she might render him.

<sup>2</sup> The Princess Charlotte died at Claremont on the 6th November 1817.

Midlothian & for Creeches lintel<sup>1</sup> whereof you gave me so entertaining an account.

I cannot think Blackwoods Magazine<sup>2</sup> will resume the same highly censurable tone in which the first No indulged but we will see.

WALTER SCOTT

What a cruel blow for this poor country death has lately dealt us !

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

<sup>1</sup> "Creech's Land," a tenement at the east end of the Luckenbooths, in the Tolbooth, was a great haunt and centre of the Edinburgh literati of the eighteenth century. To the first flat Allan Ramsay had removed in 1725, and for the Mercury's Head, the sign of his first shop, he substituted the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. It was here, too, he established the first circulating library in Scotland and amused Gav, the poet, "by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city as they met in the forenoon at the Cross." His library and business were transferred by his successor, James Macewan, to the shop below ; and from him they passed into the hands of Alexander Kincaid, bookseller and publisher. Kincaid's successor was Lord Provost William Creech (1745-1815), who had been well educated and was formerly tutor to the young Earl of Glencairn, "by whom the poet Burns was commended to the publisher's notice." From this building he published the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, and works by Blair, Beattie, Burns, Henry Mackenzie, and others. He was one of the founders of the Speculative Society and founder and promoter of the Society of Booksellers of Edinburgh and Leith. He indulged in witty conversation and corresponded with literary men in England and Scotland. His breakfast-room was visited by most of Edinburgh's literary society, assembling there like merchants at an exchange. His shop became "the natural resort of lawyers, authors, and all sorts of literary allies who were always buzzing about the convenient hive" (Cockburn, *Memorials*, p. 149). These assemblies were known as "Creech's levees." See Lockhart's *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, ii. pp. 159-163. His stock was bought up by Constable.

<sup>2</sup> The first number of *Blackwood's Magazine* (taking the place of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*) had appeared in October containing the once celebrated Chaldee MS. with its ridicule of Constable, Scott, and other Edinburgh characters, creating a tremendous hulla-baloo in the city. Johnston had written about it with great indignation : "I see that I too am to be a victim."



TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

[Extract]

EDINBURGH, *Nov. 15th*, 1817

DEAR WILLIE,—I have no intention to let the Whitehaugh without your express approbation, and I wish you to act as my adviser and representative in these matters. I would hardly have ventured to purchase so much land without the certainty of your counsel and co-operation. . . . On the other side you will find a small order on the banker at Galashiels, to be renewed half-yearly ; not by way of recompensing your friendship “with a load of barren money,” but merely to ease my conscience in some degree for the time which I must necessarily withdraw from the labour which is to maintain your family. Believe me, Dear Willie, yours truly,

W. SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

EDINBURGH, *19th Nov.* 1817

DEAR WILLIE,—I hope you will not quarrel with my last. Believe me that, to a sound judging and philosophical mind, this same account of Dr. and Cr., which fills up so much time in the world, is comparatively of very small value. When you get rich; unless I thrive in the same proportion, I will request your assistance for less, for little, or for nothing, as the case may require ; but while I wear my seven-leagued boots to stride in triumph over moss and muir, it would be very silly in either of us to let a cheque twice a-year of £25 make a difference between us. But all this we will talk over when we meet. I meditate one day a *coup-de-maitre*, which will make my friend’s advice and exertion essential—indeed worthy of much better remuneration. When you come, I hope you will bring us information of all my rural proceedings. Though so lately come to town, I

still remember, at my waking hours, that I can neither see Tom Purdie nor Adam Paterson,<sup>1</sup> and rise with the more unwillingness. I was unwell on Monday and Tuesday, but am quite recovered. Yours truly,

W. S.

•  
[Lockhart]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—Mr. Constable & Co take up the bond for £4000 at Whitsunday with interest etc due from this term this therefore stands for £4000 advanced on their part at this term. The bargain provides for £1000 more in case I shall want it. I have only the prospect at present of needing £500,, or so which you will please to provide. The remainder will be wanted at Candlemas as it is in payt. of some land Yours truly

W SCOTT

Monday [24 Nov. 1817]

[Stevenson]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR SIR,—My land-merchant having come to town a day I must settle a large sum with him tomorrow. You will therefore please pay £500 into the Bank of Scotland to be at my credit these being so much in proportion of the advance on a late bargain.

I hold Messrs. Constable & Co to have already advance[d] £4000,, this will make £500,, more all that I have occasion for at present. I am Your obedt. Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. Tuesday Eveng. [25 Nov. 1817]

[Stevenson]

<sup>1</sup> “Adam Paterson was the intelligent foreman of the company of masons then employed at Abbotsford.”—LOCKHART.

TO ROBERT CADELL

private

Messrs. Constable & Co Cross

DEAR SIR,—I inclose a cheque (tomorrows date) for £180 „ being I trust the last cash I shall have occasion to pay on accmpt of the Bond.

I will have no occasion to use the bill for £500 as J.B. has paid me that sum pro tanto of his advance at this term. He will arrange with you what further advance may be necessary to equalize his share of advance with yours in adjusting which he will have credit for this £500. This seems the simplest mode of arranging the transaction & saves discount altogether. I therefore return the bill for £500.

I received the retired Bill for £2000 & am obliged to you for taking care of it. I remain yours truly

W. SCOTT

EDINR. *Wednesday* [26 Nov. 1817]

[*Stevenson*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

DEAR CHARLES,—After much colloquing with Mr. Milne he readily agrees to let me have the land which Kippilaw wants say eight or ten acres but no mode nor form of representation will make him give one penny down of £50 „ an acre.

I am however willing to purchase it for the purpose of making an exchange with Mr. Kerr understanding that the value of the indemnity to be given me on Bowden-moor-march is to be ascertained by a mutual application to the Sheriff who will take the best evidence for fixing it : and also that the said indemnity is to include the southern bank of the burn at Huntly-wood.

Although this transaction will cost me £400 „ or £500 „ yet I am better pleased that it should stand on a footing

by which Mr. Kerr as well as myself will experience convenience, than that I should be the only person gratified. While at the same time you may assure Mr. Kerr I am equally sensible of his wish to oblige me even at the expence of his own feelings supposing Mr. Milne unwilling to have sold.

I could not write sooner for it is only today I have settled with Mr. Milne who gives me his obligation to dispoise the land to Kippilaw on my paying him the above price : perhaps he might be a party to the proceedings before the Sheriff. I should be very desirous to have this matter fixd before Mr. Kerr leaves the country. I presume it will be necessary for Mr. Kerr to grant some mandate or missive agreeing to join in the exchange proposed at the sight of the Sheriff. If Mr. Kerr slips this opportunity he may never get another for Mr. Milne wishes to sell the whole of Langside & may possibly find a purchaser. Believe me Dear Charles  
Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 28 Nov. [1817]

Private

P.S. You may show the above to Mr. Kerr if you think proper. The Laird goes on fixing his price on his land being let at 40/ an acre though he allows he has been obliged to abate 8/ or 10/ for the present. It will be of importance not to fall through betwixt stools & to guard against the possibility of Mr. Kerr's being able to retreat should the proportion of ground allotted on Huntly wood be greater than he might like for he told me he broke off a treaty of the same sort with the Duke of Roxbgh. because they wisd two or three acres of the worst land on Bowden moor for one acre of land of the Dukes lying under the very window of Kippilaw house. In short if he wishes the exchange he must be understood to bind himself to stand by the judgement of the Sheriff proceeding on [the] opinion of valuator's to be sworn if

the judge thinks it necessary ; by which I of course will be also understood to be bound. The Disposition will be granted by Mr. Milne to Mr. Kerr in terms of the entail.  
[Curle]

THE MINSTREL'S PIPE, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT<sup>1</sup>

*Written on the occasion of Colonel [. . .] giving him a  
pitch pipe*

[December 1817]

When Freedom's war-horn bade our land  
Her voluntary lances raise,  
The Minstrel joined the patriot band,  
To view the deeds he loved to praise.  
But ill exchanged his studious fire  
For winter chills and warlike labour ;  
And ill exchanged his ancient lyre  
For crested casque and glimmering sabre.  
To banish from his threatened march  
The toils and terrors of the hour,  
Thou gavest (considerably arch)  
A charmed pipe of magic power.  
Not the frail pipe of simple oat  
That loves the shepherd's lore to tell  
Nor the war-pipe, whose marshal note  
Bids warmth in Highland bosoms swell ;  
But that within whose bosom burn  
The odours of the eastern clime,  
Of power to bid past scenes return,  
And speed the wings of lingering time.

<sup>1</sup> This letter in verses was given by Scott to Miss Susan Ferrier, the novelist, and transcribed by her in a letter (15th December 1817) to Lady Charlotte Bury. They were written by Scott for a mutual lady friend, Lady —. See *Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting*, by Lady Charlotte Bury (1908), ii. 178-180. Although transcribed by Miss Ferrier in 1817, the verses were written before 1800, and I think the colonel referred to was Colonel John Campbell, Lady Charlotte Bury's first husband, who died in 1800. See *D.N.B.*, under Lady Charlotte Bury.

Content and quiet hope are nigh,  
 When its bland vapours curl in air,  
 And reasonings deep and musings high ;  
 And many a kindly thought is there.

- And dreams of many a happy day  
 Shall charm the Minstrel's soul the while,  
 When the blithe hours dance light away  
 At *Friendship's* laugh and *Beauty's* smile.

Enough—ay and more—for I feel at such time  
 Things not to be uttered in prose or in rhyme,  
 Yet to light your meer-*schaum* may these verses aspire  
 Being pregnant with genuine poetical fire.  
 This conceited assertion, though bold, yet most true is  
 If you will not believe me, pray ask Mr. Lewis.<sup>1</sup>  
 On the tail of each line as his poetical eyes squint,  
 He will tell you at once if a false rhyme he spies in't.  
 In one point they defy his exertions so clever,  
 A false *rhyme* he may spy, a false *sentiment* never.  
 Halt, La—— or you'll say, with a good humoured damn,  
 That you *smoke* in my verses Damascus all sham ;  
 Or tell your fair dame, while you show her such stuff,  
 You have lost a good *pipe*, and have got but a *puff*.  
 Then I'll stop in good time, lest my credit I blot,  
 While I live, I remain hers and yours—WALTER SCOTT.

P.S.—I cannot attend you this evening—that's flat,  
 For a thousand strong reasons which will not shew pat.  
 If instead you'll accept us to-morrow at dinner,  
 (I can't find a rhyme to 't, unless it be sinner,)  
 At expense of your beef and your ale I will show it,  
 The bluff trooper's hunger and thirst of the poet,  
 And then in the evening together we'll scramble,  
 To storm the fair mansion of friend Mrs. [. . .].

Once again I subscribe myself yours, W. S.

[*Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary*]

<sup>1</sup> "Monk" Lewis, who gathered together the *Tales of Wonder* and was an early critic of Scott's false rhymes.

## TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I must not omit to return my best thanks for two fine Blackcocks which safely reached the hands of my legal adviser & solicitor in London and seem to have been highly acceptable. I trust your Grace has been pretty well since we parted ; I have had to complain of several visitations of my spasms but I hope as the weather seems to be settled I shall be rid of them for some time. I cannot conceive what should make my stomach volunteer the duty of a barometer. This is a yerking<sup>1</sup> frost succeeding to some very damp and dusky weather.

Our present agitating motive in this quarter is a line of houses built on the North Bridge (west side) of such height and so ingeniously contrived as altogether to destroy the view along Princes St. from the new approach along the Calton Hill & vice versa which have been lately opened at great expence. The inhabitants however have shown themselves so restive on the occasion that we hope the obnoxious buildings will be reduced to a line of shops which will do no injury.<sup>2</sup>

Our courts rise on the 20th so I hope to be at Abbotsford on that day or the 22d at furthest and soon afterwards at Bowhill I beg my best respects to the young Ladies & that you will ever believe me Your Graces truly obliged & attached

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 11 December 1817<sup>3</sup>

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> "Yerk" (*Scot., obs.*) = to beat, rouse ; akin to "jerk."

<sup>2</sup> "The new buildings along the west side of the North Bridge, from Princes Street to the first open arch, were erected between 1817 and 1819. . . . Their erection intercepted a grand view from Waterloo Place south-westward to the Castle, and thus roused a spirited, but, as it eventually proved, futile resistance, on the part of Cockburn and Cranston, Professor Playfair, Henry Mackenzie, James Stuart of Dunearn, and others, who spent about £1,000 in the work of opposition."—GRANT, *Old and New Edinburgh*, p. 339.

<sup>3</sup> 1818 is the year date docketed on the reverse, but it must have been 1817, as in 1818 the 20th December was a Sunday.

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

PARLIAMENT HOUSE 12 *December* [1817]

MY DEAR FRIEND If I were not a bankrupt as a correspondent I ought to begin with a thousand apologies for my ungracious silence to the kind correspondent whose friendship I so much value : but I have been so long and so often a defaulter in this way that I think nothing I could say would greatly mend the matter and so I shall *e'en let the flee stick to the wa'*. I cannot give you so good an account of my health as you I know would like to hear. My spasms have been frequent and violent especially since the weather set in moist and dank but they have only once come to such a height as to render the use of the lancet necessary as in Spring so I think on the whole the complaint may be mitigating its rigour. So runs the world away, in youth we seek pleasure and in manhood fame and fortune and distinction and when we feel the advance of years we would willingly compound for quiet and freedom from pain. But I should be very ungrateful were I to complain loudly for I know no one who had enjoyd so many years of uninterrupted good health as has fallen to my lot and so I will e'en submit to the bad health which heaven may be pleased to send me.

About our dear Miss Edgeworth and her very interesting communications.<sup>1</sup> I never saw the criticisms she mentions but I am sure if they mentiond my name along with hers I should feel that they did me the highest degree of honour : and I am sure I can venture to say as much for the anonymous author of the novels supposing that his modesty and good sense bear some proportion to the talents he has displayd. As for the whole Legend of the good knight Sir Alexander Gordon it is like many legends of chivalry entirely apocryphal. I do not

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 141.



think the Knight in question can be the old Knight of Culvenan who is a near relation of my brothers wife and an old acquaintance of mine because I do not think that he would say the thing that is not and I never was either in his house or his tenants house at a funeral or any other occasion in my life or had any communication with him that could by any means be interpreted as relating to these novels. But as I never heard that Sir A. G. of Culvenan was in Dublin I rather suppose the Knight in question to be some person of whom I know nothing and never even saw as we say between the eyes, I knew and valued a late Sir Alexr. Gordon who fell by the Dukes side in the field of Waterloo and I also know Sir William Cuming Gordon but I do not know any other knights of that gentle name. I feel a little sore about some of these self dubd acquaintances of mine since a scoundrel calling himself the honble. Augustus Scott Lindsay cheated two poor ladies at Exeter out of about £1500 the greater part of their fortune by passing himself off as a Scotsman of rank a Colonel in the army and an intimate friend of mine in which capacity he actually married an unfortunate woman and created misery enough. Two or three Swindlers of less note have honoured me by claiming my acquaintance. It is however one of the strange weaknesses of humanity that very decent people forget their respectability so far as to invent acquaintance-ship and circumstances which have no existence in order to enable them to uplift their voices boldly in any such important dispute as that in which Sir Alexander Gordon has chosen to figure—in short setting his knighthood and his soldiership aside, as Falstaff says he lies in his throat and so I would tell him an I had him as we border folks say *where the moorcock 's the baillie*.

Do say all you can that is kind on my part to Miss Edgeworth whose genius honours us all as her gentleness and modesty honour her genius. I am delighted to

hear that her fathers life is to appear.<sup>1</sup> Under her hands it cannot fail to be a model of its kind. Did I tell you how much I was delighted with King Corny. Sophia says I am partial to him for the great authority he affords for *roaring* when folks are in actual agony.<sup>2</sup> I have been intending to write to Miss E. ever since I came from France and I have a half written letter to shew that my good intentions were not wholly ineffectual though interrupted. Certainly I will not go down to the grave with this sin of ingratitude on my head for after all it is only base sloth that makes me fall behind in this sort of engagements: I am much more irregular as a correspondent since my children are grown into companions, there is a song or a lesson or a something or other going on after tea untill—"it draws towards supper in conclusion,"<sup>3</sup> and away go the two or three hours used for letter-writing.

With respect to your views in publishing I never advise the actual sale of copy-rights and yours are unquestionably very valuable. In my own case excepting my two first poems I have reserved a very great interest in my works which I have found highly advantageous. But if you want to sell the poems I think it almost certain that the Trade would give the thousand pounds and well they might. I do not know that this could be done two years since but money is now plenty and commerce in

<sup>1</sup> When Richard Lovell Edgeworth died on 13th June 1817, he left his unfinished "Memoirs" for his daughter to complete. She prepared the book for press in the summer of 1818, and in the autumn of that year she visited Bowood to get advice from her friend Dumont about the work. In 1819 she was in London, and went to Paris in 1820, when, during her absence, the "Memoirs" were published. They were bitterly attacked in the *Quarterly Review*. They reached a second edition in 1828, and a third in 1844, when she re-wrote her own part.

<sup>2</sup> See Maria Edgeworth's *Ormond*.

<sup>3</sup> *Bast.* And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
Saying in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

*King John*, Act I, sc. i.

all its branches feels its vivifying influence. I therefore think there will be no difficulty in the transaction, at least I should not anticipate any. In some shape or other I trust the poems will soon come to light. I don't know anything would please me more except to learn you were bringing forth another volume of plays and I will always live in hopes that you will not altogether desert that splendid branch of literature in which no one can hold the candle to you. I would compound for a weeks threatening of the cramp and two days sound fit to learn that you had changed your resolution in this material point and do not deprive your friends of the pleasure your works must always give them untill that pleasure be embittered by what must be to them such a melancholy deprivation. The Bacchanalian song says there is no drinking in the grave and neither are there laurels to give or to be worn and the planting them over those whose better parts are far beyond such vanities is but a melancholy though a grateful task. The applause and honour of our contemporaries is like a feast to which the author is invited as a guest that of our successors is like the entertainments which the ancients spread in their tombs for the refreshment of the departed spirits.

I am very glad to hear of Lady Byron being well in health and she would have little to vex her were she as agreeably situated in all respects as I could wish her. Should she be a visitor of Scotland next year I might hope to detain her longer on Tweedside. By the way Lord Somerville (the only person whom she saw at Abbotsford so far as I remember) was an accidental and in some respects a self-invited guest. We live so near each other that we are much in the habit of unceremonious visits especially on his part as he is a single man and naturally disposed to seek society when the sports of the day are over. He express[ed] himself so anxious to pay his respects to Lady B. as an old friend of her family that there would have been a sort of affectation in not asking

him to come to his dinner. This was the history of our having any one except our own family when we had the honor of receiving Lady Byron.<sup>1</sup>

Talking of that important concern call[ed] dining which Dr. Johnson judging I suppose from himself considers as forming the most serious part of a mans meditation during each successive 24 hours, I have sent by this days mail coach to Grosvenor Street three brace of Ptarmigan. I hope Mrs. Baillie will accept of two brace herself and send the third brace (if not too much trouble) to my friend Miss Dumergues White-horse-Street, Piccadilly. The Ptarmigans are turning rare even in Edinburgh and I hope will be thought a curiosity in London. They are I think a worse bird to eat than the grouse their cousins. The most complete fatigue I ever under went was following a flock of Ptarmigan some twentyfive years since round the scarry front of Benvoirlich when like Burns old Sportsman

Ower many a weary hagg I limpet  
And aye the other shot I thumpet.<sup>2</sup>

I shot however six of these rare birds and thought myself the finest fellow in Christendom. The frost being so hard I think the birds may be sent safe and if Dr and Mrs. Baillie be absent for the time they will be at your own disposal among your Hampstead friends or for your own table. If they are at home you will I know like them best *en famille*. We were rather unlucky with our black-cock shooting during the end of the season otherwise I wishd

<sup>1</sup> On 22nd October Joanna Baillie had written to Scott : " I am glad you were so much pleased with Lady Byron. That trait which struck you of decidedness of character I have often observed, but I believe that while she lived with Lord B. she was most compliant to his will in everything excepting when she was required to mingle or become an associate of the profligate and debased, . . . but nothing would satisfy him but the groveling devotedness of a Gulnare. She wrote to me a few short lines just after she had been to Abbotsford, and in it she told me of your kind reception of her. There seems to have been but one thing in the day she spent with you which she could have wished otherwise, viz., your having asked company to meet her, as she was in hopes to have found you *en famille*."

<sup>2</sup> Burns's *Tam Samson's Elegy*, stanza 10.

[to] have sent you two Abbotsford “Cocks of the North so wildly shy” but they kept their character so well that though we could at any time get in sight we scarce ever could come within shot of them. With some difficulty I got two fine fellows for John Richardson.

My wife and Sophia beg all kind and affectionate remembrances to you Mrs. A. Baillie the Dr. his lady and all friends. They are all well barring colds which have been rife here of late. Ever my dear Mrs. Baillie Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT.

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for the poem which I will return on copying. Accept for your portfolio of autographs the two inclosed Epistles & for your book shelves the Terence & the Civitas Dei.<sup>1</sup> The last I regret to see is an odd volume which is a great pity as the illuminations are very good ones especially of a youth sitting on a tree hesitating between wealth & honour while Death with a handsome two handed sword is cutting the tree down. Such as they are take them as kind tokens of my Christmas wishes for you to last you round this new year with the certainty that they will be relieved by equally warm interest in your health & happiness to commence (if I live so long) when we see Christmas 1818. Yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

12 December [1817]

[*Hornel*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—I am very glad the birds came safe at last. The brace of black cocks were fleet

<sup>1</sup> Probably Saint Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*.

the second which sailed towards you, but I suspect the first had perished *from* or *by* the way. I wrote a few lines with them. There were three moorfowl & a fine old black cock. I could not get the birds just at the time we wished for the weather being stormy they began to *flock* early in the end of autumn when they sit in bodies of ten or a dozen together on very elevated positions & keep so accurate a look out that there is no approaching them. Even I myself an old Grey Sportsman took the gun in your behalf, but could make nothing of it. When the frost set in Walter was more successful, & I am delighted that part of his *chase* at least reached you & your friends ill-bestowed it could not be since it was served to your board. I sent the Baillies some Ptarmigan yesterday—

I have little to boast of my health nor do I think I shall ever get rid of my present complaint which recurs with unabated virulence of pain about once a month & cares as little for regimen of any kind as I used to do myself. I have been put under a list of negations which scarce admitted of any thing to eat or drink positively permitted ; & I must say I have felt no benefit. The disorder is I think less in my stomach than my bowels. At times they perform their duty imperfectly resist medicine & then follows a fit of the cramp, I lie in agony for several hours swearing I will take no laudanum & roaring like King Corny of the Black Islands. I am obliged to end by taking sixty or eighty drops of laudanum unless I have a mind to let the pain proceed to inflammation when bleeding is resorted to as has twice happened. I am then relieved & next day is spent miserably from the effects of the medicine which disagrees excessively with my constitution. But day the third comes & Richard is himself again. After all can a man with any decency complain who has enjoyed so many years of such perfect health as has fallen to my lot. So we must take the bad & remember that the good has gone before—I hope you have repaired the top of your Florentine ink-standish.

I think I have seen an engraving of it in Hoole's Orlando<sup>1</sup> that dullest of all translations of an inimitable original & that it was beautiful—

I have been in debt to all the world in the epistolary line to none more than you but you know how my time is occupied. Unhappily sitting much at my desk is very bad for the cramp & this has greatly delayed certain things of which I would else have long since cleared my hands and whereof you will hear more by way of Xmas gift. Unless I am laid up again. This is the last *triduum* I have had Saturday being spent in the way I have described & yesterday & today in getting about again so I think I have clear sea room till the new year sets in. My kindest and best wishes for the approaching season always attend you & yours—Believe me ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 13 Decr. 1817

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO THOMAS SCOTT<sup>2</sup>

[Extract]

DEAR BROTHER, . . . I should be happy to attend to your Commission about a Dominie for your boy, but I think there will be much risk in yoking yourself with one for three or four years. You [know] what sort of black cattle these are and how difficult it is to discern their real character, though one may give a guess at their attainments. When they get good provender in their guts, they are very often apt to turn out very different animals from what they were in their original low condition, and get frisky and troublesome. I have made several inquiries,

<sup>1</sup> The second edition of J. Hoole's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 5 vols., 8vo., London, 1785, contained illustrations. Another edition of 1816 had an engraved title-page.

<sup>2</sup> The opening part of this letter deals with Tom's finances.

however, and request to know what salary you would think reasonable, and also what acquisitions he ought to possess. . . . There is no combating the feelings which you express for the society of your son, otherwise I really think that a Scottish education would be highly desirable ; and should you at any time revert to this plan, you may rely on my bestowing the same attention upon him as upon my own sons. . . .

I agree entirely with you on the necessity of your remaining in the regiment while it is stationary, and retiring on half-pay when it marches ; but I cannot so easily acquiesce in your plan of settling in Canada. On the latter event taking place, on the contrary, I think it would be highly advisable that you should return to your native country. In the course of nature you must soon be possessed of considerable property, now liferented by our mother, and I should think that even your present income would secure you comfort and independence here. Should you remain in Canada, you must consider your family as settlers in that state, and as I cannot believe that it will remain very long separated from America, I should almost think this equal to depriving them of the advantages of British subjects—at least of those which they might derive from their respectable connexions in this country. With respect to your son, in particular, I have little doubt that I could be of considerable service to him in almost any line of life he might chance to adopt here, but could of course have less influence on his fortunes were he to remain on the Niagara. I certainly feel anxious on this subject, because the settlement of your residence in America would be saying, in other words, that we two, the last remains of a family once so numerous, are never more to meet upon this side of time. My own health is very much broken up by the periodical recurrence of violent cramps in the stomach, which neither seem disposed to yield to medicine nor to abstinence. . . . The complaint, the doctors



say, is not dangerous in itself, but I cannot look forward to its continued recurrence, without being certain that it is to break my health, and anticipate old age in cutting me short. Be it so, my dear Tom—*Sat est vixisse*—and I am too much of a philosopher to be anxious about protracted life, which, with all its infirmities and deprivations, I have never considered as a blessing. In the years which may be before me, it would be a lively satisfaction to me to have the pleasure of seeing you in this country, with the prospect of a comfortable settlement. . . . I have but an imperfect account to render of my doings here. I have amused myself with making an addition to my cottage in the country. One little apartment is to be fitted up as an armoury for my old relics and curiosities. On the wicket I intend to mount your *deer's foot*<sup>1</sup>—as an appropriate knocker. I hope the young ladies liked their watches, and that all your books, stationery, &c., came safe to hand. . . . I am told you have several kinds of the oak peculiar to America. If you can send me a few good acorns, with the names of the kinds they belong to, I will have them reared with great care and attention. The heaviest and smoothest acorns should be selected, as one would wish them, sent from such a distance, to succeed, which rarely happens unless they are particularly well ripened. I shall be as much obliged to you as Sancho was to the Duchess, or, to speak more correctly, the Duchess to Sancho, for a similar favour. Our mother keeps her health surprisingly well now, nor do I think there is any difference, unless that her deafness is rather increased. . . . My eldest boy is upwards of six feet high ; therefore born, as Sergeant Kite says, to be a great man.<sup>2</sup> I should not like such a rapid growth, but that he carries

<sup>1</sup> “ Thomas Scott had sent his brother the horns and feet of a gigantic stag, shot by him in Canada. The feet were ultimately suspended to bell-cords in the armoury at Abbotsford ; and the horns mounted as drinking cups.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> *Kite*. He that has the good fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man.—FARQUHAR, *The Recruiting Officer* (1706).

strength along with it ; my youngest boy is a very sharp little fellow—and the girls give us great satisfaction. . . .

Dear Brother Yours

W. S.

13. December 1817

[*Lockhart and Holograph from Huntington Library*]<sup>1</sup>

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[15th December 1817]

. DEAR SIR,—I return the petition signd. I have no objection to Mr. Kerr retaining his right to the minerals on paying surface damages as is usual in such cases. But I wish it to be understood that I cannot consider this reservation as covering stone quarries for as I make this exchange at considerable expence merely for the sake of finishing my walks & plantations it cannot be conceived that I am to have them laid open to be destroyd by experiments for a purpose of that kind. But of this I have no serious apprehension & you may settle it with Mr. Kerr in any way you think best. I shall certainly not object to working a stone quarry could one be found for the purpose of a march dike betwixt us providing it is done with attention to some directions which I may give. I will endeavour to get the processes to Selkirk by tomorrows western mail. I have not time to overtake them tonight having some people with me. Believe me yours truly

W SCOTT

*Monday Even.*

Mr. Kerr will perfectly recollect we were talking of coal at the time he mentions & cannot wish to subject me to the possible vexation of having my walks poachd for stones.

[*Curle*]

<sup>1</sup> The passages omitted from this letter are of little interest. The MS. of it came late into my hands.

TO HAY DONALDSON

EDINR. 16 *December* 1817

MY DEAR SIR,—My Mothers funds so far as known to me & I am sure it comprehends them all are just £3200,, which she is desirous I should retain to assist my large purchases—She added £400 this term received from you to £2800,, in my hand before and cancelling one or two old notes of hand I gave her a new one for the full sum. Her further income legally speaking will depend on the amount of Daniels succession. But it is scarce necessary to say that while I have a large income and while she has funds of her own to such extent there is not and cannot be any occasion for her tying herself up by the rule of minute oeconomy. She knows that my purse is and has been as it ought to be entirely hers and moreover when she chuses to spend any part of her capital she is surely well entitled to do it. I am well pleased she should find interest in looking into her matters but I beg you will use your influence as I have already done mine to persuade her that she need not regulate herself strictly by the result.

My mother knows the amount of funds in my hands very well. The amount of the income on Daniels funds is the only unsettled matter and I will get Charles Erskines accot. of the sums paid to Currie Lambe when I go to the country as also the history of the £100,, which has quite escaped me but which he will have cut & dry. In the meantime you can give my mother a general idea from the documents you possess. I reinclose the state that the whole may be kept together. Yours truly

W SCOTT

If you will have the goodness to converse with my mother you will find her most completely acquainted with the state of accounts between her and me. Indeed it was adjusted but the other day & she has in her possession as well the cancelled as the new vouchers.

[*Glen*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

DEAR SHARPE,—I send Sinclair<sup>1</sup> which had escaped me. The *Amanuensis* is a difficult chapter. I will see if Campbell can serve for the job but I am uncertain about his accuracy. I saw the scurrility which is totally beneath contempt. The instant I return from Abbotsford I will sans faute try my hand on Kirkton which various accidents not to mention a little *gurn*<sup>2</sup> at Gifford for over-correcting an article of mine hath in a measure retarded, & the affections of my stomach, have involuntarily retarded. Yours ever

[21 December 1817]<sup>3</sup>

W. S.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, BOWHILL

MY DEAR LORD,—Here we are—that is Sophia the Standard bearer & I braving the winter as well as good fires will enable us. I reenclose Lord Lilford[’s] excellent verses.<sup>4</sup> I hardly know a pleasanter accomplishment than that of writing verses of society as the French call them easily and happily. Such a talent has all the convenience over your very fine compounders of verse that the possession of a good active smart going roadster has over an unfortunate proprietor of a very fine blood horse which he dare not ride in foul weather for fear of colds or in frosty weather for fear of a sprain and perhaps by good

<sup>1</sup> *Satans Invisible World discovered, etc.* 8vo. Edinburgh, 1685. By George Sinclair (d. 1696), Professor successively of Philosophy and Mathematics at Glasgow.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. “girn,” English “growl.”

<sup>3</sup> Though this letter is undated, it is docketed in Sharpe’s unmistakable hand: “Recd. Sunday 21 Decr. 1817.”

<sup>4</sup> Lord Lilford’s “Mail coach Musings” (November 1817) are in the Walpole Collection. They describe his thoughts when

He had left that social board  
Where Scotia’s Bard and Ettrick’s Lord  
In kindly converse mix’d.

i.e. Bowhill.

keep from which he may finally tumble and break his neck meaning allegorically his reputation. I have taken a copy which I hope was permitted as I have the honor to be a party concern'd. I wish I had seen more of Lord Lilford but perhaps may be more fortunate some other time.

The news here is that Darnick has defied Melrose to a great curling-match to which the thaw which is at present making its dews patter against the window threatens to put a stop—Item that Melrose has defied Darnick to a foot-ball match for which the said thaw will be favourable—Great play expected being thirty picked men of a side.

My own health about which your Grace' is so kindly a[n]xious has been much better for these three or four weeks. I have serious thoughts of going to Bath for I really have a longing to see the place in which I spent my fifth & part of my sixth year. Still however if I can get leave of absence I should prefer going to Italy. I have an idea that if I could coax my stomach out of the bad habit of taking the cramp to its own great inconvenience and mine on little or no occasion I should regain my wonted very good state of health. And a warm climate would do much for that purpose.

Sophia & I propose being at Bowhill if quite convenient to conclude the old year & begin a new one. May both my dear Lord Duke be as happy to you & yours as we most sincerely wish them. But that toast requires a glass of claret which please the fates we will drink it in. Thank God things open with a different & much more favourable prospect than the conclusion of last year afforded. Walter is to keep house here with Capt. Fergusson not Adam but his brother John an eleve of Nelson & captain in the navy whom I hope to make one day known to your Grace at present he is busy with making preparations for the occupation of Toftfield. Believe me My dear Lord Duke Ever most sincerely & gratefully yours

WALTER SCOTT

GRAWACKY CASTLE 26 *December* [1817]

[*Buccleuch*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE, ST. JOHN STREET

[31st December 1817]

DEAR JAMES

With Great Joy  
I send you Roy.  
Twas a tough job  
But we're dune wi' Rob.

I forget if I mentioned Terry in my list of friends—Pray send me two or three copies as soon as you can—And we must not forget Sir William Forbes. Yours ever,

W. S.

It were pity to make the grinder<sup>1</sup> pay post[age]. If you cannot get an office frank send hi[s copy] to Me.

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

To ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I had a very bad touch of the cramp for about three weeks in November, which, with its natural attendants of dullness and weakness, made me unable to get our matters forward till last week, when all was ended so far as depended on me. I am resting myself here a few days before commencing my new labours, which will be untrodden ground, and, I think, pretty likely to succeed. I suppose you will soon leave town, in which case I will beg you to take the trouble of a small commission or two for me. You remember you said you thought you could get the new State trials for me, and take my folios in exchange. I fancy Howels is a very superior book.<sup>2</sup> And if, in your walks, you can

<sup>1</sup> This letter is torn and inserted in the MS. of *Rob Roy*. "They called Daniel Terry among themselves 'The Grinder,' in double allusion to the song of *Terry the Grinder*, and to some harsh under-note of their friend's voice."—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> *Complete Collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason . . . from the earliest period to the present time (1163-1817). With notes and other illustrations. Compiled by T. B. Howell, Esq., F.R.S., etc. 32 vols. royal 8vo. Lond. —Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 30.*

get me a copy of the music belonging to Shakespeare,<sup>1</sup> which was publishd some short time ago, you will oblige me much, as I find it impossible to get it here.

I think I have found out a remedy for my troublesome disorder ; at any rate the nature of its recurring shows that it is not dangerous, as I at first apprehended. Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

ABBOTSFORD 31 *Decr.* 1817

WALTER SCOTT

A good new year to you.

[*Constable and Kilpatrick*]

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 13.

1818

TO MR. ANDERSON, REGISTER OFFICE

[1818]

DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—I should be much obliged to you to let me know who was Solicitor General in 1737<sup>1</sup> the time of the Porteous mob. If you can give me this information\* pray address it to the Care of Mr. Cadell Saint Andws Square. I am always Your obedt. Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Tuesday*

[*Owen D. Young*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

*Wednesday* [Jan. 1818]

DEAR WILLIE,—Should the weather be rough, and you nevertheless obliged to come to town, do not think of riding, but take the Blucher.<sup>2</sup> Remember, your health is of consequence to your family. Pray talk generally with the notables of Darnick—I mean Rutherford, and so forth—concerning the best ordering of the road to the marle; and also of the foot-road. It appears to me some route might be found more convenient than the present, but that which is most agreeable to those interested, shall also be most agreeable for me. As a patriotic member of the community of Darnick, I consider their rights equally important as my own.

I told you I should like to convert the present steading

<sup>1</sup> Scott is at work on the *Heart of Midlothian*. Charles Erskine of Tynwald was Solicitor-General from 1725 to 1736. In June 1737 William Grant, Lord Prestongrange, succeeded him.

<sup>2</sup> A stage-coach between Edinburgh and Jedburgh.



at Beechland<sup>1</sup> into a little hamlet of labourers, which we will name Abbotstown. The art of making people happy is to leave them much to their own guidance, but some little regulation is necessary. In the first place, I should like to have active and decent people there ; then, it is to be considered on what footing they should be. I conceive the best possible is, that they should pay for their cottages, and cow-grass, and potato ground, and be paid for their labour at the ordinary rate. I would give them some advantages sufficient to balance the following conditions, which, after all, are conditions in my favour ; —1st, That they shall keep their cottages and little gardens, and doors, tolerably neat ; and 2d, That the men shall on no account shoot, or the boys break timber or take birds' nests, or go among the planting. I do not know any other restrictions, and these are easy. I should think we might settle a few families very happily here, which is an object I have much at heart, for I have no notion of the proprietor who is only ambitious to be lord of the "beast and the brute," and chases the human face from his vicinity. By the by, could we not manage to have a piper among the colonists ?

We are delighted to hear that your little folks like the dells. Pray, in your walks try to ascertain the locality of St. John's Well, which cures the botts,<sup>2</sup> and which John Moss claims for Kaeside ; also the true history of the Carline's Hole. Ever most truly yours,

W. SCOTT

I hope Mrs. Laidlaw does not want for anything that she can get from the garden or elsewhere.

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Curle informs me there is now no such name on the estate, though near Abbotsford there is a place called Bauchlin, which Scott, in his *Journal*, spells "Bauchland"—see *Journal*, ii. p. 14. There are no cottages called Abbotstown.

<sup>2</sup> Petruchio's horse in the *Taming of the Shrew* was, among its other diseases, "begnawn with the botts, sway'd in the back and shoulder shotten." The "botts" according to Gervase Markham, *How to chuse, ride, trayne and dyet, both Hunting-Horses and Running Horses &c.*, 1593, was "wormes in a horses stomach . . . an inche long."

## TO THE DUKE OF BUCKLEUGH

[7th January 1818]

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have the great pleasure of enclosing the discharged bond which your Grace stood engaged in for me, and on my account. The accommodation was of the greatest consequence to me, as it enabled me to retain possession of some valuable literary property, which I must otherwise have suffered to be sold at a time when the booksellers had no money to buy it. My dear Lord, to wish that all your numerous and extensive acts of kindness may be attended with similar advantages to the persons whom you oblige, is wishing you what to your mind will be the best recompense ; and to wish that they may be felt by all as gratefully as by me, though you may be careless to hear about that part of the story, is only wishing what is creditable to human nature. I have this moment your more than kind letter, and congratulate your Grace that, in one sense of the word, you can be what you never will be in any other, *ambidexter*. But I am sorry you took so much trouble, and I fear *pains* besides, to display your new talent.<sup>1</sup> Ever your Grace's truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT

[Lockhart]

## TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[Extract]

DEAR CHARLES,—. . . I spoke to the Duke about the Charter.<sup>2</sup> He has promised solemnly to look into these matters on his coming to Dalkeith in this month : so that I suppose I must een wait his leisure. In the meantime it is inconvenient as you will observe that the price of this

<sup>1</sup> This “ refers to a fit of the gout which had disabled the Duke's right hand.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> The charter of the land bought from Mr. Usher. The omitted portion of the letter deals with payments made for this.

property is paid to within three of four hundred pounds without any right.

I send Mr. Crawfords measurement and a note of our terms with M[r] Usher upon the last bargain. The former I think you have.

I will be obliged to you for the state of the payments [on] account of Danls. child. We must think what can be made of him.

M[r] Kerr as M[r] Usher reports to me is now desirous to have his march drawn back to the brow of the hill where wind & water [shear].

If he is serious in wishing this I presume he may sell for the redemption of the land tax & I will become bound to offer the proven value. But I will not buy any more land from Mr. Milne & indeed he would not sell any unless I took the whole off his hands & that would burthen me with all Bowden moor & otherwise inconvenience me. Besides I believe that Langside is much more valuable than Bowden moor & how is the balance to be paid.

I go away on Saturday or Sunday. Yours my dear Charles always

[*The signature has been cut out*]

ABBOTSFORD 7 *January* [1818]

[*Miss M. O. Curle*]

TO DANIEL TERRY, LONDON

ABBOTSFORD *Jan'y 8th* 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—I hope you do not think I have forgotten you, truth is I have been from time to time very unwell & obliged to employ the interval in forwarding some things of my own which I trust you have received by this time. I am now I think decidedly better : the attacks return periodically but without alarming symptoms & with abated violence : they give way to medicine also which at first would not remain on my stomach & was of course ineffectual. So I trust the sisters three

have no business for me elsewhere at present. I have been here since Christmas & employed the hours I could spare in preparing my Christmas box for my little Godson. I hope it will not smell of the cramp as the Bishop of Granadas sermon did of the Apoplexy. You will see even in this & still more in the subsequent acts that I have attempted to combine tragic & comic feeling in the piece & could I make it what I would wish the audience should be uncertain whether to laugh or cry.<sup>1</sup> The parts are sketched broadly to be fill'd up by the conception & manner of the player : so you see I am already laying" a foundation for transferring in case of bad success the blame from the poet to the performers. Vide Joseph Andrews.<sup>2</sup> I think as our hands are so much alike<sup>3</sup> you may boldly shew the MS to any person whose opinion you value & who may happen not to be very intimately acquainted with my mode of writing. This will save the trouble & loss of time necessary for transcription : I tremble for the fate of my phantoms but your power of scenery can do all but what is impossible. I have an idea that they might be made to vanish gradually by letting successive veils of gauze drop one after another betwixt them & the audience & decreasing the light at the same time gradually. But all this you will judge of far better than I can. I would like to have a line from you mentioning that the packet comes safely to hand which I may address to Edinburgh. It is probable you may receive No 2 before I hear from you. Of course to collect useful critical hints will be a work of time and the whole can be returned if necessary to be corrected and revised. I trust you will have it all in a fortnight health allowing & that it will be of some service to my little Godson. You may shew the act to the Managers if you like it. Our labours here are advancing primely

<sup>1</sup> *The Doom of Devorgoil*, which was never produced on the stage and was not published till 1830.

<sup>2</sup> *Joseph Andrews*, Book III, chap. x, *A discourse between the poet and the player, etc.*

<sup>3</sup> See note to letter to Lord Montague, 4th March, 1819.

well & the house looks admirably well & not a bit fantastic. At the least distance there is difficulty in believing it modern. . . . The 100 acres of Abbotsford are now multiplied to nearly 1200 whereof when all the plans are finished three hundred at least will be woodland an uncommon thing in Scotland of one man's planting. I trust you will get down next summer : if Devorgoil succeeds & I be in Britain we can put something else on the stocks.

All who are here salute you i.e. Sophia & Walter for Mrs. Scott has not faced the hills in this snowy weather. Adieu : this is the first open day for coursing. Hamlet *ci-devant* Marmion promises decidedly to be one of the first dogs ever ran on turf or heather. Yours ever truly

WALTER SCOTT

The dogs & ponies are all at the door which must excuse abrupt conclusion.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I have to thank your Grace in addition to so many favours for a Bushel of holly berries received yesterday in capital condition and which I have no doubt will form a glittering garland for my braes long after the planter has ceased to be interested in them. There is I think no shrub native or exotic which surpasses the holly in beauty whether of shape or colour. As your Graces bounty permits me to be profuse I will try the effect of sowing a few where the soil seems favourable though I have little hope of their succeeding as their slow growth exposes them to be smotherd & will chiefly trust to the nursery— The weather has been so hard till yesterday that Lord Dalkeiths match with my greyhound has been perforce postponed. *Hamlet* however for so is my greyhound calld shall be ready to meet any Laertes

who will encounter him next coursing season. He killd a hare yesterday which I found on the very top of Cauldshiells hill after one of the longest and most desperate runs I have witnessd over unfavourable ground— Our next meeting I presume will be at Dalkeith towards the end of this month. I heard from Lady Louisa Stuart to day. She was on her way down to Lord Montagu's.

All good things attend your Grace and your family and Believe me ever most truly your Graces faithful & grateful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD • 10 *January* [1818]

You have seen Hogg I presume as His Bardship & Shepherdship left us with the intention of paying his respects at Bowhill. I have got in a present from,<sup>1</sup> that is not from *Lady* as I had written it, from *Mrs.* Stuart Mackenzie of Seaforth positively the most beautiful highland terrier ever was seen. My article of miscellaneous intelligence may as well conclude with the news that Darnick beat Melrose at curling three games running—frost prevented the football—

I have just received a letter from Mr. Chandler who has very kindly thought on my Museum while in Switzerland & sent me a pair of boot hooks made of Chamois horns—they are in Audley Street—perhaps when Mr. Cuthill writes he will have the goodness to beg they may be taken care of & sent with any parcel for Dalkeith. I enclose my letter of thanks trusting Lord Home or your Grace will have the kindness to address it for Mr. Chandler—

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> Scott had written "from Lady" and struck out "Lady." I have inserted two commas to clear the construction. Sophia Scott writes in *Letters to her old Governess*, page 42 : "Perhaps you may have heard that Lady Hood is married. She married a very pleasant, clever man, Mr. Stewart of Glasserton, who has a very good fortune ; so she has dropped the ladyship and is now plain Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie."

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON[E]

EDIN 12 *January* 1818

DEAR SIR,—I heartily wish you joy of the Gout since it is the best way to take the pleasantest view of an inevitable incident. It bodes wealth & dignity & moreover if old sayings are not far wrong freedom from all other diseases. I hope you have had quite enough of the gout to secure you all these good things & that I may congratulate you now upon getting rid of it.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—Accept my sincere sympathy on the family loss you have just experienced in my old & esteemed friend whose state of health when I last saw her did not seem to threaten so sudden a removal.<sup>1</sup> That you discharged your filial duty with the most exemplary attention—that your mother was spared to see you happy in domestic affection & in family prospects—are circumstances of consolation which cannot indeed blossom or bear fruit in the immediate hours of natural and useful affliction, but which nevertheless, as they contain the germ of the hopes & feeling which nature has provided, not to smother grief but to comfort us & to reconcile us to inevitable losses, I trust you will soon feel their effect.

That our good old friend was saved from protracted pain & lingering illness is perhaps a more immediate source of consolation. But it is needless to torment you on a subject so hackneyed, since I know your mourning is not of the kind to which formal & obvious topics of consolation can with propriety be applied. I beg

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Browne, James Ballantyne's granddaughter, informs me that Mrs. Ballantyne, senior, died on 12th January, 1818.

kindest compliments to Mrs Ballantyne & am always with  
sincere regard Dear James Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

CASTLE STREET 13<sup>th</sup> January [1818]

[*Mrs. Browne*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT<sup>1</sup>

MANY thanks My dear Morritt for your kind letter which if ungracious silence be reckond against me I certainly have not deserved but which is even therefore most wellcome. I was twice on the point of setting out for Rokeby last autumn but in the one case the necessity of superintending a particular part of my building stopd me and in the other mine old enemy the cramp griped me by the pit of the stomach and gave it a cruel twist. Indeed this unhallowd disease seemd to constitute itself a monthly visitor of my frame. Happily however as the disorder became chronic it grew gradually less violent ceased to affect my stomach so very acutely and in its last visitation gave way to the use of anodynes which used to be violently rejected by my stomach while I was in a state of sufferance. So I have great hope it will shade away altogether.

Long may you enjoy your extended dominions.<sup>2</sup> I feel no slight interest in learning that Brignal Banks have been added to Rokeby so that the whole exquisitely beautiful course of the Greta through its most romantic glades is subjected to your taste and judgement and safe alike from waste and spoliation and from the yet more formidable horrors of mistaken & misled Beautifiers of creation. I

<sup>1</sup> Portions of this letter have been printed in Lockhart and *Familiar Letters*.

<sup>2</sup> Morritt's uncle had just purchased the estate of Brignal and added it to Rokeby. "It is larger than my whole estate at Rokeby so that the addition doubles my range for game . . . makes me virtually the Laird of Brignal. . . . Are you not a little indignant to be quoted by Horne as the author of Mr Cleishbottom's scriptural phraseology. What a dog he is, and yet his impudence is so clever one cannot help respecting the scoundrel." —MORRITT, 1st January 1818.



claim a return of your congratulations for *Vive la plume* the public taste or rather voracious appetite for fictitious narrative has done for me what your kind and well judging relative has performed for you and have enabled me to make a spacious accession of territory. Abbotsford now covers ten or twelve hundred acres two or three hundred of which are such woodland as might make a figure in Liliput. Moreover my lake is but a millpond my brooks but *sykes* and even of Tweed notwithstanding its romantic poetical and historical celebrity it may truly be said *Minuit presentia famam*. But what of that every crow thinks her own egg [whitest] and I amuse myself as well as I can by laying the groundwork of future beauties in a tolerably waste region. My neighbours in the meanwhile get—not beef and beer poor fellows—but bannocks and butter milk by my frolicks which in these hard times they are right glad to come by. And when I want to realize what beauty is I have only to come to Rokeby and enjoy your *present* and my own *future*.

Our fat friend has remembered a petition which I put up to him during the interview with which he honoured me and has granted a commission to the Officers of State and others (my unworthy self included) which trusty and well beloved persons are to institute a search after the Regalia of Scotland. There has an odd mystery hung about the fate of these royal symbols of national independence. The spirit of the Scotch at the union clung fondly to these emblems and to soothe their jealousy it was specially provided by an article of the union that the regalia should never be removed under any pretext from the Kingdom of Scotland. Accordingly they were deposited with much ceremony as an authentic instrument bears in a strong chest secured by many locks and the chest itself placed in a strong room which again was carefully bolted up and secured leaving to national pride the satisfaction of pointing to the barred window with the consciousness that there lay the regalia

of Scotland. But this gratification was strangely qualified by a surmise which somehow became generally averred stating that the Regalia had been sent to London and you may remember that we saw at the Jewel office a crown said to be the ancient crown of Scotland. If this transfer (which by the way was highly illegal) was ever made it must have been under some secret warrant for no authority can be traced for such a proceeding in the records of the Secretary of States Office. Fifteen or twenty years ago the Crown room as it was calld was opend by certain Commissioners under authority of a sign manual. They saw the fatal chest strewd with the dust of an hundred years about six inches thick. A coating of like thickness lay on the floor and I have heard the late president Blair say that the uniform and level appearance of the dust warranted them to believe that the chest if opend at all after 1707 must have been violated within a short time of that period since had it been opend at a later period the dust accumulated on the lid and displaced at opening it must have been lying around the chest. But the Commissioners did not think their warrant entitled them to force this chest for which no keys could be found especially as their warrant only entitled them to search for *records* not for crowns and sceptres. The mystery therefore remaind unpenetrated and public curiosity was left to console itself with the nursery rhyme—

On Tintoc tap there is a mist  
And in the mist there is a Kist <sup>1</sup>

And so forth.

<sup>1</sup>                   On Tintock Tap there is a mist,  
                  And in the mist there is a kist,  
                  And in the kist there is a caup,  
                  And in the caup there is a drap :  
                  Tak' up the caup and drink the drap,  
                  And set it doon on Tintock Tap.

Quoted by Dr. John Brown. There are several versions of this rhyme, some of which are very confusing in their arrangement of Tintock's mysteries. See *Miscellanea of the Rymour Club*, Edinburgh, vol. i., A Set of Rhymes and Variants from Cranford, No. 28, p. 128. Sir Alexander Boswell (1775-1822) wrote a poem, *The Spirit of Tintoc* (1803).

Our fat friends curiosity however goes to the point at once authorising and enjoining an express search for the regalia so my fingers long to be up and doing. But of course time will be given to receive the answers of the principal Officers of State of Scotland all of whom are named Commissioners signifying whether they can attend. Our friend the Duke of Buccleuch is at the head of the commission and will I think be as keen as I or any one to see the issue.

I trust you have read Rob by this time. I did not much write him *con amore* and I think he smells of the cramp as the Bishop of Grenadas sermon did of the Apoplexy.<sup>1</sup> Above all I had too much flax on my distaff and as it did not consist with my patience or my plan to make a fourth volume I was obliged at last to draw a rough coarse and hasty thread. But the book is very well liked here and has rubd off in great stile. I have two stories on the anvil (a continuation of the Tales of My Landlord) far superior to Rob Roy in point of interest. But my immediate labour has been in behalf of my friend Terry the Comedian in whom on account of his sense information and modesty I take a great interest. He has named a child after me and I am preparing a Godfathers gift in the shape of a drama. But Godfathers as in the time of conjurors and fairies may append what conditions they please to their gifts and mine is that as I take no concern in the merit or in the emoluments of the piece in case of success so I shall only be damnd by proxy if damnd I am. In a word Terry takes his chance and I believe there will be no medium for [if] it does not succeed very decidedly it will be damnd most infernally. I have tried to coax the public to relax some of the rules of criticism and to be amused with that medley of tragic and comic which life presents us not only in the same course of action but in the same character. To deprecate all rigidity of judgement I

<sup>1</sup> *Gil Blas*, vii. 4. See *ante*, p. 43.

introduce the marvellous the absurd and something like the heroic all to make the gruel slabb.<sup>1</sup>

Thus you see as one good turn merits another and as Terry named his first born after me so I have named my first born drama after him. Keep this matter a dead secret. Mrs. Scott and the Bairns beg their kindest respects. I hope we shall meet on one side of the border or the other this season. I intended to go on the Continent but I fear the health of my brethren in office is not so strong as to enable the court to part with me for six months. My respects attend Miss Morritt and need I add how much I ever am Dear Morritt most truly Yours

EDINR 14 *January* [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

I rather think it will be incumbent on us to discover the very cave where Denzill had his merry makings.

[*Law*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—You will hear from the Advocate that the Commission for opening the Regalia is arrived & the Commissioners held their first meeting yesterday. I could not attend because the Court of Session sate late and required my gracious presence but I understand they have named next Wednesday (in case your Grace can attend) for opening the mysterious Chest. I told the Advocate I thought the day would be too early for your Graces convenience but you need not hesitate to request them to adjourn it till your Grace comes to Dalkeith at any rate and this is the principal object of my writing. So this question will be put at rest forever. It puts me something in mind of the Nursery rhyme

On Tintock tap there is a mist  
And in the mist there is a kist  
&c &c.

<sup>1</sup> *Third Witch.* Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.

*Macbeth*, IV, i.

I remember among the rebel company which debauched my youth there was a drunken old Tory who used to sing a ballad made about these same Regalia at the time of the Union in which they were all destined to the basest uses ; the crown for example

To make a can/For brandie Nan  
To p—— in when she's tipsey.

The rest of the song is [in] a tone of equally pure humour the chorus ran

Farewell thou ancient Kingdom  
Farewell thou ancient Kingdom  
Who sold thyself  
For English pelf  
Was ever such a thing done.

I hope your Grace feels yourself sufficiently interested in the recovery of these ancient symbols of national independence so long worn by your forefathers and which was never profaned by the touch of a monarch of a foreign dynasty.

I understand an important convert has been made in the Second Division. Lord Glenlee<sup>1</sup> who under the guidance of David Hume the professor of Scottish law changes his opinion at least to such of the leases as have clauses binding the Granter to renew every year which amounted in fact to a life-rent lease, and a nineteens years lease besides whereas the entail only gave the option of

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Miller, Lord Glenlee (1755-1846), a Scottish judge. He was appointed a Lord of Session in place of Alexander Murray, Lord Henderland, and took his seat on the bench with the title of Lord Glenlee on 23rd May 1795. He was the last Scottish judge who wore his wig in the street—his habit being “to walk to court in his wig and long cravat, his silk stockings, and silver buckles, and his cocked hat in his hand.” See Cockburn's *Journal*, i. 251. He was the oldest member of the Society of Antiquaries and he died at the age of ninety-one. His second son, William Miller, was killed at Quatre Bras on 16th June 1815. In *The Field of Waterloo* (stanza xxi) Scott refers to

gallant Miller's failing eye  
Still bent where Albion's banners fly.

The legal case referred to was one of the cases in connection with the Queensberry leases in which the Duke of Buccleuch was interested.

granting the one or the other. Here is fine planting weather. I trust it is as good in the Forest & on Tweedside. Ever your Graces truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 14 *January* [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LADY LOUISA STUART

EDINBURGH *Janry* 16. 1818

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA,—I would have written to you long since but for the very melancholy event at Bothwell<sup>1</sup> which knowing the deep effect it would produce on your mind I felt reluctant to touch upon. From the deep regret with which I myself look back to the virtues & talents of which we were so unexpectedly deprived I can in some measure judge of the distress occasioned by that deprivation to the most beloved & intimate of her friends. It has never been my lot to see so much talent with such total absence not merely of vanity but even as it seem'd of the very consciousness of possessing it & so much wit with such perfect good nature and mildness of disposition. Amid the circle of friends whom I respected & loved some years since fate has made many blanks never to be supplied & none more regretted than Lady Douglas & the Duchess. I often look round & feel that I want motive and spirits

<sup>1</sup> Frances, Lady Douglas, died in June 1817. In her reply of the 27th Lady Louisa dilates upon her friend: "Indeed, indeed, such a character is produced but once in a century. Madame de Sevigné did not stand more alone in her age and country. There were some points of resemblance between them, the ease, the nature, the unconsciousness of superiority, the exquisite feeling of all that struck them as excellent in others, of virtue, of generosity of mind, of genius, of wit & humour; but *her* understanding & judgement were of a stronger root than Madame de Sevigné's & her freedom from prejudices of every kind consequently greater. There lay the wonder; with that strong clear sense were united the simplicity & humility which we know to have been meant when it was said of children '*Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*' Could not Scott weave into prose some picture of her character? You must have tasted the peculiar *raciness* there was *there*."

to undertake the trifling tasks which used to give them pleasure : though different in many things they resembled each other eminently in precision & soundness of judgment upon men & manners, (which is seldom found in high rank where opportunities of observation are limited considerably) in active benevolence & in manners which form the delight of society. It is in vain to hope that these blanks can be filled up, & I can only hope that those whom I have still remaining to set some value on my respect & attachment will hold it higher than it might otherwise deserve from the recollection of those whom we jointly call'd friends. I am happy to say that the Duke looks much better than he has done I think for years : he comes to town on the 29th & in a few days afterwards I presume will afford us his presence at a very interesting research after the *Regalia* of Scotland. I do not know if your Ladyship is aware that the Crown, Sceptre &c of Scotland were at the date of the Union deposited with great formality in a strong chest & the chest placed in what is call'd the Crown-room in the Castle of Edinburgh there to be preserved for the greater security. But notwithstanding the formality of a public instrument describing the *Regalia* & announcing the manner of their being deposited in the chest aforesaid, & notwithstanding also a special article of the Union declaring that these symbols of independent royalty should never be removed from Scotland, it has been always surmized that the *Regalia* with our Peers & people of quality have at some time or other taken flight from Edinburgh & never stopp'd till they arrived at London— Whether they remained there or took another flight to Hanover was left in alarming uncertainty. Some years ago<sup>1</sup> a commission was granted to open the Crown-room to search for certain records which it was conjectur'd might have been deposited there : they found no such records & being men rather of sound legal judgment than of

<sup>1</sup> 1794.

irritable imagination they did not suffer themselves to be so much interested by a huge chest which was the only thing they saw in the room as to forget that in the eye of the law a *chest lid* is not a *door* & that their commission only enjoin'd them to enter the room not to open the chest. Accordingly they left matters as they found them & so they remain at this day.<sup>1</sup> Now when I was in London I was honour'd with an interview at Carleton House in which it was my theme to speak about these Regalia & hence has in due time & after all delays reasonably to be expected come down a commission<sup>2</sup> to various persons, my unworthy self included to search for the Regalia & report upon the state in which they may be found. Now dont you see us Lady Louisa, Nobles, officers of state, Governors, Generals, Crown Lawyers & so forth moving into the Crown room like the Committee appointed to search for & report upon the Cock Lane ghost—turning upon our heels & marching out again like the wise men of Gotham without having found any thing but dust & cobwebs. As I maintain a correspondence with Mr. Jedediah Cleishbottom I intend to recommend to him a tale founded upon an earlier adventure of these same Regalia. Your Ladyship remembers that in Charles 2ds time (before his accession) these Regalia were kept in Dunottar Castle & were (when it was besieged by the English) smuggled out by a clergymans wife under a

<sup>1</sup> See Cockburn's *Memorials*, 299-300.

<sup>2</sup> "The Commissioners, who finally assembled on the 4th of February, were, according to the record—'The Right Hon. Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session; the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk; the Right Hon. William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court; Major-General John Hope (Commanding the Forces in Scotland); the Solicitor-General (James Wedderburn, Esq.); the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Kincaid Mackenzie, Esq.); William Clerk, Esq., Principal Clerk of the Jury Court; Henry Jardine, Esq., Deputy Remembrancer in the Exchequer; Thomas Thomson, Esq., Deputy Clerk-Register of Scotland; and Walter Scott, Esq., one of the Principal Clerks of Session.' Of the proceedings of this day, the reader has a full and particular account in an Essay which Scott penned shortly afterwards, and which is included in his *Prose Miscellanies*."—LOCKHART.



quantity of *hards* of lint<sup>1</sup>: they were buried in the old Kirk at Kinneff I think. Old Noll got some scent of them & the Minister & his wife were put to the torture which they sustain'd with perfect constancy. At the restoration they were restored also & the fate of the persons concerned in their preservation was a striking instance of the partiality of a court. Keith a younger son of the Earl Marischal being Governor of his fathers castle of Dunottar (though abroad when it was besieged) was made Earl of Kintore: Ogilvie of Barras (Deputy Governor) by whom the castle was gallantly defended was only made a Baronet, & the Minister & his wife who had been the actual agents in preservation of the Crown Jewels & had their fingers & their knees disjointed for keeping the secret, got *Nothing at all* "a goodly medicine for their aching bones."<sup>2</sup> I think this may be made a capital story & Jedediah without any sacrifice of his own opinions may make his peace honourably with his presbyterian friends if he can make a lively picture of a good divine of that persuasion & his good dame. The editing a new edition of Somers tracts some years ago made me wonderfully well acquainted with the little traits which mark'd parties & characters in the 17th Century & the embodying them is really an amusing task. Besides I have the spirit of improvement strong on me & the rather that in these hard times it is of great consequence to my poor neighbours that I should carry on my planting, hedging, & ditching: the very large profits which have arisen from these smuggling adventures [serve] not only to enable me to indulge myself with absolute prudence & propriety but moreover have enabled me to make some very desirable purchases adjacent to Abbotsford which

<sup>1</sup> The refuse of flax.

<sup>2</sup> *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2. In *Provincial Antiquities* (1826) Scott corrects this traditional error and prints the Act of Parliament awarding to Christian Fletcher or Granger the sum of two thousand marks . . .—"a sum considerable in those days, though no doubt the high spirited woman thought herself best remunerated by the successful discharge of her duty to her country."

is now a valuable property. I presume your Ladyship has already wish'd Morrit luck of the extended frontier which he possesses by the favour of an Uncle who has bought Brignall for him : this will give him the whole command of the Greta & it cannot be in better hands : he talks of his health as mended having renounced some of the *creature comforts* of which physicians are sure to deprive their patients now a days & in all probability with great propriety. I hope your Ladyship found all well at Ditton. Lord & Lady Montague are now possessing themselves of a new habitation which is one of the half pleasures half plagues of this world of which one tires of much more slowly than you do of your unmodified & professedly unmingled pleasures. I shall have something of the same kind to do next season the best event of which is that we shall be able to offer your Ladyship a comfortable room & will be much disposed to claim a visit of some days when you next honour Scotland : for you will not forget that I have to shew a little glen & a little lake, and the Butt end of a Roman Camp & extensive woods near as tall as your Parasol and (I blush to speak) a Gothic tower which your Maid might put in her pocket—and I know not what besides. Believe me dear Lady Louisa Ever your most faithful & respectful humble servant  
[*Abbotsford Copies*] WALTER SCOTT

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—A thousand thanks for your friendly intentions towards me. My medical adviser at Abbotsford a very shrewd sensible practical man of great experience gives me every reason to think that Dr. Scott's bath may be used with advantage & in a word strongly recommends it. I shall therefore have no hesitation to make the attempt unless I find the complaint goes away without it. I am in good hopes of this for though I had my regular attack last month yet it was of a very mild description comparatively & gave way to anodynes

whereas my stomach used during the spasmodic affection to reject most peremptorily every thing which I swallowed. I think too I brought on this last attack by remaining too long on the ice while the Darnick men were playing a great match at curling with the Melrose folks— "I am glad you liked the volumes <sup>1</sup> I sent you—it is odd these things continue to have attraction & very odd how I should have been led into such a strain of composition. But e'en so be it for I might have laboured long at any thing intrinsically useful before I had extended my domains at Abbotsford in the fashion I have done. And I really think I may so far do some good by giving striking & to the best of my information and abilities correct likenesses of characters long since passed away. I had intended to go abroad this year but the Clerk's table is in a state so sickly that I fear I cannot venture. Mr. Ferrier is complaining and Hector MacDonald has been effectually laid up by the heels all this summer. Colin Mackenzie not at any time strong himself is threatened with illness in his family his eldest son seeming rather alarmingly delicate. So that we are as sickly a crew as you would desire and I believe I cannot leave my official duty with any certainty of my brethren being able to discharge it with convenience to myself—

We have got a commission (in which I am included) for opening the chest supposed to contain the Regalia of Scotland. As a Scottish antiquary what would you give to be present on so interesting an occasion. And what will be done or said should the return be *Non sunt inventa* for you know there is a strong rumour of their having been sent up to London contrary to the articles of the Union. My kind compliments to Mrs. Richardson & believe me ever dear Richardson Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 16 *January* 1818.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

<sup>1</sup> *Rob Roy*.

## TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—The drama of the Iron Chest will certainly be postponed until your Grace can be one of the *dramatis personæ*. We propose Wednesday, 4th February, for the fatal day, as it is a holiday (in some measure) at the Courts, and allows the legal part of the Commissioners to attend with ease. I intended to have asked your Grace to take an early beefsteak in Castle Street, but I find the Advocate is very desirous you should spend the day with him.

The lyrical dismissal of the Yeomanry is excellent. I have Lord Conynghames<sup>1</sup> petition in great preservation but unluckily left it in my desk at Abbotsford after copying it. I will be there one day next month.

To use Lady Anne Hamilton's elegant phrase, your Grace must certainly be ashamed of yourself for laying out so much of your revenue in feeding a parcel of clod-hoppers, with their wives and squalling children, when you see how my Lord Darlington<sup>2</sup> rewards public spirit and literary merit, in the person of Mr. Stone. I approve as much of his taste in expending his fortune as of his care in turning the most minute parts of it to annual profit. It would be long before your Grace, fond as you are of shooting, would have thought of converting Baliol's Tower, in the ruins of

<sup>1</sup> Henry Conyngham, first Marquis Conyngham (1766-1832), was a vigorous supporter of the union in the Irish House of Lords. After the passing of the union, he voted for the Tory and ministerial party.

<sup>2</sup> William Harry Vane, third Earl of Darlington, born 27th July 1766. He became later Marquess of Cleveland, and in 1833 Baron Raby of Raby Castle, Co. Durham, and Duke of Cleveland; died 1842. "He bought his boroughs to be made a Marquess & gave them up to be made a Duke," i.e. by supporting the Reform Bill. The *Complete Peerage* wonders that he should have exchanged the title of Vane of Raby for that of Cleveland, "a peerage bestowed on his notorious ancestress as the actual wages of her prostitution, & one which had stunk in the nostrils of the nation during the 40 years she enjoyed it." What outrage he had been guilty of I do not know, as I have not the duke's letter. His mother was a sister of the Earl of Lonsdale. His second wife was the daughter of a market-gardener and had been the mistress of Coutts the banker.

Barnard Castle, into a manufactory of partridge shot, although he makes about 30/- a year by destroying one of the most curious vaulted roofs in England. "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane," said Cromwell, and he usually spoke to the purpose. The enormities of the Chinese room at Raby Castle ought not to be forgotten.

To return to the Regalia, we have agreed to say nothing of the precise day. It is possible we may have the fate of those sapient persons who went to the vault at Clerkenwell to speak with the Cock Lane ghost, of whose expedition Churchill has recorded—.

"Silent, all three went in—about  
All three turn'd, silent, and came out."<sup>1</sup>

On these occasions the fewer spectators the better, and therefore to keep the laugh among ourselves we have agreed to say nothing of the day fixed.

The storm was tremendous here, and the Devil has plainly proved himself to be the prince of the power of the air, for he has blown the beautiful Gothic pinnacles off the tower of Bishop Sandford's Episcopal chapel,<sup>2</sup> which have fallen on the roof and much damaged the building, and the wind has not stirred a stone of the ugly hulk of stone and lime which no one but the Devil or Edinburgh Baillies would have built on the North Bridge.<sup>3</sup> I am trembling for the fate of my tower at Abbotsford. Atkinson will triumph, for I preferred my own plan to his in finishing the battlements, alleging in my defence that the place was a Dalilah of my imagination, not perhaps strictly

<sup>1</sup> Charles Churchill, *The Ghost*, Book II, lines 807-8.

<sup>2</sup> In 1792 Daniel Sandford (1766-1830) came from England to Edinburgh, where he opened an episcopal chapel. In 1818 he removed to St. John's Church, then the leading Scottish episcopal church in Edinburgh. On 9th February 1806 he was consecrated Bishop of Edinburgh in succession to Dr. Abernethy Drummond. St. John's Episcopal Chapel, designed by William Burn in the Gothic style, was erected in 1817. "The tower, as originally designed, terminated in an open lantern, but this fell during a tempest of wind in January 1818." See Grant's *Old and New Edinburgh*, ii. 125-126.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 22 and note.

correct, but like Mrs. Sampson certainly very pretty.—  
Ever your Grace's truly obliged, and faithful,

EDINBURGH 17 *January* [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buckleuch and Familiar Letters*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH 17<sup>th</sup> *Janry* 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—As promised in my last which I trust reached you I now send you Act 2d & part of Act 3d<sup>1</sup>: the plot being wholly fantastic I have attempted to introduce our old Castle spectre the German Barber. You will judge whether this will be endured. I intend if you think on the whole the thing may be ventured to write a prologue deprecating critical severity & endeavouring to insinuate as Mr. Bayes<sup>2</sup> says into the pit & boxes the idea that this is a bravoura sort of a dramatic Anomaly claiming exemption from rule. In my opinion “tout genre est permis hors le genre ennuyant” so if you think there is no risk of tiring the public patience I will take the chance of shocking their critical decorum. Of course all the songs &c Act 3d can be written or altered to suit the music: I only write them in an offhand way to give your composer an idea of the thing which will depend on him. We have had dreadful weather here. All the gothic pinnacles on the new Episcopal Chapel are blown down, & have fallen on the roof & forced their way into the body of the building so that the horns of the Bishops mitre have got into the guts of the church. I am trembling for the next report from Abbotsford: my gothic balustrade must have had a shrewd shake on the tower. However the gale was from the *South* of west so that the hill would I hope afford me some protection. I am tiring for the plan of the Armoury &c for I must soon either dismiss

<sup>1</sup> Of *The Doom of Devorgoil*.

<sup>2</sup> In Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* Bayes is greedy of applause and only anxious for claptrap.

my workmen or let them go on at their own foolish pleasure. I have got a clever plaisterer quite up to understand & execute Gothic plans. Of course we do not think of plaistering until March but there is all the wood work to prepare in the meanwhile & we are nearly out of work. You shall have the concluding scenes of the drama in a few days. Ever yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

Kindest respects to Mrs. Terry & also to Mr. Atkinson & Bullock. Matthews is here playing very successfully : but I have not yet had time to go to the theatre.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH, 23d Jan. 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—You have by this time the continuation of the drama, down to the commencement of the third act, as I have your letter on the subject of the first. You will understand that I only mean them as sketches ; for the first and second acts are too short, and both want much to combine them with the third. I can easily add music to Miss Devorgoil's part. As to Braham,<sup>1</sup> he is a beast of an actor, though an angel of a singer, and truly I do not see what he could personify. Let me know, however, your thoughts and wishes, and all shall be moulded to the best of my power to meet them : the point is to make it *take* if we can ; the rest is all leather and prunella. A great many things must occur to you technically better, in the way of alteration and improvement, and you know well that, though too indolent to amend things on my own conviction, I am always ready to make them meet my friends' wishes if possible. We shall both wish it better than I can make it, but there is no reason why we should not do for it all that we can. I advise you to take some sapient friend into your counsels,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 88 and note.

and let me know the result, returning the MS. at the same time.

I am now anxious to complete Abbotsford. I think I told you I mean to do nothing whatever to the present house; but to take it away altogether at some future time, so that I finish the upper story without any communication with Mrs. Redford's *ci-devant* mansion,<sup>1</sup> and shall place the opening in the lower story, wherever it will be most suitable for the new house, without regard to defacing the temporary drawing-room. I am quite feverish about the armoury. I have two pretty complete suits of armour—one Indian one, and a cuirassier's, with boots, casque, &c. ; many helmets, corslets, and steel caps, swords and poinards without end, and about a dozen of guns, ancient and modern. I have besides two or three battle-axes and maces, pikes and targets, a Highlander's accoutrement complete, a great variety of branches of horns, pikes, bows and arrows, and the clubs and creases of Indian tribes. Mr. Bullock promised to give some hint about the fashion of disposing all these matters ; and now our spring is approaching, and I want but my plans to get on. I have reason to be proud of the finishing of my castle, for even of the tower, for which I trembled, not a stone has been shaken by the late terrific gale, which blew a roof clear off in the neighbourhood. It was lying in the road like a saddle, as Tom Purdie expressed it. Neither has a slate been lifted, though about two yards of slating were stripped from the stables in the haugh, which you know were comparatively less exposed.

I am glad to hear of Mrs. Terry's improved health and good prospects. As for young Master Mumblecrust, I have no doubt he will be a credit to us all. Yours very truly,

W. SCOTT

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> The original farmhouse at Abbotsford.



## TO DAVID WILKIE

MY DEAR SIR,—Some days passed I delivered up your valuable picture safely packed and boxed to Mr. John Russell Writer to the Signet to whose care I could safely confide it. Not being then favoured with your address I begged him to carry the picture to Kensington and promised him in reward for the care he is to take of it a peep at your present treasures. He has not however left Edinburgh yet so I shall give him your address where to leave the picture begging however you will still allow him to look into your painting room.

I cannot tell you how acceptable the picture has been to all who have seen and how much the relatives of the party honoured (not always easily gratified you know) are delighted with your having commemorated them. You are very kind indeed to allow me an opportunity of becoming a sharer in the engraving. If you intend to part with shares of the engraving at any rate I will cheerfully take one. But if you had the intention of making a thing for your own advantage do not let a thought of my interest interfere with your own. I am more than sufficiently flattered with having had those that are dearest to me, I say nothing of myself, the subject of your exquisite pencil and the public have been so indulgently partial to the productions of the inside of my head that I should be inexcusable should I withdraw from you any part of the emoluments attached to the outward resemblance especially as they must arise chiefly from the exertions you have made. I am sure you will understand me perfectly in this and I therefore put the thing perfectly into your hands. Believe only that I will do most willingly whatever is agreeable to you and should on the other hand be most unhappy and inexcusable did I divert any part of the profits, which most justly belong to you, into my own pocket. So pray act for me as you think best in the matter and at all events consider me as a subscriber for

twelve copies for myself and friends. All our family salute you, remember your visit with pleasure, and would be delighted could they flatter themselves with hope of seeing you soon again. I am always Dear Sir Your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDIN. 23 *January* [1818]

David Wilkie Esq. R.A.

13, Phillimore Place, Kensington, London.

[*Brotherton*]

To JOSEPH TRAIN

With a Copy of Waldron's History of the Isle of Man.

SIR,—Since I saw you I have had the good luck to procure a copy of Waldrons histy of the Isle of Man<sup>1</sup> in which you will find some excellent stories. I beg your acceptance of the volume as I have one of my own. I had a favourable answer from the Advocate promising his interest once more on the score of your promotion. I trust it will come though it comes slowly in your corps. I shall speak to the Solicitor as the Advocate is gone to London. Believe me Sir always Your obliged humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 27 *January* 1818

[*Watson Collection*]

To MESSRS. SANDERSON AND PATERSON, GALASHIELS

GENTLEMEN,—I have the pleasure to send you the full drawings for my book-room. The front of the standards & the sides where exposed to view as also the ornament along the top to be made of oak—the rest of fir which we will after wards paint to oak colour. The shelves are not to rest on raglets but according to a new contrivance much more handy of which I will send you a drawing though if Mr. Sanderson is coming to town

<sup>1</sup> George Waldron's *Compleat Works in Verse and Prose (including Description of the Isle of Man)*, fol., London, 1731. Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 261.

upon any other business he would comprehend it better by seeing it than from my description. The standards or uprights are made of planed wood but at the back & at the front there is naidl two slips of wood about  $\frac{1}{3}$  inch thick which have raglets exactly corresponding to each other : as for example : pieces of wood cut so as to answer the raglets are put across the side of the standard as I have endeavourd to represent at *A. B. C.*, these are moveable & can be lifted from one to another at pleasure. They support the ends of the shelves which are cut in such a way as to rest upon the edge of the small cross pieces of wood each shelf been notched at the end like *D.D.* The part betwixt the notches rests on the pieces of wood *A. B.* or *C. & E. & F.* are cut so much shorter than *D.* as to allow for the thickness of the two ragletted slips say  $\frac{1}{3}$  of an inch. When you raise or lower the shelf you have only to raise it up with your hand as it lies quite loose on the cross pieces of wood & taking out the cross piece raise to a higher or put it down to a lower raglet as you incline then do the same at the other end and so bring the shelf to a level. I look on this as a great convenience as much time & space is lost in the common mode of doing this matter.

I also send the arch for the end of the dining room of which I expect working plans almost immediatly. I have also got plans for ceilings &c perfectly satisfactory & I propose being out at Abbotsford on Saturday the 14th to stay for two days. I will then have the plaisterer with me and on Monday & Tuesday he and you can settle all the woodwork which will be necessary for the plaistering &c. The cellars may be settled at the same time. Indeed I trust to be so well forward by the 16 as to be able to answer any questions which may occur about finishing the whole affair. I remain your obt. Servant

EDINR. 30 *January* 1818

WALTER SCOTT

[*Horne & Lyell*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

[1818]

DEAR JAMES,—I would be sorry the difference you complain of did not exist. You are to consider R.<sup>1</sup> writes his letter in the strong hope of escaping himself in the resolution of at least dying game. In short like a black-guard as he is. The circumstances of his friends death his own escape & the affair of Porteous stir up those latent energies which give him a [very] different & more striking character. If he had been a man of a regularly dignified cast of mind he could not have been in the scrape. He is a Poins by nature & habit by strong circumstance a Moor or a Bertram.

You need not disturb yourself tomorrow. I shall call on you on tuesday after the court rises. Yours etc

W. S.

I think Vol. II should stop at the end of the Chapter p. 70 of copy sent yesterday. This will give about seven pages to Vol: III.

The whole story must be mournful. There is no way of changing the tone that I can discover for it is a mournful story. In fact it will thrive the better for novelty is half the battle.

[*Signet Library*]

To CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I return your sheets, which I like exceedingly. You have made an admirable *sauce piquante* to very dry food. The godly will say it is hot in the mouth, but *tant mieux*.

I have led you into a mistake about the Harden folks. Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester died in 1672. He must therefore have been father to Gideon the Quaker, whose

<sup>1</sup> Robertson in the *Heart of Midlothian*.

son (not he himself) succeeded to Harden on extinction of the collateral branch of Iliston.<sup>1</sup> Look at "Douglas."

As to Lady Raeburn (*née* Isabel Makdougall, daughter of Sir William Makdougall of Makerston, and by the grace of God my grandfather's grandmother), her curse had a double edge, or was what they call at billiards *a cannon*, for it was directed against her own family as well as her husband's, and took effect on both. Her brother, Sir — Makdougall, joined in the measures for separating the children from the parents, and both Hardens' and Makerstons' lines became extinct for lack of heirs-male. The children were carried to Makerston, the abode not of Sir William Scott, their paternal uncle, but of their maternal uncle, Sir — Makdougall. The male line of Sir William Scott and of the Knight of Makerston are now both extinct.

Sir William Scott was *patron* of Merton Kirk, when patronage was in fashion, and almost the whole parish belonged to him, which might make it an uncomfortable residence for Kirkton, supposing them to have quarrelled. Said Sir William had at one time Richd. Cameron for a chaplain. But he dismissed the holy man, as they differed in sentiments about the Indulgence. Sir William was most severely fined £1500 for his Lady's taste for Conventicles. He declared to the Privy Council he could not prevent her from falling into the same delict again, and requested to be freed from his responsibility. But the Privy Council replied that he had the *potestas mariti*, and could not get free of the consequences of her actions, since he was *presumed* to be her legal governor.

I know nothing else I have got to say, and this is sad trash.—Yours ever,

W. SCOTT

*Friday Morning [Jan. 1818]*

[*Sharpe's Letters*]

<sup>1</sup> This is mistakenly printed "Kirkton" in Sharpe's *Letters*. Robert Scott of Iliston died without issue in 1710 and the estate devolved on Walter Scott, son of Gideon the Quaker, son of Sir Gideon of Highchester, second son of Sir William of Harden and grandson of "Auld Wat."

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

Wednesday [Feb. 1818]

DEAR WILLIE,—I am not desirous to buy more land at present, unless I were to deal with Mr. Rutherford or Hieton, and I would rather deal with them next year than this, when I would have all my payments made for what I am now buying. Three or four such years as the last would enable me with prudence and propriety to ask Nicol<sup>1</sup> himself to flit and remove.

I like the idea of the birch-hedge much, and if intermixed with holly and thorns, I think it might make an impenetrable thicket, having all the advantages of a hedge without the formality. I fancy you will also need a great number of (black) Italian poplars—which are among the most useful and best growers, as well as most beautiful of plants which love a wet soil.

I am glad the saws are going. We may begin by and by with wrights, but I cannot but think that a handy labourer might be taught to work at them. I shall insist on Tom learning the process perfectly himself.

As to the darkness of the garrets, they are intended for the accommodation of travelling geniuses, poets, painters, and so forth, and a little obscurity will refresh their shattered brains. I dare say Lauchie<sup>2</sup> will *shave* his knoll, if it is required—it may to the barber's with the Laird's hebdomadal beard—and Packwood would have thought it the easier job of the two.

I saw Blackwood yesterday, and Hogg the day before, and I understand from them you think of resigning the

<sup>1</sup> Nicol Milne of Faldonside. Year after year Scott continued to dream of adding this property to his own.

<sup>2</sup> “A cocklaird adjoining Abbotsford at the eastern side. His farm is properly *Lochbreist*; but in the neighbourhood he was generally known as *Laird Lauchie*—or *Lauchie Langlegs*. Washington Irving describes him in his ‘Abbotsford’ with high gusto. He was a most absurd original.”—LOCKHART. See letter to his [Scott's] son, Walter, 27th Sept. 1819. Laird Rutherford owned Sunnyside as well as *Lochbreist*.

Chronicle department of the Magazine.<sup>1</sup> Blackwood told me, that if you did not like that part of the duty, he would consider himself accountable for the same sum he had specified to you for any other articles you might communicate from time to time. He proposes that Hogg should do the Chronicle : He will not do it so well as you, for he wants judgment and caution, and likes to have the appearance of eccentricity where eccentricity is least graceful ; that, however, is Blackwood's affair. If you really do not like the Chronicle, there can be no harm in your giving it up. What strikes me is, that there is a something certain in having such a department to conduct, whereas you may sometimes find yourself at a loss when you have to cast about for a subject every month. Blackwood is rather in a bad pickle just now—sent to Coventry by the trade, as the booksellers call themselves, and all about the parody of the two beasts.<sup>2</sup> Surely these gentlemen think themselves rather formed of porcelain clay than of common potter's ware. Dealing in satire against all others, their own dignity suffers so cruelly from an ill-imagined joke ! If B. had good books

<sup>1</sup> *The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* (afterwards *Blackwood's*) had commenced in April of the previous year. One of its editors, Thomas Pringle, a Teviotdale man, had delegated the Chronicle department to Laidlaw. "But," says Lockhart, "the bookseller [Blackwood] and Pringle soon quarrelled, and the Magazine assuming, on the retirement of the latter, a high Tory character, Laidlaw's Whig feelings induced him to renounce its alliance ; while Scott . . . appears to have easily acquiesced in the propriety of Laidlaw's determination." But Blackwood's letter of September to Scott shows that it was he who suggested Laidlaw becoming a contributor, and that to the *new* magazine, not Pringle's.

<sup>2</sup> "An article in one of the early numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled *The Chaldee MS.*, in which the literati and booksellers of Edinburgh were quizzed *en masse*—Scott himself among the rest. It was in this lampoon that Constable first saw himself designated in print by the *sobriquet* of 'The Crafty,' long before bestowed on him by one of his own most eminent Whig supporters ; but nothing nettled him so much as the passages in which he and Blackwood are represented entreating the support of Scott for their respective Magazines, and waved off by 'the Great Magician' in the same identical phrases of contemptuous indifference."—LOCKHART. In the Walpole Collection are preserved the letters of Pringle, on the one hand, and Blackwood, on the other, seeking Scott's support.

to sell, he might set them all at defiance. His Magazine does well, and beats Constable's : but we will talk of this when we meet.

As for Whiggery in general, I can only say, that as no man can be said to be utterly overset until his rump has been higher than his head, so I cannot read in history of any free state which has been brought to slavery until the rascal and uninstructed populace had had their short hour of anarchical government, which naturally leads to the stern repose of military despotism. Property, morals, education, are the proper qualifications for those who should hold political rights, and extending them very widely greatly lessens the chance of these qualifications being found in electors. Look at the sort of persons chosen at elections where the franchise is very general, and you will find either fools who are content to flatter the passions of the mob for a little transient popularity, or knaves who pander to their follies that they may make their necks a footstool for their own promotion. With these convictions I am very jealous of Whiggery, under all modifications ; and I must say, my acquaintance with the total want of principle in some of its warmest professors does not tend to recommend it. Somewhat too much of this. My compliments to the goodwife. Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

*Wednesday [Feb. 1818]*

DEAR WILLIE,—I have no idea Usher<sup>1</sup> will take the sheep land again, nor would I press it on him. As my circumstances stand, immediate revenue is much less my

<sup>1</sup> "John Usher, ex-proprietor of Toftfield, was eventually Scott's tenant on part of those lands for many years. He was a man of far superior rank and intelligence to the rest of the displaced lairds—and came presently to be one of Scott's trusty rural friends, and a frequent companion of his sports."—LOCKHART.



object than the real improvement of this property, which amuses me besides ; our wants are amply supplied by my £1600 a-year official income : nor have we a wish or a motive to extend our expenses beyond that of the decencies and hospitality of our station in life ; so that my other resources remain for buying land in future, or improving what we have. No doubt Abbotsford, in maintaining our establishment during the summer, may be reckoned £150 or £200 saved on what we must otherwise buy ; and if we could arrange to have mutton and beef occasionally from the farm in winter, it would be a still greater saving. All this you will consider : for Tom, thoroughly honest and very clever in his way, has no kind of generalizing, and would often like to save sixpence in his own department at the expense of my paying five shillings in another. This is his fault, and when you join to it a Scotch slovenliness which leads him to see things half-finished without pain or anxiety, I do not know any other he has—but such as they are, these must be guarded against. For our housemaid (for housekeeper we must not call her), I should like much a hawk of a nest so good as that you mention : but would not such a place be rather beneath her views ? Her duty would be to look to scrupulous cleanliness within doors, and employ her leisure in spinning, or plain-work, as wanted. When we came out for a blink, she would be expected to cook a little in a plain way, and play maid of all work ; when we were stationary, she would assist the housemaid and superintend the laundry. Probably your aunt's granddaughter will have pretensions to something better than this ; but as we are to be out on the 12th March, we will talk it over. Assuredly a well-connected steady person would be of the greatest consequence to us. I like your plan of pitting much ; and to compromise betwixt you and Tom, do one half with superior attention, and slit in the others for mere nurses. But I am no friend to that same slitting.

I adhere to trying a patch or two of larches, of a quarter of an acre each, upon the Athole plan, by way of experiment. We can plant them up if they do not thrive. On the whole, three-and-a-half feet is, I think, the right distance. I have no fear of the ground being impoverished. Trees are not like arable crops, which necessarily derive their sustenance from the superficial earth—the roots of trees go far and wide, and, if incommoded by a neighbour, they send out suckers to procure nourishment elsewhere. They never hurt each other till their tops interfere, which may be easily prevented by timely weeding.

I rejoice in the saw-mill. Have you settled with Harper?—and how do Og and Bashan<sup>1</sup> come on? I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the account Hogg gives me of Mr. Grieve.<sup>2</sup> The great Cameron was chaplain in the house of my great something grandfather, and so I hope Mr. Grieve will be mine. If, as the King of Prussia said to Rousseau, “a little persecution is necessary to make his home entirely to his mind,” he shall have it; and what persecutors seldom promise, I will stop whenever he is tired of it. I have a pair of thumbikins<sup>3</sup> also much at his service, if he requires their assistance to glorify God and the Covenant. Sincerely, I like enthusiasm of every kind so well, especially when united with worth of character, that I shall be delighted with this old gentleman. Ever yours,

W. SCOTT

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> “A yoke of oxen.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> “The last paragraph . . . refers to an uncle of Laidlaw’s (the father of Hogg’s friend, John Grieve), who at this time thought of occupying a cottage on Scott’s estate. He was a preacher of the Cameronian sect, and had long ministered to a very small remnant of ‘the hill-folk’ scattered among the wilds of Ettrick. He was a very good man, and had a most venerable and apostolical benignity of aspect; but his prejudices were as extravagant as those of Cameron his patriarch himself could have been. The project of his removal to Tweedside was never realized.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>3</sup> The thumbikins are still at Abbotsford. They were the gift of a Gabriel Alexander and had traditionally been used on his ancestor Hugh Miller in Ayrshire.

To J. W. CROKER

EDINBURGH, 4th Feb. 1818

MY DEAR CROKER,—I have the pleasure to assure you the *Regalia of Scotland* were this day found in 'perfect preservation.'<sup>1</sup> The *Sword of State and Sceptre* showed marks of hard usage at some former period ; but in all respects agree with the description in Thomson's work. I will send you a complete account of the opening to-morrow, as the official account will take some time to draw up. In the meantime, I hope you will remain as obstinate in your belief as St. Thomas, because then you will come down to satisfy yourself. I know nobody entitled to earlier information, save ONE, to whom you can perhaps find the means of communicating the result of our researches. The post is just going off. Ever yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

To J. W. CROKER

EDINBURGH, 7th February 1818

MY DEAR CROKER,—I promised I would add something to my report of yesterday, and yet I find I have but little to say. The extreme solemnity of opening sealed doors of oak and iron, and finally breaking open a chest which

<sup>1</sup> "On the 4th of February 1818 the Commissioners proceeded, with due pomp, to their work. They unlocked the door and broke open the chest. And there, as Thomas Thomson had told them, they found the *Regalia* sleeping beneath the dust that had been gathering round them ever since the Union. It was a hazy evening, about four o'clock, when a shot from the Castle and a cheer from a regiment drawn up on the Castle Hill announced to the people, that the Crown of their old kings was discovered. Loyalty, antiquarianism, and the interest of finding something that had been long lost, created a good deal of anxiety, but less than I expected. This was owing chiefly to there having been very little said about it beforehand ; and silence was prudent, while the discovery was uncertain. But there was no want of popular interest afterwards. John Kemble asked Scott if the Crown was not splendid ? 'The last time that I saw you as *Macbeth* you had a much grander one.'"—*Cockburn's Memorials*, p. 300.

For a further letter to Croker on the *Regalia* Commission see p. 277 and note.

had been shut since 7th March 1707, about a hundred and eleven years, gave a sort of interest to our researches, which I can hardly express to you, and it would be very difficult to describe the intense eagerness with which we watched the rising of the lid of the chest, and the progress of the workmen in breaking it open, which was neither an easy nor a speedy task. It sounded very hollow when they worked on it with their tools, and I began to lean to your faction of the Little Faiths. However, I never could assign any probable or feasible reason for withdrawing these memorials of ancient independence ; and my doubts rather arose from the conviction that many absurd things are done in public as well as in private life, merely out of a hasty impression of passion or resentment. For it was evident the removal of the Regalia might have greatly irritated people's minds here, and offered a fair pretext of breaking the Union, which for thirty years was the predominant wish of the Scottish nation.

The discovery of the Regalia has interested people's minds much more strongly than I expected, and is certainly calculated to make a pleasant and favourable impression upon them in respect to the kingly part of the constitution. It would be of the utmost consequence that they should be occasionally shown to them, under proper regulations, and for a small fee. The Sword of State is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, a present from Pope Julius II. to James IV. The scabbard is richly decorated with filigree work of silver, double gilded, representing oak leaves and acorns, executed in a taste worthy that classical age in which the arts revived. A draughtsman has been employed to make sketches of these articles, in order to be laid before his Royal Highness. The fate of these Regalia, which his Royal Highness's goodness has thus restored to light and honour, has on one or two occasions been singular enough. They were, in 1652, lodged in the Castle of Dunnottar, the seat of the

Earl Marischal, by whom, according to his ancient privilege, they were kept. The castle was defended by George Ogilvie of Barra, who, apprehensive of the progress which the English made in reducing the strong places in Scotland, became anxious for the safety of these valuable memorials. The ingenuity of his lady had them conveyed out of the castle in a bag on a woman's back, among some *hards*, as they are called, of lint. They were carried to the Kirk of Kinneff, and intrusted to the care of the clergyman named Grainger and his wife, and buried under the pulpit. The Castle of Dunnottar, though very strong and faithfully defended, was at length under necessity of surrendering, being the last strong place in Britain on which the royal flag floated in those calamitous times. Ogilvie and his lady were threatened with the utmost extremities by the Republican General Morgan, unless they should produce the Regalia. The governor stuck to it that he knew nothing of them, as in fact they had been carried away without his knowledge. The Lady maintained she had given them to John Keith, second son of the Earl Marischal, by whom, she said, they had been carried to France. They suffered a long imprisonment, and much ill usage. On the Restoration, the old Countess Marischal, founding upon the story Mrs. Ogilvie had told to screen her husband, obtained for her own son, John Keith, the Earldom of Kintore, and the post of Knight Marischal, with £400 a-year, as if he had been in truth the preserver of the Regalia. It soon proved that this reward had been too hastily given, for Ogilvie of Barra produced the Regalia, the honest clergyman refusing to deliver them to any one but those from whom he received them. Ogilvie was made a Knight Baronet, however, and got a new charter of the lands, acknowledging the good service. Thus it happened oddly enough, that Keith, who was abroad during the transaction, and had nothing to do with it, got the earldom, pension, &c., Ogilvie only inferior honours, and

the poor clergyman nothing whatever, or, as we say, *the hare's foot to lick*. As for Ogilvie's lady, she died before the Restoration, her health being ruined by the hardships she endured from the Cromwellian satellites. She was a Douglas, with all the high spirit of that proud family. On her deathbed, and not till then, she told her husband where the honours were concealed, charging him to suffer death rather than betray them. Popular tradition says, not very probably, that Grainger and his wife were *booted* (that is, tortured with the engine called the boots). I think that the Knight Marischal's office rested in the Kintore family until 1715, when it was resumed on account of the bearded Earl's accession to the Insurrection of that year. He escaped well, for they might have taken his estate and his earldom. I must save post, however, and conclude abruptly. Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

8th February 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—Yours arrived, unluckily, just half an hour after my packet was in the Post-office, so this will cost you 9d., for which I grieve. To answer your principal question first,—the drama is

“Yours, Terry, yours in every thought.”

I should never have dreamed of making such an attempt in my own proper person ; and if I had such a vision, I should have been anxious to have made it something of a legitimate drama, such as a literary man, uncalled upon by any circumstance to connect himself with the stage, might have been expected to produce. Now this is just what any gentleman in your situation might run off, to give a little novelty to the entertainment of the year, and as such will meet a mitigated degree of criticism, and have a better chance of that *productive* success, which is my

principal object in my godson's behalf. If any time should come when you might wish to disclose the secret, it will be in your power, and our correspondence will always serve to show that it was only at my earnest request, annexed as the condition of bringing the play forward, that you gave it your name—a circumstance which, with all the attending particulars, will prove plainly that there was no assumption on your part.

A beautiful drama might be made on the concealment of the Scotch regalia during the troubles. But it would interfere with the democratic spirit of the times, and would probably

——“By party rage,  
Or right or wrong, be hooted from the stage.”<sup>1</sup>

I will never forgive you if you let any false idea of my authorial feelings prevent your acting in this affair as if you were the real parent, not the godfather of the piece. Our facetious friend J. B. knows nought of such a matter being *en train*, and never will know. I am delighted to hear my windows are finished. Yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[Lockhart]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW, KAESIDE, MELROSE

MY DEAR WILLIE,—I have not the least anger at Tom.<sup>2</sup> I should have no right to be displeased if he thought to mend his situation, and I am certainly happy that he is contented, for I think of him in every respect as you do—not to mention that he has many points which jump particularly well with my humour. While he is with me

<sup>1</sup> Varied from Dr. Johnson's prologue to the comedy of *A Word to the Wise*.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Tom Purdie, *quondam* poacher and Scott's grievance. “What a blessing there is in a man like Tom whom no familiarity can spoil, whom you may scold and praise and joke with, knowing the quality of the man is unalterable in his love and reverence to his master. Use an ordinary servant in the same way and he will be your master in a month.”—*Journal*, 7th January 1826.

I consider him as a part of my own family, and in all respects to be honoured and fended for as such. I did not perfectly understand Mary's exigence thinking that she wanted a deputy, which I hold to be a very bad system.\* You know Threive Castle<sup>1</sup> was ta'en because every man's man had a man. She may continue in her department with all my heart as long as she likes, and it is quite the same to me whether boy or girl foddors the cows, so it is properly done. But we will speak about this at meeting, which I hope will be on Saturday evening or Sunday morning.

I am glad Harper's accompt meets your approbation. I shall now have lands and burns like Master Justice Shallow.

Have you ever written or said to Mr Milne that I have £1000 waiting his directions? If I do not hear from him requesting it may be otherwise arranged, I will indorse the bank-bill to him when I come out. But I would like to be rid of his money some way or other.

I send from Eagle and Henderson a lot of plants, whereof this is an invoice :

1000 Weeping Birch.  
3000 Laburnum.  
2000 Sweet Briar.  
1000 B. Italian and other poplars.  
1000 Filbirds.  
1000 Silver firs.  
20 Yews.  
3000 Scotch elm.  
3000 Horse Chesnut.

The Sweet Briars, Laburnums, Chestnuts, Elms, etc., I destine for the tops of the dikes around Kaeside, and

<sup>1</sup> Threive or Threave Castle, situated on an island in the Dee, three miles west of Castle-Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire. It was the headquarters of the Douglasses, and afterwards that of the Earls of Nithsdale. In 1455 it was the last Douglas stronghold to surrender to James II., who employed the famous cannon of "Mons Meg" against it. The interior was wrecked by the Covenanters in 1640.



mingled with thorns and suffered to grow wild, they will make ultimately an impenetrable copse or natural hedge upon the top of the wall. This cannot be done on the other dikes till next year, for the earth will be yet too loose. Hollies, etc., should also be mingled in this verdurous screen. I think we may hazard sowing some of those the Duke sent, as they might be weeded and looked after.

The poplars are for the marshy ground—the filbirds for the glen. I suppose we may consider Mr. Karr's haugh as our own, and stick in a few bushes where the sheep will not come at them. Tom will get all things in hand to put in these affairs when they arrive, which will be by the carrier. Of course I do not wish the shrubs to be planted as a formal hedge, but close and irregularly along the back of the dike. I have got a new light on larch planting from the Duke of Athole's operations. He never plants closer than eight feet, and says they answer admirably. If this *be* so, it will make it easy to plant the wild ground above the charge law. I wish you would set off a patch like a quarter of an acre at Mar's lea and plant it in this manner. It will make a variety even if the experiment should fail, or it may be planted up afterwards. Of course your lush will not make the said spot a square patch, but plant wider as you approach it and make it of an irregular form. Should you feel *dubberous* upon the subject, it can be let alone till Monday next.

I hope the Spell on the Land laws is going to be reversed. I spoke to Alex. Mackenzie about your brother. He is perfectly disposed to give a reasonable abatement, and proposes to have the farm surveyed by an intelligent Sheep farmer for that purpose. He expressed himself well satisfied with your brother's management, in which good belief I confirmed him. So I hope there will be no occasion to sacrifice another black calf.

If Mary remains in office, we must have a laundry and housemaid all the same. I distrust Jenny Mathieson's habits of cleanliness, and I do not know that she can wash, iron, and dress, otherwise it would be a good place for her, as she is honest, and a kind body.

I will tell you all about the [*indecipherable*] when we meet, and more than is yet known on that subject. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDIN. 9th Feby. [1818]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

To MR. DUNDAS<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SIR,—I think there can be no doubt that what you propose about the regalia will be highly acceptable to the public who are very eager to see these reliques. It is an opportunity to connect their feelings with ancient loyalty and its symbols which should not be neglected. I believe the Lord Chief Commr. with the Presidents anxious concurrence wrote to Lord Melville recommending Capt. Adam Fergusson whom we all love and who is so indifferently provided for as a fit person to be at the head of any little establishment which may be necessary. There are one or two good rooms in the immediate vicinity of the Crown-room which would furnish him an apartment for himself and the person he might employ in shewing the Honours and the expence would be for a long time defrayd by a small fee suppose a shilling which must be paid for admittance. The Chief Baron is I know anxious that Adam Fergusson shall be provided for both on his fathers account and on that of his own uncommonly amiable character and this will afford at least a temporary means of making him comfortable. Should the fees fall short after a year or two something else may cast up.

<sup>1</sup> Probably William Dundas (1762-1845), third son of Robert Dundas of Arniston (1713-87), and brother of Robert Dundas (1758-1819), Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland.

It will remain a further question for the higher powers whether a Warden or Keeper of the regalia should not be named as a post merely honorary and ostensible.<sup>1</sup> I own I do not think this is the time to drop any of the pomp & circumstance connected with regal dignity but this will be judged of by wiser heads than mine.

I have never been more pleased since the battle of Waterloo than with this discovery. Who may get the merit of it I know not but I think I should have had my full share of blame had the research been unsuccessful. Believe me ever most truly yours

EDINR. 14 feby [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

My respectful Compliments attend Mrs. Dundas.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO MRS. SIDDONS

DEAR MRS. SIDDONS,—Nothing can at any time be more agreeable to me than to comply with your wishes. I therefore send the Address<sup>2</sup> such as it is. Make any alterations you please but best improvement will arise from your excellent delivery. Some circumstances intervened which make me late about it. I beg you will not mention the author for that will often pass tolerably

<sup>1</sup> As will be seen later, Captain Adam Fergusson was duly appointed, but his nomination did not take place for several months after. See postscript of letter to the Duke of Buccleuch, 14th May 1818. "The Lord Chief-Commissioner, at all times ready to lend Scott his influence with the Royal Family, had, on the present occasion, the additional motive of warm and hereditary personal regard for Fergusson." . . . "The Crown-room, becoming thenceforth one of the established *lions* of a city much resorted to . . . was likely, on the most moderate scale of admission-fee, to supply a revenue sufficient for remunerating responsible and respectable guardianship."—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> A humorous epilogue which he wrote for John Galt's play, *The Appeal*, which, under the title of *The Witness*, had been published in Colburn's monthly publication, the "New British Theatre" (4 vols.—1814-15), and, attracting the notice of William Erskine, was performed through his influence at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal on 16th February 1818. It ran for only four nights. The Mr. Murray mentioned was Mrs. Siddons's brother, William Henry Murray, who also acted in *The Appeal*. According to Galt, in his *Autobiography*, "it was . . . performed . . . several times at Edinburgh, once in my own presence at Greenock, many times, under the name of 'The Force of Conscience,' at the Surrey Theatre, and was even honoured by some country strollers with a dreadful exhibition in a barn."

which comes without name or pretension which is more hardly judged when known to [be] the production of a veteran scribbler.

My kind complimt. to Mr Murray. Believe [me]  
always most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDIN. 16 *Feby.* [1818]

[*Owen D. Young*]

TO LORD MELVILLE

MY DEAR LORD,—The Advocate mentiond or rather hinted at something in conversation with me this morning in the Parlt. House which gave me a good deal of concern. It respected a letter from the Ld. Ch. Com. to His Royal H. the P.R. respecting the custody of the Regalia. I know although I did not chuse to enter on that topic with the Advocate that in that letter my name was mentd. and that the L.C. Comr. acting upon an opinion flattering to me in the highest degree had hinted of His R.H.nesses disposition to confer on me a mark of his especial favour had suggested the possibility of my being named as the official keeper of these emblems of royalty with the rank fitting a post in the household but without any emolument. From what the Advocate said I am afraid this may have been seen in a light which would give me infinite pain and might be productive of discord and misunderstanding where union and mutual good will have been hitherto productive of such good effects. For it certainly seemd to me as if he thought that Lord C. Commissioner was on this occasion seeking a nearer road to the princes personal interest than through his ministers. Now though I have no access to know the terms of the letter yet I am sure from what the Commissioner has since told me that nothing could be further from his thoughts and wishes than any interference of the nature hinted and I know few things would give him more pain than to be suspected of doing so. He merely considerd the matter as connected with the favour with

which His Royal Highness had been pleased to honour me and placed the circumstance under his eye that if he approved of such an opportunity of carrying his good intentions into effect his Royal Highness might consult with his ministers upon the subject. And when the Chief Commissioner wrote to me he advised me to apply to your Lordship as the proper channel of communication if I wishd to carry through the proposal. In short the only purpose of his writing to his Royal Highness at all on such a subject was that a reward conferrd as he supposed not unworthily on literature should be originated with the sovereign as the patron of literature subject always to the consideration of those who are responsible for the royal measures and liable to be rejected by them if found inconsistent with more adviseable measures. I am sure I have said more than enough upon this subject but our old Scottish proverb says "the mother of mischief is no bigger than a midges wing" and the most trifling circumstances hastily misinterpreted and reported will at times produce serious inconvenience. Our friend the Advocate is apt to think & speak a little hastily at times so that I am perhaps giving myself & what is worse your Lordship very unnecessary trouble about this affair.

With respect to the appointment itself I certainly would have been highly gratified had it been a thing which flowd immediatly from the bounty of the Prince & the goodwill of his servants and could have been conferrd without pain to any disappointed candidate. But I have since my return from the country twice or three times seen my friend & near kinsman Mr Keith of Ravelston<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Keith was the son of Alexander Keith, an under-clerk in the Court of Session. His father purchased Dunnottar, Kincardineshire, from the last Earl Marischal in 1766, and his grandfather, Alexander Keith, an Edinburgh W.S., had acquired Ravelston, an estate once belonging to the Keiths, from Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunipace, Stirlingshire, in 1726. The family claimed descent from Alexander Keith of Pittendrum, Aberdeenshire, fourth son of the third Earl Marischal. Keith, trained as a Writer to the Signet, was keen on antiquarian subjects. He was a Fellow of the Philosophical and Royal Societies of Edinburgh, and of the Society of

who seems to take the matter so very much to heart that I cannot bear the idea of standing in his way personally as I see it would give him a degree of mortification greater than I could possibly have anticipated. Besides he has two votes in MidLothian and as in proportion to the visionary nature of his pretensions he will be disappointed at their failure his displeasure might eventually affect your interest in the county which I need not say is a risque at which I would never prosecute any selfish object of my own. I find his claim could be perfectly arranged with the proposal in favour of Adam Fergusson as he is willing to do in that respect whatever shall be recommended. If there should be valid objections to give the good old man the sole appointment might he not be gratified by having his name inserted in any commission which might be granted. I must not disguise from your Lordship that he will be cruelly mortified if left out entirely. His wishes are not perhaps very reasonable but your Lordship has been long enough a statesman to know by experience how seldom such wishes are so. I make you wellcome to place me in the list of unreasonable solicitors when you have perused the next paragraph.

I understand from the L. Chief Commissioner that so far as I was concerned the suggestion referred to the custody of these regalia with the rank of a Baronet. Now should it consist with his Royal Highnesses pleasure while disposing of keeping the regalia to others to consider me as not unworthy of being distinguished by the rank above mentioned I can only say that my fortune now

Antiquaries of Scotland. Through the Swintons of Swinton he was connected with Scott, who often visited him at Ravelston. He died at Dunnottar on 26th February 1819. By his will he left £1000 to promote the interests of science, and his trustees decided to use £600 to found a prize for scientific discoveries. Brewster, Boole, and Clerk Maxwell are among those who have received the Keith prize. The mansion of Ravelston is situated in Corstorphine parish, Edinburghshire. From the formal old-fashioned gardens Scott took "many of the features of his Tully-Veolan" in *Waverley*.

enables me to support it with decency and that circumstances connected with my own family & my wifes would render such an honour of very great consequence to my son. Your Lordship will with your usual friendship turn this matter in your mind for I own I shall feel a' little foolish after this affair having been set afoot & with a great prospect of its being made public if I shall be left out altogether since there is no one who will not place it to some scheme of disappointed ambition of my own forming & as I have the fortune or misfortune to be more in peoples mouths than others I must expect it will be more generally canvassd than .can be quite agreeable.

I have thus put the whole matter under your Lordships eye and can only add that I shall neither be mortified nor much disappointed should I fail in my own object but most excessively so in case you should not repose the most absolute confidence on the word of an old obliged and attachd friend respecting the manner and motives in which this singular affair has originated. As to the rest the hare being started I am too old a hunter entirely to abandon the chase till she gets into the wood and then I shall use my philosophy like other philosophers when I cannot do better.

Pray hold me to be kindly rememberd to Lady Mellville and believe me ever My dear Lord Your obliged & faithful humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 19th feby [1818]

I thought it necessary in consideration of the Chief Comr. having fallen under this misconstruction from well-meant respect & kindness for me to mention the matter as delicately as possible to him since I am not acquainted with the precise terms of his letter but only with its purport and tendency. I took the utmost care to obliterate any cause of irritation and I am sure he only experiences anxiety to put himself right in the matter and

no feeling of displeasure of any kind. But he will probably write to your Lordship on the subject when corresponding on more material matters.<sup>1</sup>

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

22d Feb. 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—I inclose the two first acts<sup>2</sup> in some measure according to your suggestions : I have thrown in two new characters a forester & damsel & intend they

<sup>1</sup> Writing to Lockhart on 21st April 1837 Chief-Commissioner Adam details the correct version of how the baronetcy had been proposed. He states definitely that “the act of the Prince Regent conferring the honour of Baronet upon Scott was the pure spontaneous measure of the Prince, but as it was likely at one period of the transaction to have had a different colour given to it, in case that should ever arise again to disturb what should be your statement, that it was the spontaneous act of the Regent, I will lay the transaction simply & shortly before you.” He then goes on to say that “in 1819, after the Regalia was opened & that it was arranged to make Adam Fergusson its Custodier, Scott was with me one day in George Street when we discussed all that should be done for Adam & that the name of Captain should be superseded by that of Knight, when Scott was leaving me he said quite naturally (indeed he never could say anything otherwise) I have sometimes thought I should have something of this sort myself, but your’s, said I, must be more permanent than Knighthood & I am sure a hint is hardly necessary for the purpose.” In endeavouring to get this hint conveyed to the Prince Regent, Adam’s letter got into the tactless hands of the ministers, but eventually he laid the matter personally before Lord Liverpool, who considered it “the Regent’s own act & desire.” The way to convey this impression to the public “was for Scott to be in London at a quiet time of the year & that he (Lord L.) would take care it should be finished in a way to produce” this impression. “The true & correct way of stating the grant of the honour,” Adam adds, “is without noticing anybody else whatever.” He concludes by saying he has given Lockhart these circumstances in case “inconsiderateness might lead to representations that the creation was a matter of management, that I was the actor in that management, & so on with all the insinuations of meddling mischief which it is not easy to deal with if the real state of the transaction is not known.”—Letters to Lockhart, *Abbotsford MSS., Nat. Lib. Scot.* But Adam’s date and story hardly square with the tenor of the letter. It is not worth while trying to disentangle the story. It was the late Lord Rosebery, I think, who when asked how the recipients of honours were selected, when no application on their behalf was made, declared that *no* honours were conferred which had not been asked for repeatedly—which is probably about 80 per cent. of the truth.

<sup>2</sup> Of *The Doom of Devorgoil*.



shall enact the [*blank in copy*] scene retrench'd as you recommend. I have added a chorus sung by some of the weaponshaw gentry but I cannot well bring in any more as the greater part of the scene must needs pass in the solitude of Devorgoil. On the whole I hope you will find the scenes somewhat lighter & you can make them more so by a liberal use of the pruning knife or axe if you like it. The truth is that one who has dealt so deep in fictitious narratives as I have done gets a habit of writing rather to the mind than to the eye & I am very sensible that much which tells in the closet as elucidating character must prove redundant upon the stage & of course heavy. So my good friend yours is the judgment to trust to. I know you will believe me, (tho' few people would) when I say with Falstaff concerning his merit that I care not whether the piece shines or flies or what it does so it does something that may do you good & have therefore not an atom of Mr. Bayes's feelings upon the subject. Concerning the Girkashite Braham<sup>1</sup> I have no great patience with those divisions which he runs on his glib throat but if he must come in why the child of circumcision may play Leonard as inoffensive a walking gentleman as may be & I will add another scene or two which I have already thrown into the part. If he does not play the last song intended for the banquet may be a chorus song if you like it—or it may be given to Flora (who has now two songs besides) so I hope Miss Stephens may be fitted. If Emery does not disdain Blackthorn it may suit him well. I think he sings. We should have made this gear fadge much better had we talked it over

<sup>1</sup> John Braham (1777-1856), tenor singer, of German Jewish parentage. He sang in opera and oratorio, and at concerts. He appeared at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. After touring in France and Italy, he reappeared at Covent Garden in 1801. For the Lyceum he wrote portions of operas : *The American* (containing the famous song "Death of Nelson"), 1811 ; *Isidore de Merida*, 1827 ; and *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1828. He was the original Max in Weber's *Der Freischütz* on its production in England at the Lyceum (20th July 1824), and was the original Sir Huon in the same composer's *Oberon* at Covent Garden (12th April 1826).

together & I have no doubt that with hints from you I could have managed to dovetail the original concoction & additions more nicely together. I see I have made Catleen's<sup>1</sup> part in the scenes formerly written too interjectional as it were rather as that of a remarker than an actor but I fear this fault is not easily separated from such additional characters. I thought your plan of a Minstrel was too hackneyed nor could I weave it handsomely within my web. The same difficulty opposed the introduction of more characters which in such scanty room could neither have been developed nor engrafted upon the plot. These remarks I think meet most of the observations which you sent me. Speaking quite in general & without reference to the inclosed sheets I should incline to think that the time is very favorable for a strong effort by a powerful [?] to bring back the public to a more simple & less meretricious taste in dramatic composition. It seems to me as if the public eye & ear should now be well nigh sated with exhibitions of noise & shew & that even music though it adorns so delightfully the lighter species of the drama interrupts & breaks the chain of interest as a song sometimes breaks short an agreeable & interesting conversation in private society. Now when the Pendulum has just nigh reached its highest ascent on the one side the slightest touch sends it to the other & I should think that a plot of deep interest (could such be found or devised) conducted by a rapid march & evolved in language strong natural & forcible with just enough of pomp to render the scene decorous & graceful but not to become itself an object of attention might succeed very marvellously by the mere force of novelty. This however does not apply to our Christmas tale which is avowedly composed on the existing plan & must therefore be constructed according to its rules. But were I a young fellow about London having experience of the theatres & courage & patience as well as conscious talent

<sup>1</sup> "Katleen" is the spelling in the play.

I would think this a favorable crisis for attempting a dramatic revolution.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I have been in debt to you for a very kind letter from the land of the vine and olive most acceptable to me as assuring me that you and all dear to you were well. I heard with considerable anxiety that you had been unwell at Naples but Playfair assures me there are none of the learned faculty in that city since the king cut off a physician's head which according to Gil Blas made your Ladyships state the more safe. I trust however nature and caution have done all and more than art could have done for you. You must take good care of yourself for you are of much consequence to many so do not be too fashionable this season but keep yourself so well as to come down to see us all in this land of mist and snow for such it has been for these two seasons past. I believe we shall at last be driven to emigrate to Greenland "long hid from those who search the main" and now of late discovered to seek for open weather. As I know your Ladyship will take the wonted interest in the individual in question and also as an apology for being a worse correspondent than I am wont to be I have the displeasure to say that I have been very ill at different times through last summer and winter and was fairly thinking of putting my house in order. The complaint was cramp in my stomach of a very hideous description so far as pain was concerned and the spasms returned with more or less violence once in three weeks or a month. Once or twice they became so inflammatory that the lancet was used in a very active manner, and no medicine that could be devised had the least effect except such doses of laudanum as might have killed a horse. By disuse however of malt liquor and

other creature comforts and by paying more attention to my incomings and outgoings than an uncommonly strong constitution had yet rendered necessary the complaint has become greatly mitigated and has given way to medicines so that I am in good hope that the stomach is regaining its usual tone by degrees. In other respects my affairs have proceeded with their usual quiet tenor. Finding myself something richer by the extrication of funds which the late distressing times placed in rather a precarious state I have made considerable additions to Abbotsford and am over boots over shoes in draining ditching and planting so the property will in a few years be very valuable and in the meantime having enough to live with decency and hospitality I am not anxious for any immediate return. I have also built an addition to my cabbin or rather a sort of half house which when time and circumstances permit I will complete by taking away the present cottage and adding the other half. If I escape getting into one of Lord Binnings mad houses for building this mansion of mine [I] shall go without tears to my grave. It defies all rules of architecture being built on the principle of an old English hall such as a squire of yore dwelt in. So it is a bravura stile of building or if you will what a romance is in poetry or a melo-drama in modern theatricals. But I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Lord Compton and you at Abbotsford this year for I trust you keep your purpose of looking north-ward when the season becomes somewhat propitious. It is a sort of pic-nic dwelling for its ornaments have been pillaged from all sort of old buildings—I shall only mention Galashiels old Kirk and the tolbooth of Edinburgh the cross of the one and the gate-way of the other being now transported to the banks of Tweed. Moreover I have been peopling my colony. I have got Capt. Adam Fergusson (my old and intimate friend) who has more humour and oddity than any man I ever met seduced to take a cottage from me and rest his bones

wearied with the peninsular warfare and a long captivity in France within a mile and a half of one of his earliest friends. Then I have in the person of my steward a man of great genius in almost all rural matters and at the same time a strong turn for literature. He is bottle-holder and sporting companion of mine and sunk poor fellow under the late bad times.<sup>1</sup> He has a most original active and argumentative mind and is excellent company. *Item* I have for my spiritual consolation a Cameronian preacher<sup>2</sup> whom I intend to dub my chaplain—He is in his way a very sensible and rather well informed man but as mad on the subject of the solemn league and covenant as if one of the Grassmarket martyrs had risen from the dead. I have a notion his zeal will be much stimulated by persecution; I have therefore got a pair of thumbikins for the good mans use when his zeal wants a fillip and what persecutors seldom do I will give up persecution so soon as he is tired of it. Lastly I am negotiating for the

<sup>1</sup> William Laidlaw. "In the summer of 1817 we find him at Kaeside. . . . At first this seemed a temporary arrangement. The two friends had kept up a constant intercourse after Scott's visit to the Yarrow in 1802 . . . and when Laidlaw's evil day was at hand Scott said: 'Come to Abbotsford and help me with my improvements. I can put you into a house on the estate—Kaeside—and get you some literary work from the Edinburgh publishers.' The offer was cheerfully accepted, and the connection became permanent. Scott had then commenced building and planting on a large scale; and the same year he made his most extensive purchase—the lands of Toftfield, for which he gave £10,000."—CARRUTHER'S *Notanda*, based on Laidlaw's MS. in Edinburgh University Library.

On 20th September George Laidlaw writes to Scott thanking him for the present of a "perspective" (used by him for deer-stalking): "It is another proof of the delight you take in making others happy. . . . Since I have an opportunity Mr Scott I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for the remarkable kindness you have shown my Brother William. Without your countenance and powerful assistance he would have been in a most distressing situation, in all likelihood living in a room in Edinburgh without employment and without hope of being soon employed, reduced by necessity to depend for the common necessities of life upon his grudging Creditors."

<sup>2</sup> The Cameronian preacher is George Thomson: "He has talent, is well informed, and has an excellent heart; but there is an eccentricity about him that defies description."—*Journal*, 28th December 1825. "I hope to get him a kirk before he makes any extraordinary explosion of simplicity."—*Journal*, 28th December 1826.

presence of a celebrated Border piper so that since the days of Robinson Crusoe there never was a colony so queerly peopled. If you want to know what like we look now-a-days I wish you would make Wilkie show your Ladyship a very good picture on which he is at work just now and which is prodigiously admired by Scotch amateurs at least as a piece of art. Wilkie stayd ten days with me last summer and made this groupe which consists of my young people etc in the dress of the country the girls as ewe-milkers etc so forth. If you want any introduction to this modest and most promising artist I will send you one for both Lord Compton and your Ladyship will be delighted with a peep at the sketches which he made during his visit to Scotland. I have scarce seen anything more lovely.

In telling your Ladyship all this nonsense about myself I am endeavouring to deserve a full account when better occupations will permit of your health your projects your views and wishes should these happen to be in any way what I can assist or further. You will find all your business affairs go on smoothly now for money is as plenty as it was scarce two years ago. The usual acuteness of little Donaldson had detected an unquestionable flaw in a claim upon your Ladyship by the Minister of Cupar for arrears of stipend in Carslogie which H. Clephane seems most carelessly and culpably to have suffered to be swelld into five or six times its real amount. I remember Mrs. Clephane was very anxious about this matter and thought it amounted to about six or seven hundred pounds—I am sure it cannot much exceed one—I was at Blair Adam two days in last summer and saw Kirkness at a distance [in] its woods.<sup>1</sup> I cannot tell you with how many feelings the sight affected me—Are you aware that there is a *very curious* charter or grant respecting Kirkness in the Chartulary of Saint Andrews. If it is

<sup>1</sup> The copy supplied reads “of its woods,” which seems wrong. I have amended.

not a Monkish forgery it is one of the oldest land-rights existing in Scotland for it bestows Kirkness on the Culdees<sup>1</sup> who had their establishment in the neighbouring isle. I would have been happy could I have served your stout MacLean in the Collector matter but it was 'a very important matter for Park to get on in the course of promotion. Besides which the Chairman of the Customs Master Earle had a Whig friend of his own in his sleeve in case Park had not got the place. I am very sure that when you have any wish connected with these matters the readiest way to have it gratified would be for Lord C. to speak personally to Lord Mellville. .

I have not heard from the lonely isle this many a day. I wrote Mrs. Clephane about a lad she wanted for a [*blank in copy*] from the South-land but I have had no answer and rather doubt my letter having reached. He is now engaged to Kenneth Mackenzie of some long titled place in Ross-shire.

Have you seen Morritt? I am told he is happy in the dispositions of his brothers family whom he has in a manner adopted : so kind a heart must have something to expand its affections upon : the only fear is whether there is not a canker in the blossoms he nurses so tenderly. I have a dread of consumptive blood which runs among these northern McIntoshes.

I have fifty things to tell you about discovering the Regalia of Scotland and many other things but I postpone them till a fitter time as I have already bestowed four pages of my tediousness upon your Ladyship. My household join in kind remembrances. The two girls begin to *harp and carp* pretty tolerably and Walter (*ci-devant* Laird of Gilnockie) is an inch taller than I am a capital horseman and a good shot though but sixteen years old. Little Charles promises to be a very clever boy—a great deal of fancy and at least a correspondent degree of idleness and vivacity make me think him among those

<sup>1</sup> See p. 245.

who are destined to "make a spoon or spoil a horn". God grant he may make the spoon. He has a kind and affectionate disposition which is a main point. I beg my best regards to Lord Compton. I am delighted to have the opportunity of offering my congratulations and best wishes on his return to Britain, which is all at present from My dear Lady Compton your very respectful and very affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 26 February 1818.

[Northampton]

TO REV. MR. MATHURINE, DUBLIN <sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR,—I am going to claim the utmost and best privilege of sincere friendship and good will that of offering a few words of well meant advice, and you may be sure that the occasion seems important to induce me

<sup>1</sup> A somewhat manipulated version of this letter is printed by Lockhart and is reproduced in the anonymous biography of Maturin prefixed to an 1892 edition of *Melmoth the Wanderer*. Coleridge had attacked Maturin's play *Bertram* when it was produced with considerable success at Drury Lane in 1816, and he reprinted the attack in the *Biographia Literaria* (1817). Maturin wished to insert a reply in a preface to *Women; or, Pour et Contre*, Constable, 1818. Constable begged Scott to intervene, and this is Scott's letter, printed from a copy apparently taken from a letter-book of Messrs. Constable. A later letter from Scott to Constable indicates that Maturin has yielded. Maturin's reply, dated 9th March, is in the Walpole Collection: "If the prophet had bid me do some great thing would I not have done it, how much more when he saith unto me do not publish a paltry preface—it was burnt five minutes after I read your letter," etc.

"In Coleridge's Life I perceive an attack upon the then Committee of D.L. Theatre for acting *Bertram*, and an attack upon Maturin's *Bertram* for being acted. Considering all things this is not very grateful nor graceful on the part of the worthy auto-biographer; and I would answer, if I had not obliged him. Putting my own pains to forward the views of Coleridge out of the question, I know that there was every disposition on the part of the sub-committee to bring forward any production of his were it feasible. The play he offered, though poetical, did not appear at all practicable, and *Bertram* did; and hence this long tirade which is the last chapter of his vagabond life. As for *Bertram*, Maturin may defend his own begotten if he likes it well enough; I leave the Irish clergyman and the new Orator Henley to battle it out between themselves, satisfied to have done the best I could for both."—Byron to John Murray, 12th October 1817.



to venture so far upon your tolerance and patience.—It respects the preface to your work which Constable & Co. have sent to me. It is as well written as that sort of thing can be but you will forgive me if I say it is too much in the tone of the offence which gave rise to it; to be agreeable either to good taste or to general feeling—Coleridge's Work has been little read or heard of, and has made no general impression whatever certainly no impression unfavorable to you or your play—In the opinion therefore of many you will be resenting an injury of which they are unacquainted with the existence. If I see a Man beating another unmercifully, I am apt to condemn him upon the first blush of the business and hardly excuse him though I may afterwards learn he had ample provocation. Besides your diatribe is not *hujus loci*. We take up a novel for amusement and this current of Controversy breaks out upon us like a stream of lava out of the side of a beautiful green hill. Men will say you should have reserved your disputes for reviews or periodical publications, and they will sympathise less with your anger because they will not think the time proper for expressing it.—We are bad Judges, bad Physicians, and bad Divines in our own cause, but above all we are seldom able when injured or insulted to judge of the degree of sympathy which the World will bear in our resentment & our retaliation. The instant however that such degree of sympathy is exceeded, we hurt ourselves and not our adversary : I am so convinced of this and so deeply fixed in the opinion that besides the uncomfortable feelings which are generated in the course of literary debate a man lowers his estimation in the public eye by engaging in such controversy that since I have been dipd in ink I have suffered no sort of attacks (and I have been honored with them of all descriptions) to provoke me to reply. A man will certainly be vexed on such occasions and I have wished to have the Knaves where the Moor cock was the baillie or as you would say,

upon the sod but I never let the thing cling to my mind, and always adhered to my resolution that if my writing and tenor of life did not confute such attacks, my words never should, let me intreat you to view Coleridges Violence as a thing to be contemned, not retaliated—the opinion of a British Public may surely be set in honest opposition to that of one disappointed and wayward man. You should also consider en bon Chretien that Coleridge has had some room to be spited at the World, and you are I trust to continue to be a favorite with the public so that you should totally neglect & despise criticism however virulent which arises out of his bad fortune & your good.—I have only to add that Messrs. Constable & Co are seriously alarmed for the effects of the preface upon the Public mind as unfavorable to the work, in this they must be tolerable judges for their experience as to popular feeling is very great, and as they have met your wishes in all the course of the transaction perhaps you will be disposed to give some Weight to their opinion upon a point like this.—

Upon my own part I can only say that I have no habits of friendship and scarce those of acquaintance with Coleridge, I have not even read his Autobiography, but I consider him as a man of genius struggling with bad habits and difficult circumstances. It is however entirely upon your Account that I take the liberty of stating an opinion on a subject of some delicacy. But I should wish you to give your excellent talents fair play, and to ride this race without carrying any superfluous Weight and I am so well acquainted with my old friend the public that I could bett a thousand pounds to a shilling that the preface (if that controversial part of it is not cancelled) will greatly prejudice the work.—

I will not ask your forgiveness for the freedom I have used for I am sure you will not suspect me of any motives but those which arise from regard to your talents and person. But I will be glad to know (whether you follow

my advice or no) that you are not angry with me for having volunteered to offer it.

My health is I think greatly improved. I have had some return of my spasmodic affection but tolerable in degree & yielding to Medicine. I hope gentle exercise and the air of my hills will set me up this summer. I trust you will soon be out now. I have delayed reading the sheets in progress after Vol 1st. that I might enjoy them when collected.<sup>1</sup> Ever yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

[Stevenson]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

ABBOTSFORD [Feb. 1818]

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I send Blackadder and Law, transcript and original.

Your letter in part explains to me a letter I had from a Mr. Walker the other day, who forgot to put a date to his epistle, and rendered me guilty of the incivility of leaving it unanswered. If this be your bold dragoon, or whether it be or no, will you say how much I am obliged for his kind intention in the matter of Swift, and how happy I will be to see him on my return to Edinburgh *in suo*.<sup>2</sup> Let me burthen you with the trouble of making these acknowledgments for me. Adieu. Health and fraternity.

W. S.

[Sharpe's Letters]

<sup>1</sup> This letter is written in another hand, not Scott's.

<sup>2</sup> Sharpe had written to Scott earlier in the month asking him to send on "any books of *Scottish* witchcraft, &c. . . that will prove helpful unto your humble servant in his notes to Law. . . . The Irish dragoon, Walker, who brought over the catalogue of Swift's lib., is anxious to be presented to you." The Rev. Robert Law's *Memorialls, &c. from 1638 to 1684, edited from the original MS. &c., by C. K. Sharpe, Esq. 4to. L.P.* was published later this year. It is in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 3.

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

*Thursday [March 1818]*

DEAR JOHN,—One or two things occur which I wish to mention to you before I leave the town. I wish you could call in this evening or breakfast here to-morrow for [this] purpose. My breakfast hour, however, is so unreasonably early as half-past eight.—Yours truly,

W. SCOTT

# HISTORY OF SCOT,

By Cap. Walter Scott

An old souldier and no scholar,  
And one that can write nane  
But just the letters of his name.

I, Walter Scott of Abbotsford, a poor scholar, no soldier, but a soldier's lover,

In the stile of my namesake and kinsman do hereby discover

That I have written the 24 letters 24 million times over,  
And to every true-born Scott I do wish as many golden pieces

As ever were hairs in Jason's or Medea's golden fleeces.

The above written on the first page of Scott's History of the Name of Scott,<sup>1</sup> first edition, presented by me to Mr. Walter Scott. March 1818.<sup>2</sup>

[*Rosebery*]

To DANIEL TERRY

EDINR 2d March 1818

DEAR TERRY,—I send you Act 3d which will require much revisal: the catastrophe does not come me

<sup>1</sup> It is included among a collection of *Miscellanea Curiosa*, MS. 4to, as *Outlines of Historical Sketch of the name of Scott* in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> This note on the back of the letter to John is in Constable's hand. The verses above it are in, I think, John B.'s hand.

twanging off & the scenes of love & daffing between Catleen & Blackthorn which I have thrown in to enliven the piece connect but ill with the catastrophe. Yet I have pump'd my brains about it to little purpose & have been crying out like the chairman to Pope when the poet said "God mend me"! "it was easier to make a new one"; I shrunk from the projected Phantom feast. I could have managed it for the poetical part but I despaired of impressing the audience with sufficient respect for my goblins & so have trusted to the effect of one single spectre—old Erick, who by dint of looking glum and glunch & speaking little may perchance be imposing. I have had thoughts of materializing him as well as Owlspiegle & supposing him some ancient kinsman or uncle returned with all the secret holes & hiding places of the castle at his fingers ends. If you do not think the audience will endure an actual *Ghaist* something of this kind might yet be done. One great fault of these sheets is the necessity of forbearing the full illustrature [*sic*] of character in order to precipitate the march of the scene. Something might be done to help this by good smart touches here & there, but I wish first to know your general opinion for there is no use patching what will not mend. It is hard that we cannot colloquize in person on the matter when I think we might bring it to a better bearing but as that is impossible I can only beg you to give me without apology or hesitation every hint by which you think the play can be brought nearer our wishes or rendered more deserving of popularity. I will add any songs that are wanted. What can I say more except that I wish it were as good as the *Duenna*<sup>1</sup> for your sake. Yours truly.

W. SCOTT

I wrote Mr. Atkinson yesterday about two or three things still wanting to compleat his good intentions towards me & my dwelling: having them we shall only want the windows &c from London to render the house

<sup>1</sup> Sheridan's comic opera, *The Duenna*, first published in 1775.

habitable in autumn. My wishing eyes are constantly turned to Geo. Bullock for the plan of the Armoury. I hope this will find Mrs. Terry holding well out.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

CASTLE STREET, *Wednesday* [1818]

DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from the country and as I have some mason work etc to pay there in a day or two I will be much obliged to you to send me your Houses note at three months for £350, to be placed to accompt of literary work. I should like to send it off to Galashiels to-morrow.

Mr. Mathurin has consented to cancel the objectionable preface with great readiness so far as concerns the attack on Coleridge.<sup>1</sup>

I wish to call on you and Mrs. C. in Parks place to-morrow or next day. Pray what hour am I likeliest to find you—The T. L.<sup>2</sup> proceed in force.—Yours, etc.

[*Kilpatrick*]

W. SCOTT

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR SIR,—I condole with you sincerely on the loss of an affectionate father a loss which, however protracted in point of time the misfortune may be, must in the course of nature take place and for which therefore while we feel one of the firmest ties of nature rent asunder we are not entitled to indulge in an undue degree of sorrow. I perceive by your obliging letter (which I only received a few days since having been in the country) was written under the influence of a very generally received belief that a late paragraph in the papers mentioning the death of two children of Mr. Walter Scott of Wauchope

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 95.

<sup>2</sup> *Tales of my Landlord.*

related to my family. The Christian name of Walter is very common in my clan although it occurs more rarely in other families in Scotland which sometimes leads to inconvenient mistakes. My family have on the whole enjoyed good health altho my own continues precarious. I am however much better, my spasmodic affections occur more rarely and are easily (comparatively) got rid of with Laudanum. Laudanum agrees ill with me and I have usually a miserable day after such attacks : still however the mitigated violence and the longer intervals between the fits of pain give me good hope that I am getting the better of this painful disorder. At first they used to come once a fortnight and now five or six weeks have intervened between the fits. Formerly my stomach would endure medicine in no shape and bleeding and opiates inserted a parte post. were necessarily resorted to, but now all these violent symptoms have disappeared and I feel like myself again—

As you may suppose from the above account of my health I have been idle enough as I am apt to be on much slighter apology. My young people are now come to such an age as makes them very good companions but the habit of spending my time with them encroaches on much that I had formerly given to study. Walter is taller than me and stout in proportion, a good horseman and a tolerable shot : so soon has he got over the age of sailing little boats in the little lake which I think was his employment when you last saw him. Abbotsford is now extended from 100 acres to 12 times that measurement and one half of the new house is complete, the other half is not to be built till my purse recruits a little and in the meanwhile our accomodation is greatly increased. We keep the old house which I intend to take away when I complete the new plan if that can be called a *plan* which is so absolutely irregular. The whole being after the fashion of an old English Hall admitting therefore of additions in any fashion which may hereafter be most

convenient. It is now large enough to answer tolerably well my purpose for an occasional residence should circumstances ever permit me to retire into the country for good & all some more accomodation particularly a good Bookroom will be wanting. Pray return my best thanks to Mr. FitzPatrick for his polite and flattering attention in sending me his prize poem with which I was much amused, who should come in whilst I was busy with it but Lord Elgin about some business about the Bruces tomb which has been discovered at Dunfermline for we are very little acquainted— I could not help laughing at the circumstance when he was gone, I do not at all grudge the humerous chastisement he has recieved,<sup>1</sup> for though I am glad that the marbles are brought here yet I would have cut my own hand off rather than have displaced one of them. I am not less obliged to Mr. Read for the *Hill of Caves*<sup>2</sup> which I have perused with great pleasure ; there is much fancy and feeling as well as power of versification in the poem a little tho of that redundancy of expression that characterises some of the compositions on your side of the Channel and arises probably from an exuberant flow of fancy which is not what we have to complain of on this side. I only mention this to shew I have read Mr. Reads poem with attention as well as with great pleasure. Adieu my dear Hartstonge you know I am a wretched correspondent partly for want of something to say (no exuberance of imagination in

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin and eleventh Earl of Kincardine (1766-1841), the notable diplomatist and art collector, had evidently taken part in the excavations made for the foundation of the New Church at Dunfermline in 1818, when King Robert the Bruce's remains were discovered wrapped in a shroud of gold, as narrated in Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. The remains were replaced in a new coffin and re-interred. Before his death Bruce had commissioned in Paris a marble monument for his tomb. It was Lord Elgin who, while envoy extraordinary at Constantinople, removed from Athens the famous sculptures known as the Elgin Marbles, now in the British Museum. Presumably the prize poem had denounced this removal, as Byron did.

<sup>2</sup> *The Hill of Caves and Other Poems*, by William Read. 8vo. London, 1818. Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 180.



that) partly that I have a sort of horror of pen & ink on all occasions when I can avoid these cursed implements to which my life has been enslaved. If you come this way in summer you will find me thinner but I hope otherwise healthy and well or ill very much yours '

EDINBURGH *4th March* 1818

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

To C. G. GORDON, 35 LD. SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN

SIR,—I am honoured with your letter and am greatly obliged by your taking the trouble to acquaint me with the existence of the curious paper you mention and which I conclude to be an unpublished production of your great patriot. Unfortunately my task as an Editor has been long closed nor have I any probable prospect of again resuming it. The Edition of Swift which I superintended is the property of the Publishers and as it is not likely soon to be reprinted they are not likely to become the purchasers of what would only be useful to them in that event. For myself I could only think of the purchase as a curiosity in which point of view the proprietor of the tract is likely to meet with many able to indulge themselves at an higher expence than I could at present afford as various other channels of expence have of late greatly limited my outlay on bibliography. You do not however mention the rate at which the tract is valued but of course there must be a great difference betwixt its value to me as materials for a literary work in which I was actually engaged or as a mere article of curiosity. I am not the less obliged to you Sir for the trouble you have taken in communicating the circumstance which at an earlier period would have rendered me an essential service. I am therefore Sir your very humble servant

EDINBURGH *7th March* 1818

WALTER SCOTT

[*Trin. Coll. Dub.*]

TO GEORGE THOMSON, TRUSTEES OFFICE, ROYAL EXCHANGE

DEAR SIR,—I send you the long-delayed verses<sup>1</sup> to the measure you pointed out: they have been, in truth, writtē for months, but I hoped always to find some subject which should smell less of apoplexy, to use Gil Blas' metaphor. I had a sincere belief they were the last lines I should ever write, and I am still of the same opinion as to any poem of length. I also return the Crookie-den tune. There are already good words to it both grave and comic, and I see not why they should be pushed from their proper melody by newfangled verses. I keep the "Maid of Isla" that I may hear it played over, and I will send you some words to it if I then like it: it has some local associations which always makes the task light to me. I am, Dear Sir Yours truly

W. SCOTT

CASTLE STREET, 9 *March* 1818

[*British Museum and Hadden's George Thomson*]

TO LADY ABERCORN

*March* 11 [1818]

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—There is something so sacred in the afflictions of our friends<sup>2</sup> that when we venture to approach them even from the best and most sympathetic feelings we can hardly divest ourselves of an

<sup>1</sup> "Sunset" and "Farewell to the Muse." Scott must have changed his mind about "The Maid of Isla" and sent it with this letter or immediately afterwards, for, two days later, Thomson, thanking him, writes: "No words of mine can express the gratitude and delight with which I received the three songs you have most obligingly written for me. . . . Each of the pieces is of a character quite distinct from the other, and each is most lively in its kind. 'The Maid of Isla,' as a *song*, may be considered the best of the three, and, indeed, is in every feature a perfect beauty." These were to be the last contributions Scott sent to Thomson. See Scott's letter to Thomson, November 1821.

<sup>2</sup> The Marquess of Abercorn died at Bentley Priory, Stanmore, on 27th January 1818. His widow survived till 1827.

apprehension that we are guilty of a sort of sacrilege. I think you will not doubt my deep and sincere commiseration in the great sorrow with which you have lately been afflicted and that my sympathy is the greater as it is one in which comfort and consolation must for some time necessarily appear intrusive and displeased. What indeed can the wisest and most affectionate friend tell us except that we must submit to evils which are irremediable and which are part of the tenure by which we hold life since we cannot pass our years here without parting from our dearest and most attached friends. I do not therefore waste words on a subject so painful although I might claim a particular share in your sorrow not only on account of the sincere interest I must always take in what concerns your Ladyship personally but also in consideration of the eminent kindness which the regretted subject of your sorrow showed to my family and his personal attention to myself. Many recollections which I will not distress you my dearest friend by recapitulating press upon me while I am writing to you. My principal thoughts however are upon you. It is I fear scarce possible that I can in any point of view be of the slightest use to you but if I can do not forget you have a right by unremitted kindness and many active good offices to command anything which may be in my sphere. If your interest should chance to be involved in any of the affairs here I hope you will allow me as an old friend to offer any assistance or advice that may be in my power. To use any knowledge I have either of these matters or of the law of the country in your behalf would make my acquaintance with either valuable in my own eyes. At any rate may I hope your Ladyship will let me hear from you when tranquillity and the state of your mind will permit. Believe me if there is a moment in which a heart of good dispositions beats more warmly towards a friend it is in the hours of their affliction—I have not ventured to write sooner perhaps even this is

too early but it is easily thrown aside. I have however constantly heard of you through G. Wright and Mrs. Kemble. I have the honour to be with great respect and regard Dear Lady Marchioness your most faithful and obedient servant

WALTER SCOTT

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[23rd March 1818]

DEAR CHARLES,—I am quite satisfied with what the arbiters have done in paring my allowance of Huntly wood. I should have been very sorry had they done more on my behalf than was just and equitable to Mr Kerr who I hope will be satisfied that his interest has been sufficiently attended to. I suppose you will apprise him of the event which will probably put his mind at rest upon that score.

I enclose a note for Mr Milne which will remain in his hands upon his signing the Disposition as he preferred that mode of settlement to taking a bill which I offered him.

I send the processes. Also a strange unintelligible letter the nature of which you can enquire into. Not having the whole process I could not make out a final Interlqr. in the eternal [*indecipherable*] but I think nothing remains but to strike a ballance which I hope you will take the trouble to do : if any difficulty occurs you will let me know. Whenever the Sheriff pronounces Dec[ree] in the Excamb[ion] he should also discern [*indecipherable*] me for the value of the wood which I will pay into your hands. You may place it to Mr Kerrs credit.

I leave this place on tuesday to return in ten days.  
Yours ever

WALTER SCOTT

I suppose Mr Kerr means that I should enter into possession of my ground excambd in terms of the valuator's report. I do not however care about it till next planting

season. Some arrangement ought to take place concerning Ushers rent in the meantime as I shall be entitled to a share effeiring to my interest.

[EDINBURGH]

[Curle]

TO JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON

DEAR MURRAY,

“Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,  
I am not dead but sleepeth here.”—

I have little to plead for myself, but the old and vile apologies of laziness and indisposition.<sup>1</sup> I think I have been so unlucky of late as to have always the will to work when sitting at the desk hurts me, and the irresistible propensity to be lazy, when I might, like the man whom Hogarth introduces into Bridewell with his hands strapped up against the wall, “better work than stand thus.” I laid Kirkton aside half finished,<sup>2</sup> from a desire to get the original edition of the lives of Cameron, &c., by Patrick Walker, which I had not seen since a boy, and now I have got it, and find, as I suspected, that some curious *morceaux* have been cut out by subsequent editors. I will, without

<sup>1</sup> On the 17th March Murray had written : “Totally unable to account for the sudden abruption of all interesting communication with you I content myself with believing that it arises from causes wholly independent upon me,” etc. He has sent Lord Orford’s correspondence, also Rose’s translation of the *Animali parlanti*, Frere’s *Whistlecraft* and Byron’s *Beppo*—“Beppo . . . is really an extraordinary effort—written in two nights in consequence of reading *Whistlecraft*—the attack on your valued friend S[otheby] arose from his temerity in sending the noble Author an anonymous letter, and from his having cut his acquaintance abroad. I have received the fourth canto, which contains finer things than the author has ever yet written, and comprising a noble tribute to yourself, whose kindness he will not easily forget.”

<sup>2</sup> Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe’s edition of *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the year 1678*. By the Rev. Mr. James Kirkton, &c., with an Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharpe. By James Russell, an actor therein, is reviewed by Scott in the *Quarterly* for May 1818. He had, as previous letters show, given Sharpe considerable aid in the book.

loss of time, finish the article, which I think you will like. Blackwood kidnapped an article for his Magazine on the Frankenstein story,<sup>1</sup> which I intended for you. A very old friend and school companion of mine, and a gallant soldier, if ever there was one, Sir Howard Douglas, has asked me to review his work on military bridges.<sup>2</sup> I must get a friend's assistance for the scientific part, and add some balaam of mine own (as printer's devils say) to make up four or five pages. I have no objection to attempt Lord Orford<sup>3</sup> if I have time, and find I can do it with ease. Though far from admiring his character, I have always had a high opinion of his talents, and am well acquainted with his works. The letters you have published are, I think, his very best—lively, entertaining, and unaffected. I am greatly obliged to you for these

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* was reviewed in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, March 1818. Scott assumes that the author is a man: "We shall be delighted to hear that he has aspired to the *paulo majora*, and in the meantime congratulate our readers upon a novel which excites new reflections and untried sources of emotion." Shelley had himself sent *Frankenstein* to Scott, writing from :

ALBION HOUSE, GREAT MARLOW,

Jan. 2, 1818

SIR,—The Author has requested me to send you, as a slight tribute of high admiration & respect, the accompanying volumes. My own share in them consists simply in having superintended them through the press during the author's absence. Perhaps it is the partial regard of friendship that persuaded me that they are worthy of the attention of the celebrated person whom I have at present the honour to address. Sir, I remain your most obedient faithful servant

PERCY B. SHELLEY

Notwithstanding this Scott assumed that Shelley was himself the author, and when Mrs. Shelley was sent the review by her publisher she wrote: "I hasten to return my acknowledgements and thanks, and at the same time to express the pleasure I receive from approbation of so high a value as yours." She explains that the work is not her husband's but her own—"from its being written at an early age I abstained from putting my name and from respect to those persons from whom I bear it." She writes from Bagni di Lucca, 14th June 1818.

<sup>2</sup> *An Essay on the Principles and Construction of Military Bridges, and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations.* By Colonel Sir Howard Douglas, Bt., F.R.S., Inspector-General of the Royal Military College. 8vo. London.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq., from the year 1736 to 1770* was reviewed by Scott in the April number 1818.

and other literary treasures which I owe to your goodness from time to time. Although not thankfully acknowledged as they should be in course, these things are never thanklessly received.

I could have sworn that Beppo<sup>1</sup> was founded on Whistlecraft, as both were on Anthony Hall, who, like Beppo, had more wit than grace.

I am not, however, in spirits at present for treating either these worthies, or my friend Rose,<sup>2</sup> though few have warmer wishes to any of the trio. But this confounded changeable weather has twice within this fortnight brought back my cramp in the stomach. Its attacks however are not at all of the formidable description they were at first. Still they only give way to laudanum a medicine which disagrees with me particularly. We have had snow and frost alternately & I have so much the habits of robust health that I am too apt to run after my workpeople in all weathers but I suppose time and pain will make me wiser at last.

I do not know anything about Mr Ballantynes arrangements with Constable.<sup>3</sup> I only understand generally that

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in eighty-nine stanzas in imitation of him called *Beppo*" (Byron to Murray, October 1817). John Hookham Frere's (1769-1846) poem appeared in that year and his revival of the Italian *ottava rima* attracted great attention. William Tennant (1787-1848) had used the metre, but with a disturbing closing Alexandrine, in *Anster Fair*, 1812, but there is no proof that Frere or Byron was influenced by Tennant's description of provincial merrymaking. To what poem of Anthony Hall (1679-1723), the drunken and indolent antiquarian, Scott refers I do not know. "I have no doubt," says Lockhart, "Scott was thinking of John Hall Stevenson, author of *Crazy Tales*, the friend and (it is said) the *Eugenius* of Sterne." His name before his marriage was John Hall (1718-1785). His bent was for fluent, obscene verse tales, and Scott's comparison is hardly just to Byron.

<sup>2</sup> "I believe Mr. Rose's 'Court and Parliament of Beasts' is here alluded to."—LOCKHART.

<sup>3</sup> See Lockhart's account of John Ballantyne's negotiations with Constable for a second series of the *Tales of my Landlord*, and how Ballantyne outwitted Constable by suggesting that these were also to be offered to Murray and Blackwood, so that the former at last consented to do what he had hitherto refused "and at one sweep cleared the Augean stable in Hanover Street

he had some unexpected difficulties in settling with Blackwood & doing the best he can for an author who does not act for himself. I suppose he has tried to mend his musket elsewhere. I have no reason to think my interference on the occasion could be of service in the way you mention.

The newspapers have been croaking—I hope inaccu-  
of unsaleable rubbish to the amount of £5270! I am assured by his surviving partner [*i.e.* Cadell] that when he had finally redispensed of the stock he found himself a loser by fully two-thirds of this sum.”—*Life*, c. xl. Lockhart suppresses without indication this part of the letter, which, if Lockhart’s story be accurate, is hardly a candid account of what had been done, but it must be remembered that Scott was not willing his part in the novels should be made known to the two publishers in question. A letter from Cadell to Constable, printed in part in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, iii. 98-9, confirms Lockhart’s statement that the motive for this taking over the stock was “to lay a strong claim on the author of the novels to prefer us to all others in time coming.” “I should be very glad if when you or your friends are making arrangements with Constable that you thought of me—for I fancy that neither of us have any objection to publish good books in conjunction—perhaps a word from you might yet induce Ballantyne to ask for my junction [?] in the new *Tales of my Landlord*—as it will be thought to be through dissatisfaction in their mighty author that I am not their continued publisher—But I have no right to ask, much less to expect any exertion in this way from one to whom I am already so over and above obliged.”—Murray to Scott, as above. Throughout 1818 Constable continued to be anxious about John Ballantyne’s intrigues with Blackwood and Murray. On 12th June 1818 he writes to Cadell: “I think Messrs. L[ongman] & Co. have committed a mistake about the *Tales* but we have a strong argument in our heavy concern in the *Register* 1814, 1815 & in overtaking J. B.’s books but what a set we have to deal with here—I have repeatedly told you that both *John* & *James* have shewn evident desire to quarrel with us for several months. John’s mode of doing business with us is quite abominable . . . they are *linked* with a vile fellow in the New Town. I heard yesterday upon unquestionable authority that James Ballantyne is B[lackwood]’s first advocate on all occasions—& that his apology to B. about the new *Tales* going our way was that he B. had declared he never would do any business with John B. & that the transaction being in this said John’s hand he went to the place where he could do business. . . . John *dined* with B. & was introduced to Stewart of Alderston who offered *John* money or security to any amt. for any future dealing of the kind he might have with John—on this occasion John observed you are too late at present but wait the next turn & I will serve you in preference. I have no doubt that all this happened for John told me himself that he had dined with B.—in short these men play a deep & damnable game—& make their own of the author & all concerned. I will do all that propriety & prudence dictates to avoid any open rupture with them.”—*Constable MSS.*, Nat. Lib. Scot.



rately—respecting Lady Byrons health—I should like much to know how she is. Adieu my next will be with a packet. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 23 *March* [1818]

Direct to Edinr. if anything occurs. How do you stand with Pauls Letters? The other publishers are I believe out—I do not however mean to press a new edition unless I should go abroad again. Remember me kindly to Gifford.

[*John Murray and Lockhart*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

[1818]

DEAR SIR,—I got your letter in all safety. I enclose the Review of Sir H. Douglas's military work<sup>1</sup> which I have endeavoured to make lively. If not witty however it at least is not long. I enclose a letter to Gifford requesting him among other things to supply a quotation for page first.—In Miss Baillies play of Constantine Paleologus there is a spirited description about the beginning of the 3d act of the mode in which Mahomet proposed to fill the ditch of the town with the bodies of his first line of soldiers<sup>2</sup>—either this or the corresponding passage in Gibbons account of the last siege of Constantinople must be put into the blank. I will have

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> “Mahomet at the storm of Constantinople found a substitute in the bodies of his leading divisions for all the scientific expedients of the engineering art. His ideas on the principle and construction of military bridges are well explained by Joanna Baillie: they are somewhat rude and savage it must be confessed, but they proved effectual; and as Gibbon says, ‘the death of the devoted vanguard was more serviceable than the life.’

Some thousand carcases, living and dead,  
Of those who first shall glut the enemy's rage,  
Push'd in, pell-mell, by those who press behind,  
Will rear for us a bridge to mount the breach,  
Where abler engineers had worked in vain.”

Walpole for you in a day or two. But I am more especially anxious to gratify Sir H. Douglas as he is an old and valued friend with whom I have had many a merry bout in former days. Yours very truly

W. SCOTT

I quite agree with D'Israeli's character of Walpole. Pray take care of the enclosed letters for Gifford and James Boswell.

W. S.

[*Neophilologus*]

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, KESWICK, BY CARLISLE <sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—Nothing could give me more pleasure than hearing from yourself that you were well and returned to your literary occupations. I think said I to myself when I received your letter “we do know that sweet Roman hand” and I had better fortune than Malvolio in my conjecture. My health about which you are kindly solicitous has been considerably impaired by my late illness and the disorder (a spasmodic affection of the stomach) has returned from time to time although with less violence. So I suppose it will be a long time ere I regain perfect health if indeed I should ever be so fortunate. But one cannot be always young and strong and as I have enjoyed so many years of robust health I am little entitled to grumble at occasional indisposition. The worst is that cold or fatigue of any kind almost

<sup>1</sup> Southey had written to Scott on the 10th March inquiring as to his health. “I hope your illness has left no weakness behind. We stand in need sometimes of visitations which may lead us to look towards eternity. . . . About four months ago John Ballantyne wrote to ask me if he should dispose of my property in the Ed. An. Register to Constable upon the same terms as the other persons who had the same share in it. As I had given it up for a lost concern, I was very glad to hear that I was to have about the same sum which the share had cost in a bill from Constable at twelve months date. Four months, however, have elapsed and I have heard nothing. Perhaps . . . you will do me the kindness to see how the matter stands. . . . I saw Humboldt at Paris; did any man portray himself more perfectly in his writings than he has done. His excessive volubility, his fulness of information, and the rapidity with which he fled from every fact into some wide generalisation . . . with all he appeared exceedingly goodnatured.”

certainly brings on this unlucky cramp in the stomach and I am obliged to limit my walks and attend to weather circumstances quite new to one whose pleasures lie chiefly in the open air.

The Edinburgh Register will be certainly arranged in the way John Ballantyne wrote to you and you may depend on my looking after your interest the instant I go back to Edinburgh. I have myself made a considerable extrication of funds which were inconveniently and precariously situated during the hours of difficulty and laid them out in *terra firma* which if it produces as yet no great revenue affords me an infinity of amusement in the way of planting altering enclosing and so forth. You who live in a land of romance would laugh at my efforts to introduce into a barren waste beauties which I myself shall not live to see but I trust Posterity on whom we rest our hopes of fame will do justice to the man who planted a million of trees on a naked heath.

The times look gloomy enough. I do not fear the usual strain of popular discontent but the Poors rates like the snakes of your eastern tyrant are gnawing into the bowels of England. It is deep and spreading gangrene and the question is whether the patient may not bleed to death in the attempt to extirpate it. Fortunately we have in this respect no common cause of discontent with you. Our very poverty has saved us from the misfortunes attending too general and indiscriminate a system of providing for the poor and I think we feel the advantage so much that we will not easily forfeit it. Last year which was a very severe one among the poor people we had the prudence in this and other parishes to anticipate the evil by agreeing upon the propriety of carrying through certain improvements on the high roads and such other public works as served to employ the population who might otherwise have robbd or starved. This was done so cautiously and with so little ostentation that the people never found out that it was done for the *nonce*. It is the last

of degradation so far as I have been able to observe when the honest and independent labourer has become an object of eleemosynary relief. His proud spirit is broken like that of a seduced female and he ceases to possess one great impulse to every honourable exertion—self estimation. I speak with some confidence on this subject for being naturally fond of the country people and spending among them all that I can possibly spare I have many opportunities to remark their motives and manners.

I am happy to hear you are concluding Brazil. It is a mighty task and most ably executed. The history of colonies has in it some points of peculiar interest as illustrating human nature. On such occasions the extremes of civilized and savage life are suddenly and strongly brought into contact with each other and the results are as interesting to the moral observer as those which take place on the mixture of chemical substances are to the physical investigator. I shall wait the third volume with impatience.

Is there no chance of our meeting this year— You owe me two visits and the Carlisle stag[c] is so apropos that it lodges within a mile or two of this place or carries you on to Edinburgh at pleasure. I want to shew you my trees which are Liliputian and my lake which is a mill-pond and my cascade which is not made yet and my new house which looks like a thing you dream of. Sophia is much honoured and flattered by your recollection. She is a tall girl now and a good useful housekeeper. She is keeping house for me here for the present as the weather is too severe for Mrs. Scott to face the country till the sun comes earlier over the hill. I have also with me an old and faithful crony from the day we carried our satchels to school together Capt. Adam Fergusson the son of the historian. With the unceasing good spirits which find subject for exercise in the most trifling passages of human life of which he is the most acute observer I have ever seen he has born[c] and parried a world of misfortunes

which must have crushd any one possessd of less elasticity of spirit. Besides this unceasing fund of interest I may converse at pleasure with my dogs and two yoke of huge oxen who turn up the glebe with a grace altogether bucolical— or I may call in the aid 'of two or three country neighbours and talk upon two subjects of common interest a circular saw which I have lately establishd as an experiment and an intended rail road to connect us with the coal and lime works of Lothian. *Perditur inter haec lux sed non misero.* I saw Humboldt when I was at Paris but was not made known to him. To you his acquirements must have been peculiarly interesting. Capt. Basil Hall is with his father just now and visits me often. I respect him and Captain Maxwell much for their considerate conduct at Loo Choo which contrasted with Captain Maxwells spirited behaviour at Canton and his fortitude in the desperate circumstances in which he was placed by the loss of the *Alceste* serve to show that moderation is always connected with true valour.<sup>1</sup> He gives a very lively and interesting account of his interview with Bony at St. Helena in which the latter maintaind his credit as a charlatan. One trait was laughable enough: it related to the manners of the natives of Loo-Choo. "What arms have they?" said Bony. "None" answerd Hall. "Ah! you mean no fire arms but they have swords bows slings spears"— "No such thing nor any other weapon so far as we could discover"— B. in great surprize "Diable! pas meme des poignards!" A ridiculous counterpart to this story was that when Capt. Hall told it to old Vansittart he laughd heartily

<sup>1</sup> A short time before Captain Basil Hall had been appointed to the 10-gun brig *Lyra*, in which he accompanied Murray Maxwell of the *Alceste* in an expedition to China and the Loo-Choo Islands. Maxwell penetrated up the Canton River and passed through the then uncharted Straits of Gaspar, where the *Alceste* became wrecked on a rock. On his arrival in England in August 1817 Maxwell was tried by court-martial, and was not only acquitted, but specially complimented for his having coped so well with difficult navigation and his exertions and cool-headedness after the ship struck. See Basil Hall's *Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-Choo Islands.* 4to. 1818.

and immediatly gave a similar proof of technicality by admiring the simplicity of the savages who could exist without coind money or any other representative of value.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs Southey and believe me ever my dear Southey Yours with true regard

ABBOTSFORD 23 *March* [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Mrs. Clephan*]

*To DANIEL TERRY*

EDINBURGH 28 *March* 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—I inclose a letter to Mr. Atkinson. I really blush at intruding on his leisure & yet he forbids me to make apologies. I leave the letter open that you may see how it stands with me. I am anxious to get the plans & see the work begun while I am at Abbotsford for besides the loss of time & expence which arises from stopping the workmen they (in my absence) very often are apt to go on their own way & in that manner have made already one or two blunders but I hope none of consequence. I wish much to have the casements &c. which are preparing at Mr. Bullocks sent down so soon as finish'd for we are rather keeping open house for want of them. Adam Fergusson slept in what we call the Chapel while I was last at Abbotsford and as there was no outward door the wind which was most tempestuous assailed his inner defence, the bed room door namely, with so much & such repeated violence that he thought it was house breakers battering in [a] breach & when he got up & opened the door behold he could not shut it again. I leave Mr. Atkinsons letter open that you may see what I want of him & our good friend the King of the marble island.<sup>1</sup> Pray look after it & oblige me greatly for two or three weeks after the 10th bring me again to the labours of the court of session & take me from the

<sup>1</sup> George Bullock, more often designated the "Prince of the Black Marble Islands," after his prototype in the *Arabian Nights*.

superintendence of these matters. My heavy package of doors, windows &c. had better be addressed to J. Bruce Esqr Wine merchant Leith as he will take charge of them till I send my carts. Pray let me know how your own matters fadge & indemnify yourself for the trouble I am giving you by letting me know in what degree or how I can assist you. I am sure that now the thing is out of my head & will seem fresh to me again I will be able to do more & better than in the hurry of the first correction. There is a prospect of acquiring Mercers farm of Lochbreast<sup>1</sup> which you know lies into my dominions in a very tempting manner occupying the eastern end of my haugh & pressing me hard along all that frontier. If I get it I will have an entrance from the east & the circumstance may naturally alter the plan of the next part of the edifice. Kind compliments to Mrs. Terry & to Walter the magnificent. Pray drop me a line with your convenience, & believe me most truly yours

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

WALTER SCOTT

TO JOHN GRAHAM, EDGEWORTHSTOWN, IRELAND<sup>2</sup>

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you two or three days since that I had been much engaged which prevented my immediately returning to you an answer about the gallant Grahames—the letter is very much at Miss Edgeworth's service and I heartily trust for her sake and yours that

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> John Graham, Glenore Cottage, near Portglenore, had written to Scott on the 29th April 1817 concerning the exile of the Grahams from the Borders to Ireland and Scott's note thereon in the Introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy*. In reply Scott evidently sent him an account of the Grahams, and he writes to Scott on the 6th April 1818 acknowledging receipt and saying "with which Miss Edgeworth is delighted. This Sir is classic ground—within a few miles of it and near Ballymahon is the house in which our Oliver Goldsmith was born. I visited it yesterday and regretted to see it unroofed and mouldering into ruin." This reply of Scott was forwarded to me by the kindness of Mr. Wilfred Partington, who had come on it in the Walpole Collection. For more on the subject see the letter to Miss Edgeworth in May of this year. Both of Graham's letters are in the Abbotsford Collection, Nat. Lib. Scot.

it contained any thing worth receiving or copying. In fact the letter is but a few references to facts pretty generally known & books in every considerable library and I am somewhat ashamed of it on seeing it again. However if it gave you pleasure the end of writing it was answered and if it contained anything to interest Miss Edgeworth I have a very unexpected satisfaction. The history of the connection between Scotland & Ulster even after the invasion of Argyleshire by the Dalriads comprehending the successive settlement[s] of the Mac Donnells & other clans would be a very curious work. There was a highland colony you are of course aware distinct from the Southern Scottish colonists. It would however be a work of great time and labour. I return the copy under Mr. Peele's cover as you direct. I cannot think of depriving you of Gwillim<sup>1</sup>—we pick up old English books more easily here than you can do in Ireland. I therefore take the liberty of returning the pages your kindness destined for me and asking you a favour instead which is to procure me copies of any last speeches or such like matters connected with your new duty of chaplain as may appear to possess some interest.

I have only to add that I should not like my letter to be published. It was intended to gratify you by pointing out channels of information together with the trifling circumstances which occurred to me and any antiquary of research thinks us both fools for supposing it contained any real information. In short I would not like to [be] supposed to write on a subject of which I know so little and I therefore beg you to make every use of my letter without having it printed. I remain Sir Your obedt. Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 24 April 1818.

[*Walpole Collection*]

<sup>1</sup> Probably John Guillim (1565-1621), a herald and writer on heraldry.



## TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I conclude you have been just long enough in London (i.e. three or four days) to be anxious about the news of the north by the time this reaches you. And for my part I am very anxious to hear the news of the South i.e. the *sough* abt. the great cause.<sup>1</sup> I think Cranstoun's paper though a very clever one was injudicious as it tended rather to oppose the Chancellors ideas than to induce him to adopt others. One should not combat the opinions of a judge with the same weapons as those opposed to the arguments of a lawyer. The last is not entitled to be offended because he is always understood to plead according to the circumstances of his case because he may often be making the best of a bad bargain & his opponent is always entitled to suppose that such is the case. Whereas the opinions of a judge must always be his own—adopted according to his best view of the premises before him and to oppose it with an air of irony or with the argument *ex absurdo* is impertinent in most cases and impolitic in all. Pray let me have two words of an early assurance if the decision is favourable that I may bid Jupiter take my hat—that is if he thinks it worth catching for (always with due deference to your Grace's) it is held to be the shabbiest in the county. If

<sup>1</sup> This reference by Scott to the great cause relates to the great case in which the Duke of Buccleuch was interested as heir of entail under the Queensberry entail. It was contended by him that leases granted by the Duke of Queensberry [Old Q.] as former heir of entail fell to be set aside as invalid, being in contravention of the deed of entail. The case had been under appeal to the House of Lords in 1817, and had been then remitted back by them to the Court of Session for reconsideration, and had again come before the House of Lords on appeal. The decision was not finally given until 12th July 1819, when the Duke of Buccleuch was successful, the decision of the Court of Session being reversed.

The case of the Queensberry leases is reported on 12th July 1819 in I. Bligh's Reports, page 339.

In giving his decision the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon, said: "This is unquestionably the most weighty and important case which in the course of my professional life, either at the Bar or in a judicial situation, I have ever had occasion to consider."

the final judgement should be other than I hope and trust I will learn it soon enough by the papers.

I have had a visit from the Chief Commissioner<sup>1</sup> on his way to a Jedburgh circuit to try a case of damages between young Ormistoun son of the renowned Capt. Rolando and grand son of Tamas Waugh (I think the addition of the Devil would hardly have mended his pedigree)<sup>2</sup> & a messenger for assault & battery. He staid here two days and returned to breakfast the day after the trial on purpose to see Bowhill. I could not go with him having to attend the Justiciary court at Jedburgh so Walter did the honors of Yarrow & dined with him at Selkirk : he reports the Chief was highly gratified by all he saw : he went up as high as Tennies on the one side & Oakwood on the other. By the bye the said Walter gets a commission this year as Cornet of the County yeomanry so becomes a standard bearer in earnest.

Sir John Riddell is fighting hard with his boroughs & has I believe gained a majority at Peebles to which our friend the tough tugger was partly accessory. I think he would prove the best electioneerer ever tried it should he give himself that way.

Everything is backward & disconsolate here—constant sleet and snow & the ewes lambing in the midst of it—All the distant hills as white as January and the air feeling not very unlike it. I should conceive the North pole like a person of politeness having learn[ed] our intention of visiting him by deputation has resolved to pay the first visit.

I must not omit to say that I showed my saw mill to the Chief Comr. who protests had he seen it sooner by three years it would have saved him a thousand pounds—Now says my Lord Duke to himself this sounds very like a hum upon my too credulous friend—But seeing is believing. Lord Montagu who indulges in bad as well as good puns would call this a *see-saw*. I carried my wife also to see it but instead of getting great credit I was

<sup>1</sup> William Adam.    <sup>2</sup> I have inserted brackets to make the sense clearer.

obliged to set my wits to work to invent a further improvement on the machine in the nature of a safe-guard to keep Maida from putting his head under the bench & having it pinchd off his body. Thus is art & invention underprized.

I conclude with the same request to your Grace which I have of late subjoind as a postscript to every letter to London namely that if you go to Bullocks or have him come to you by any chance you would have the goodness to throw out a hint that I am strangely impatient for some certain doors & windows belonging to me & executed at his grand Museum & which though the mild climate and exquisite morals of the people of England may dispense with both are here absolutely necessary both for comfort & protection. I see little chance of getting them from our excellent friend but by dint of badgering & please God he shall not see six Scotchmen without five of them asking after my doors & windows till he shall be as *over-driven* a Bullock as ever marchd to Smithfield.

I beg respectful compliments to Lady Anne and hope your Grace found Lady Charlottes health quite confirmd. Ever your Graces much obliged & truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD MELROSE 24<sup>th</sup> April [1818]

My servant shot a prodigious dog-fox this morning who was making free with our poultry. Mirabile dictu Nicol Milne headed this chace & still more wonderful gave a guinea to the shooter. N.B. said fox had worried a half score of lambs to said Nicol. I would not see the chase holding it a *paltry* animal—in truth having the foxhunters before mine eyes & old Reaburn at the head of them. But I saw no occasion for any active interposition in favour of Reynard & like the Quaker captain from Sunderland left the deck that my mate might fight the privateer.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO J. W. CROKER<sup>1</sup>

[EXTRACT]

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very kind letter I mean the *second* reachd me two days ago whereupon I sent to enquire after the *first* which it seems had been lying quietly in Castle Street. I did not return to Edinburgh after my highland trip but came round by Glasgow so up Clyde and down the Tweed to this cottage.

I am quite ashamed of the trouble you have had with the Songs<sup>2</sup> and particularly obliged by your having taken so much trouble to render them a little better worthy of the distinguishd lot to which they were destined. I acquiesce in all your corrections which serve to show the particular interest you have taken in the Caledonian ditties. Hoping that her reliques of the olden day will be acceptable to you in any shape I take the liberty to inclose a snuff box made out [of] the wood of Queen Mary's celebrated Yew tree at Cruikston Castle in Renfrewshire. Beneath this tree she is said to have plighted her faith to Henry Darnley and from under its shade she saw the fatal battle of Langside in which her followers were routed & after which defeat she took the fatal resolution of flying to England. The tree was so great a favourite of hers that there is a popular belief that she caused it to be impressd upon the coin which from the name of the castle is calld a Cruikstone dollar. But this seems to be erroneous for the tree represented on the coin is certainly meant to be a palm. The reliques of this goodly yew long continued to exist close by the ruins of the castle but have of late been entirely destroyd. With some difficulty I got as much of the wood as to make the inclosed box and

<sup>1</sup> This letter which has just come to hand is inserted here, rather than retained for an Appendix, as it bears directly on the chief topics of correspondence and refers back to two letters to Croker already printed, Vol. IV., pp. 259 and 366-8, and to the Duke of Buccleuch, IV., pp. 371-3.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*. For Croker's suggested corrections, see note to letter to him, Vol. IV., p. 260.

a small *quaigh* (or wooden cup) out of which as a classical vessell you shall drink whiskey when you again come over the border. Here is a long story to make amends for a very trumpery present & I have still to add that the person who wrought it makes many apologies for the coarseness of the hinge the deficiencies of which he seems rather willing to throw upon the nature of the wood than upon his own want of neatness or ingenuity.

You cannot but suppose that I am deeply and sincerely gratified by His Royal Highness whose kind notice I shall never forget continuing to do me the honor to hold me in his gracious remembrance. There is only one sense in which I can presume to merit it in the slightest degree and it is by my unfeignd devotion for His Royal Highnesses service a faith in which I was brought up by my father and which I hope to bequeath to my children. I have not yet succeeded in getting a suitable wife for Maida.<sup>1</sup> The breed of the large greyhound certainly one of the noblest animals which Britain has to boast is now almost extinguishd among us although in my remembrance every gentleman in the mountains who loved sport was proud to have one. I intend to go or to send to Liddesdale in this month and I trust to find a proper female for my dog ; and I hope I shall play the part of Sir Pandarus of Troy with good success. I will keep the puppies till they are of a proper size and appearance to run with a carriage for nothing is so ugly as they are before they attain their shape. If they prove at all like their father they may be in some degree worthy to be sent to Carleton House.

The opening of the Regalia will be a most interesting business. I have not the slightest doubt they are in the great chest for everything relating to the apartment was found in the exact state described in the proces verbale which was taken upon their being deposited in the Chest at the Union. The proces verbale of which I have a copy

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. IV., p. 368.

is very distinct and enumerates the regalia very particularly describing them with the utmost minuteness. The badge of Saint Andrew is not of the number—indeed it was probably considered as personal to the Sovereign & so to be carried along with him to England or wherever he went. It was only the public ornaments, crown sceptre sword of state & so forth that remained in Scotland after the Royal Family left Scotland. The Sceptre was always used while Scotland had a parliament to touch the bills which were passed in token of the royal assent. I really think they will be found and it is ridiculous to have antiquities of such interest value and curiosity lying packed up like dust forgotten in some Bankers vaults. Pray put Lord Sidmouth in mind of this—there really can at this time of day be no rational objection to opening this same curious deposit. The corps of Clerks of Session as *ci-devant* Clerks of parliament were (at least two of them) in the nomination of the Commission which closed up the chest. I humbly trust that *one* at least of our number will be appointed to see them opened up. The officers of state but especially the Lord Erroll Constable of Scotland & Alexr. Keith of Ravelstone representing the Earl Marischal upon whom the custody of the regalia was devolved by our ancient law should be in the commission. . . .

We have had such execrable weather since we met that I have been something reconciled to your abrupt departure. We have had as Cotton says

— All the woes so much improved  
Of this dark season of the year  
That even you so much beloved  
We would not now wish with us here.<sup>1</sup>

Our friend Macconochie has taken in some clever fellows from the young fry of counsel as his assistants in Kings causes and will I trust be popular with the Bar. At least he lays himself out for it. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Charles Cotton's *Invitation to Izaak Walton, etc.*, stanza iii.

I must have seemd strangely ungrateful in leaving your kind letter so long unanswerd & I cannot tell how much I am sensible of your goodness for proceeding as if I had answerd it. Believe me ever yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 1st September [1816]

[*Huntington Library*]

TO JAMES BOSWELL<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR BOSWELL,—Your letter, like all that can remind me of you, was most kindly welcome. I am

<sup>1</sup>James Boswell, the younger (1778-1822), barrister-at-law, was the second son of Dr. Johnson's biographer. After early education at Westminster School he entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1797, took his B.A. in 1801, M.A. in 1806, and "was elected a fellow on the Vinerian foundation. While at Brasenose he contributed notes signed 'J. B. O.' to the third edition of his father's life of Johnson." Later he revised and corrected the text for the sixth edition. "One of the earliest members of the Roxburghe Club, he presented to it in 1816 a facsimile reprint of the poems of Richard Barnfield, and in 1817 'A Roxburgh Garland,' which consists of a few bacchanalian songs by seventeenth-century poets, and of which 'L'Envoi,' a convivial lyric in honour of the club, was composed by himself."—*D.N.B.* He early became intimate with Edmund Malone and helped him in his Shakespeare work. What is known as the third variorum Shakespeare—*The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators, etc.* [edited by James Boswell], 21 vols., 8vo., London—appeared in 1821. He died suddenly at his chambers in the Temple, apparently in embarrassed circumstances, on 24th February 1822, "a few weeks before the death, in a duel, of his brother Sir Alexander." Lockhart describes him as "a man of considerable learning and admirable social qualities," to whom, and to his brother Sir Alexander, Scott was "warmly attached."

"A Query was put to me the other day by a friend of mine," Boswell has written to Scott. "Walter Scott quoth I is the man to tell us all about it. Dodd one of our Westminster masters is about to publish a volume of poems chiefly on the subject of Archery written when he was a distinguished Kentish Bowman and wishes to know something of the state of his brethren in the North. I wish you would tell us what you know (*i.e.* all that is known) of the present state of Archery in Scotland Mussellburgh arrows & such like branches of learning. I saw Sotheby yesterday who desired to be specially remembered to you and lamented deeply that he was not to meet you at Joanna Baillies at Hampstead next Saturday. He looks well and hearty though he winced a little for some days at the attack of Lord Byron. I dont know whether little Moores Fudge Family will have

sorry that at present I can only throw together a few general and unauthenticated remarks about Scottish Archery, for I am living here in the midst of workpeople, and the few books I have at this place all packed into trunks to keep them out of the way.

Scotland, as you full well do know, was very inferior to England in archery—in fact she had no yeomen, properly so called, who were the flower of the English common people—yet in ancient times the *sagittarii* of Selkirkshire are celebrated even by the English historians, who described their fighting and falling around their Lord the Stewart at Falkirk. The Scottish Kings made

reached you yet it is piteous stuff. It is most vexatious that when there is so much that is amiable in the man & elegant in the writer that he should stoop to party trash unworthy of both. The lyre of Anacreon is ill suited to such topicks. . . . Shall we ever see you in London again. If you come any time within these two years you will find me at the labouring oar. I propose going to Press with Malones Shakespeare next November.”—*Nat. Lib. Scot.* Both Boswell's and Scott's letters are undated, but Boswell's is watermarked 1817. Byron's attack on Sotheby (see Prothero, *Byron's Letters and Journals*, iv. 227-30 and also here, Vol. III. p. 466) is in *Beppo*, published March 1818, and Tom Moore's *The Fudge Family in Paris* appeared in the same year, so that 1818 is most likely the correct year for both letters.

The Dodd referred to is James William Dodd, son of the actor of the same names, for whom see *D.N.B.* The younger Dodd was educated at Westminster school, and Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1774. He took the final degree of M.A. in 1786. In 1784 he became an usher at Westminster and was House Usher of various Houses. He was appointed Vicar of Swineshead, Lincs., in April 1800 and held this until 1811, when he was made Rector of North Runcton, Norfolk. Boswell's letter seems to imply that he nevertheless continued as usher at Westminster. He died on 27th August 1818 and was buried in the East Cloister. A memorial tablet was erected in the Dark Cloister (*The Record of Old Westminster* by G. F. Russell Barker and Alan H. Stenning, 1928). The book referred to by Boswell, of which the *Record* makes no mention, was *Ballads of Archery, Sonnets, &c.* (with accompaniments), 2 pt., London, 1818, 8vo. *British Museum Catalogue*. I have not seen the book and cannot tell if the author made any use of Scott's communication about the Scottish Archers. They were, as Scott says, and Chambers in his *Domestic Annals*, a sort of masked muster for the cause of the exiled Stuarts. The procession to which Scott refers was in 1733 on the 10th July and among them, besides the Duke of Hamilton and many others, was Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunipace, ancestor of Lord Rosebery. The archers were often referred to by Allan Ramsay in his poems.

(Mr. Davidson Cook has now examined the book and certifies that Dodd made no use of Scott's communication on archery.)



many Acts of Parliament for encouraging the practice of Archery, and there are *Butts*, usually elevated mounds of earth, for this purpose, near many towns and castles. The Burghs had most of them silver arrows or similar prizes frequently shot for by the neighbouring gentlemen. There is one preserved at Selkirk, another, I believe, at Peebles, and others in other places ; but the exercise is now out of fashion. The principal society or company is that of the Royal Archers in Edinburgh, amongst whom Jacobitism long found a refuge. Their procession in the beginning of the last century is reported by tradition to have been the most brilliant possible. They were headed by the Duke of Hamilton (killed by Mohun), and the tory nobles ; their bonnets decorated with their wives' jewels. In my time they marched with maimed rites, and did not make a great show, though including some respectable individuals. I remember particularly, Sinclair of Roslin, however, whose long grey hair, tall stature, well formed limbs, and handsome countenance, were absolutely Fingallian. The company still subsists, and no less a person than Sir Peter Walker (ask your brother about him) is to give their annals to the world. He is (to use the orthography of old Logan) a *fowl*, which he explained by saying it was the *civilest* way of caa'ing a man a *guse*. The highlanders, and particularly the isles-men, long used a very peculiar kind of bow, greatly inferior to the long-bow of England. It was short, comparative[ly], with a loose string, and discharged arrows with a long, slender, iron head, and two barbs. I have one of these arrow-heads found in paving the streets of Perth. Bows and arrows were used by the highlanders in Montrose's wars, and so late as 1707, when the Earl of Orkney raised a highland regiment, the grenadiers had bows and arrows, rather as a part of national dress, I suppose, than for use at that period. Archery was much in fashion about 1790-1, but the raising of the volunteer force interfered with the exercise,

and it is only now practised by a few amateurs. They have, of late, however, made progresses to Peebles, to shoot for the arrow there, and I remember, at the request of said Sir Peter, applying to the magistrates of Selkirk for permission for them to shoot for the Selkirk arrow, which had not been the object of competition for a hundred years. But I rather think the match was laid aside. To these scraps of information I can only add that I have half a dozen pieces of execrable doggrel poetry, written by the Teviotdale and Selkirkshire lairds, on a silver arrow being won by the Laird of Gluck. I found them at Mertoun, among the papers of old Sir William Scott of Harden, and the present laird gave me leave to keep them. If you have any curiosity, I will have them transcribed for your friend when I go to Edinburgh on the 12th May. They contain a satirical encounter of wit, in which both parties seem to have fought with blunt weapons. Should these general hints require any elucidation or amplification I will be happy to afford it when I go to Edinburgh.

The whole superiority of the English in their wars both with the French and Scotch turned on the long-bow. Bruce dispersed their archers at Bannockburn with a body of light horse stationed for the purpose, an example which no subsequent Scottish general had sense to imitate ; though I could point out two or three interesting historical incidents where it was earnestly recommended by experienced Scottish warriors.

I was in very poor health for about a twelvemonth, with spasmodic attacks in the stomach, but am now beginning to feel like myself again. I have little hope of being in London for many a long day, so your best way will be to come down and see me here, where I have been doing much, and still have much to do. I am delighted to hear your Shakespeare is to go to press. I have not seen the epistles. I love Moore's genius, and detest his politics too much to care whether I ever do or no. I

many Acts of Parliament for encouraging the practice of Archery, and there are *Butts*, usually elevated mounds of earth, for this purpose, near many towns and castles. The Burghs had most of them silver arrows or similar prizes frequently shot for by the neighbouring gentlemen. There is one preserved at Selkirk, another, I believe, at Peebles, and others in other places ; but the exercise is now out of fashion. The principal society or company is that of the Royal Archers in Edinburgh, amongst whom Jacobitism long found a refuge. Their procession in the beginning of the last century is reported by tradition to have been the most brilliant possible. They were headed by the Duke of Hamilton (killed by Mohun), and the tory nobles ; their bonnets decorated with their wives' jewels. In my time they marched with maimed rites, and did not make a great show, though including some respectable individuals. I remember particularly, Sinclair of Roslin, however, whose long grey hair, tall stature, well formed limbs, and handsome countenance, were absolutely Fingallian. The company still subsists, and no less a person than Sir Peter Walker (ask your brother about him) is to give their annals to the world. He is (to use the orthography of old Logan) a *fowl*, which he explained by saying it was the *civilest* way of caa'ing a man a *guse*. The highlanders, and particularly the isles-men, long used a very peculiar kind of bow, greatly inferior to the long-bow of England. It was short, comparative[ly], with a loose string, and discharged arrows with a long, slender, iron head, and two barbs. I have one of these arrow-heads found in paving the streets of Perth. Bows and arrows were used by the highlanders in Montrose's wars, and so late as 1707, when the Earl of Orkney raised a highland regiment, the grenadiers had bows and arrows, rather as a part of national dress, I suppose, than for use at that period. Archery was much in fashion about 1790-1, but the raising of the volunteer force interfered with the exercise,

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never read the Twopenny Post-bag. Kind love to Heber, Sotheby, your brother, and all friends. Ever yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE, 25th April [1818]

[*Pierpont Morgan, Holograph, and Willis's Current Notes, 1853*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I send Walpole<sup>1</sup> as I promised. You will see I have left a blank to be filld up with an appropriate quotation from D'Israeli. I left his book and all my others in town for I am up to the ears in lime-rubbish at this place. The passage occurs at P. 5 please to fill in the quotation I remember Mr. D'I. talks excellent sense on that subject as on all others.

I have not had time to read the article over & send it with all its imperfections on its head. I hope I have redeemed my pledge. Yours truly

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 26 April [1818]

What news of Childe Harolde ?

[*John Murray*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 27th April 1818

DEAR SIR,—Much obliged by your kind attention to my commissions. John Ballantyne has the tool with my crest (or rather my device, for my crest it is not) and will give it to be put on the books. I think strong Russia half binding will do as well as calf for the State Trials but put myself in your will on this score. I think, by the way, that four or five volumes of well-selected Scottish

<sup>1</sup> This is doubtless the Article IV in the *Quarterly Review* for April and December 1818 on *Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq., from the year 1736 to 1770*. See p. 110 and note.

trials, not gutted, garbled, and abridged like those of Arnot or Maclaurin, but printed literally from the record, could not fail being useful to the lawyer and most interesting both to the Antiquary and even the general reader.

I am delighted with Mathurines success—he is a clever fellow—I have some fear, however (commercially speaking) of his sermons.<sup>1</sup> They are not—the more's the pity—exactly the current coin of our day ; but there is no saying when or how soon they may become so. His name will always sell a certain quantity.

I think you had better now give directions to get forward with the Cornish novel, *Coquetry*<sup>2</sup> as it is call'd. I think it is very like to be a successful work.

We get on here as well as we can, considering the interruption of Judges going the circuit who have taken us on our way—but I have no fear of saving the Birth-day.

All my bookshelves are down for the present, so the Magazine and Trials had better remain in your shop till I come to town on 12 May.—Believe me, Dear Constable, yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT

Mr. Usher expects Constable's £2000 before the 2d August to be paid into the Leith Bank on *his* accmpt, not *mine*, the rect. to be worded thus : Received by W. S., Esq., by the hands of A. C., Esq., on account of Mr. John Usher.<sup>3</sup>

[*Rosebery and Kilpatrick*]

<sup>1</sup> They were published in 1819, and a second edition appeared in 1821.

<sup>2</sup> *Coquetry* [a novel]. [By Charlotte Champion Willyams and Jane Louisa Willyams.] 3 vols., pt 8vo, published anonymously, *Edinburgh*, 1818.

<sup>3</sup> This postscript, printed in the Barnbogle volume, is not in the MS. letter in Mr. Kilpatrick's possession. In the Barnbogle volume Constable adds : " 39 Castle Street. Pay to John Usher Esquire's account with the Leith Bank Two thousand pounds and advise either him or Mr Scott by Melrose. 9 July 1818. Tales of my Landlord (third series) 3d."

TO CHARLES ERSKINE, MELROSE

DEAR CHARLES,—I go to Selkirk tomorrow though I promised to be at Jedburgh about the railway—but I think it should give way to the police. I will try what I can do in the matter of the Cadets appointment & shall have the greatest pleasure in doing anything that can oblige Mr. Erskine Major Pott & you—but I fear my interest is a little out of date.

I shall be glad to have charter for half Toftfd. since I cannot have it for the whole—half a loaf they say is better than no bread. I shall demur at taking a charter from the crown till I get better information what the Duke means to do and whether he will sell his vassalage when one charter might cover the whole.

I enclose a letter for Harden—it contains private & confidential matters entrusted to me and yet writing on such subjects our friend forgets to send me his direction. I request you to address & forward it with as little delay as possible.

Will you & Mrs. Erskine do us the pleasure to dine here on Friday first at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past four—it is now tolerable gigy-weather.

I'll tell you a good thing. A wretchedly poor man of the name of Aitken has been labouring with me for Gods sake this twelvemonth or so—the most unfortunate wretch I ever knew for having just chanced to marry he could not stop short of ten children all sicklier than each other & the wife a jack-ass into the bargain. Whatever I set him to this unhappy monster met with some accident. I set him to mow—he mowd off one of his feet—I put [him] to the quarry—he abridged one of his fingers—fevers he had without end and they were the best visitation of any as they rendered him careless of food and kept him warm in the cold weather. In short you never knew such a poor unlucky devil—servants and all called him the *poor man* for distinctions sake and never a week went round

without Aitken being under some new calamity—Now mark what has happened—an uncle an old Indian has died and left this poor caitiff all his gear which is said to be very considerable there seems to be no doubt whatever of his getting a considerable sum—so there is a fortunate youth for you. Peter remarked when he heard the story “I dare say he will run his gigy”—I go to Newton D[on] Saturday. Which is the bettermost road?

Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD [*docketed Tuesday 28/29 April 1818*]

[*Withers*]

To DANIEL TERRY

*April 30th, 1818—SELKIRK*

MY DEAR TERRY,—Your packet arrived this morning. I was much disappointed not to find the Prince of the Black Islands’ plan in it, nor have I heard a word from him since anent it, or anent the still more essential articles of doors and windows. I heard from Hector MacDonald Buchanan, that the said doors and windows were packing a fortnight since, but there are no news of them. Surely our friend’s heart has grown as hard as his materials; or the spell of the enchantress, which confined itself to the extremities of his predecessor, has extended over his whole person. Mr. Atkinson has kept tryste charmingly, and the ceiling of the dining-room will be superb. I have got I know not how many casts, from Melrose and other places, of pure Gothic antiquity. I must leave this on the 12th, and I could bet a trifle the doors, &c. will arrive the very day I set out, and be all put up *à la bonne aventure*. Meantime I am keeping open house, not much to my convenience, and I am afraid I shall be stopped in my plastering by the want of these matters.

The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awaked by



a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about *two* in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather *timbersome*, so up got I, with Beardie's broad-sword under my arm,

“ So bolt upright,  
And ready to fight.”

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance. However, I went to bed, grumbling against Tenterden Street,<sup>1</sup> and all its works. If there was no entrance but the key-hole, I should warrant myself against the ghosts. We have a set of idle fellows called workmen about us, which is a better way of accounting for nocturnal noises than any that is to be found in Baxter or Glanville.<sup>2</sup>

When you see Mr. Atkinson, will you ask him how far he is satisfied with the arch between the armoury and the ante-room, and whether it pleases him as it now stands? I have a brave old oaken cabinet, as black as ebony, 300 years old at least, which will occupy one side of the ante-room for the present. It is seven feet and a half long, about eighteen inches deep, and upwards of six feet high—a fine stand for china, &c.

You will be sorry to hear that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs. Murray Keith. She enjoyed all her spirits and excellent faculties till within two days of her death, when she was seized with a feverish complaint, which eighty-two years were not calculated to resist. Much tradition, and of the very best kind, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the few persons whose

<sup>1</sup> “ Bullock's manufactory was in this street.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Baxter, author of *Certainty of the World of Spirits* (1691), and Joseph Glanvill, author of various books on witchcraft and apparitions, of which the best known is *Saducismus Triumphatus*; or, Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions. In 2 parts, &c. 3rd Ed. 8vo. London, 1700. *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 150.

spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable. In the general case, it seems scarce endurable.

It seems odd to me that Rob Roy<sup>1</sup> should have made good fortune ; pray let me know something of its history. There is in Jedediah's present work a thing capable of being woven out a Bourgeoise tragedy. I think of contriving that it shall be in your hands sometime before the public see it, that you may try to operate upon it yourself. This would not be difficult, as vol. 4, and part of 3d, contain a different story.<sup>2</sup> *Avowedly* I will never write for the stage ; if I do, "call me *horse*." And indeed I feel severely the want of knowledge of theatrical business and effect ; however, something we will do. I am writing in the noise and babble of a head-court of freeholders ; therefore my letter is incoherent, and therefore it is written also on long paper ; but therefore, moreover, it will move by frank, as the Member is here, and stands upon his popularity. Kind compliments to Mrs. Terry and Walter. Yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[Lockhart]

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I return Kirkton.<sup>3</sup> I perceive I have incurred unnecessary trouble by neglecting to mark the

<sup>1</sup> "A drama founded on the novel of *Rob Roy* had been produced, with great success, on the London stage."—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> "It appears . . . that, so late as the 30th of April, Scott still designed to include two separate stories in the second series of the *Tales of my Landlord*. But he must have changed his plan soon after that date ; since the four volumes, entirely occupied with the *Heart of Midlothian*, were before the public in the course of June. The story thus deferred, in consequence of the extent to which that of *Jeanie Deans* grew on his hands, was the *Bride of Lammermoor*."—LOCKHART.

<sup>3</sup> James Kirkton's *The secret and true history of the Church of Scotland, from the restoration to the year 1678*. . . . To which is added, an account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by James Russell, an actor therein. Edited from the MSS. by C. K. Sharpe. J. Ballantyne : Edinburgh, 1817. 40. This work is listed in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue* (p. 3) and Scott's article on it appeared

references to the extracts for which I have to ask the printers pardon. They are now added. Agreeably to your suggestion I have added something concerning the murder of Bishop Sharpe. But it so happens that there is only an imperfect copy of the book lying here which wants all that is subsequent to P. 416. You must therefore look at the index which I have made in my addition & mark where the printer should stop the extract. It is on the back of p. 19.

Much obliged to you for the Harold both copies are arrived from South & north. I will let you know in two or three days if I think I can review it. I am rather pressed for time. I shall be glad to revise Orford and the military article. Love to Gifford and best thanks for his kind letter. Yours truly

W. S.

4th May [1818] ABBOTSFORD

I leave this place on the 11th when you will address to Edinburgh.

[John Murray]

TO DANIEL TERRY

ABBOTSFORD, 4th May 1818

DEAR TERRY,—I received with the greatest surprise, and the most sincere distress, the news of poor George Bullock's death.<sup>1</sup> In the full career of honourable industry,—distinguished by his uncommon taste and talent,—esteemed by all who transacted business with in the thirty-sixth number of the *Quarterly Review* (January 1818). See letter to Murray (23rd March 1818) for references to Orford and the military article. The letters of Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) to George Montagu came out in 1818.

<sup>1</sup> On the morning when Terry received in London the letter of 30th April, William Erskine was breakfasting with him. Their chief topic was the sudden death of George Bullock, with which there was connected the curious coincidence that it had happened "on the same night, and, as nearly as they could ascertain, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the 'mysterious disturbance'" described in that letter. The coincidence made a strong impression upon Scott's mind.

him,—and loved by those who had the pleasure of his more intimate acquaintance,—I can scarce conceive a more melancholy summons. It comes as a particular shock to me, because I had, particularly of late, so much associated his idea with the improvements here, in which his kind and enthusiastic temper led him to take such interest ; and in looking at every unfinished or projected circumstance, I feel an impression of melancholy which will for some time take away the pleasure I have found in them. I liked George Bullock because he had no trumpery selfishness about his heart, taste, or feelings. Pray let me know about the circumstances of his family, &c. I feel most sincerely interested in all that concerns him. It must have been a dreadful surprise to Mr. Atkinson and you who lived with him so much. I need not, I am sure, beg you to be in no hurry about my things. The confusion must be cruelly great, without any friend adding to it ; and in fact, at this moment, I am very indifferent on the subject. The poor kind fellow ! He took so much notice of little Charles, and was so domesticated with us all, that I really looked with a school-boy's anxiety for his being here in the season, to take his own quiet pleasures, and to forward mine. But God's will be done. All that surviving friends can do upon such a loss is, if possible, to love each other still better.—I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Terry and Monsieur Walter. Ever most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR SIR,—I write on the back of Mr. Thompsons letter to thank you for your kind exertions and to request with him that you will let me know any expense that has been incurred in the course of them as Mr. Scott<sup>1</sup> would do anxiously were he here. He and I are equally obliged

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Tom Scott.

by your kind exertions in his behalf and would be equally shocked at the idea of your having besides your personal trouble of which you are so profuse in your friends behalf your incurring any expense however trifling where there is ample funds and more than ample inclination to prevent it : so pray make no scruple about the pounds shillings and pence. I cannot mention the subject without remembering what you perchance may have forgot your friendly readiness to assist me at a pinch during the general distress of this country which with a similar accomodation afforded me by the Duke of Buccleugh and two other friends enabled me to extricate a most valuable copyright property which has since paid me more than cent per cent. If I do not say much of these things as the parrot said Je pense plus. I have little news to send you. I have been at Abbotsford till yesterday and endeavouring to hurry on the slowest of all animals Scotch tradesmen. But I have met with a real misfortune as well as the public in the death of poor George Bullock of Tenterden street Hanover Square London. He was the Lessee of the Mona marbles and the first person who really wrought ornamental furniture on a classical model and upon a warning of ten minutes he has been called off in the full carreer of successful and honourable industry. He had taken a most uncommon and friendly interest in furnishing our little castle designing doors & windows and getting some of them executed in London under his own inspection and at rates much under his usual charges, in short he was quite enthusiastic about it. My old acquaintance & friend Dan Terry of Covent Garden Theatre was a mutual friend and through him as the most idle person I used to correspond with poor Bullock. Now perpend my words & do not let them pass into any idle hands for the coincidence though very curious is liable to much ridicule. Our present new Building occupies the space betwixt the old cottage which we still inhabit and the Court yard wall. In the dead of night

Mrs. Scott and I were awakened by a heavy noise as if furniture were placing with much noise in the new rooms. I thought the wind had blown down the fastenings of the makeshift window shuts and went to sleep again. The next night at the same witching hour we were waked by the same noise, and thinking the workpeople or other persons were in the house at undue hours, I rose and searched with lighted candle and my sword under my arm but could not discover that any thing had given way or that there was any body about the house. I wrote to Terry next day to hurry down my doors and windows from Bullock, and mentioned in a jocular way the intrusions to which the want of them had exposed us, quoting this nocturnal disturbance. By a curious coincidence it seems that Bullock poor fellow died just on the night when we were last annoyed by it. You may imagine how much Terry was shocked at receiving my letter which turned upon a foolish persiflage<sup>1</sup> that Bullock whom I used to call the Prince of the Black marble Islands was turned as cold and as much bewitched as his prototype in the Arabian tales. You like stories of "airy tongues that syllable mens names" so I tell you this curious coincidence, but it is only for your own ears : it would have made an excellent figure in *Sadducismus triumphatus* or any book of the kind. My wife and family desire kind compliments. Yours truly

W SCOTT

EDINBURGH. 13th May, 1818.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I received your favour of Friday this morning & now inclose the sheet. I wish some of your learned men would still give a glance at the algebra.<sup>2</sup> I am not confident in these matters & a blunder would be discreditable.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Terry, 30th April, p. 133.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 109.

My delay to review IV Canto Childe Harolde does not arise from my not liking the conclusion of that extraordinary poem—very much the contrary. But I would like to have full time to read over the former cantos and form something like a general view of the whole & the time did not suffice for that purpose. I will endeavour to meet your wishes against the next number. By this you will have receivd Orford. I have got D'Israeli from Blackwood and I inclose reference to the quotation which you will patch together as well as may be unless you have done it already.

Hoggs Tales are a great failure to be surè.<sup>1</sup> With a very considerable portion of original genius he is sadly deficient not only in correct taste but in common tact. But I hope you will not cancel the title page because it would be doing the poor fellow an irretrievable injury. We are now trying to get subscriptions for an edition of the Queens Wake his best poem for his own immediate benefit for by the failure of the bookseller he was deprived of all emolument from his most popular work. Now your withdrawing your name from his Tales would be a sad slap in the face. After all you who print so many good books can suffer nothing from now & then publishing one which for the sake of the author we may all wish better.

In case you have time I add a curious quotation from Kirkton. The copy I had in the country lacks the leaves which contain it otherwise I would have inserted it before for it is capital. I am here for two months but I hope your journey & visit will rather take place when I am at Abbotsford.

What manner of book is Evelyns Diary?<sup>2</sup> If there is stuff in it for a review I should like to try it.

<sup>1</sup> Hogg's *Dramatic Tales*, in two volumes, had appeared in 1817 and had proved unsuccessful. He followed them with *The Brownie of Bodsbeck and other Tales* (Blackwood and Murray) in 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Of which the first edition, in quarto form, appeared this year; the second in 1819.

Remember me kindly to Gifford to whom I will write in two days. I trouble you with a letter for the 2nd post bag.

I will give you an article on D'Israeli. I have notes lying by me on the calamities of authors which contain some curious literary anecdotes. I suppose they may be blended together. Yours truly W. S.

15 May [1818] EDINBURGH

The revise of Kirkton is just arrived since writing the above. I will return it tomorrow with the addition mentiond above.

[*John Murray*]

#### TO MARIA EDGEWORTH<sup>1</sup>

I LOST no time my dear Miss Edgeworth in complying with your wishes. But I regret to say that as yet I have not found Mr. Edgeworth's favour on the subject you mention. It must be in existence as I am sure I never would destroy any trace of a correspondence by which I esteem myself so much honoured. I only arrived in town last night having received your letter amongst my infant woods at Abbotsford and commenced my

<sup>1</sup> Maria Edgeworth, preparing to write her father's Life, is trying to recover his letters, especially one to Scott "defending his friend Dr Darwin against some charge of plagiarism that had been made against him either by Miss Seward or some reviewer."—24th April 1818. The second part of Scott's letter is best explained by the following letter of Maria to her aunt, which Professor Butler has copied for me :

*Sunday, Feb 8. 1818*

Miss Baillie's letter will not be quite intelligible to you my dear Aunt without a *note* from M. E. You must know that just after you left Dublin there appeared in some Dublin paper a letter taken from a Scotch paper called the Craftsman containing a sort of critique or comparison between the novels of Miss E. and the author of Waverley &c—I believing as I have always done that Walter Scott if not the sole author is at least the directing soul of those works, and being really fond of him and grateful for his kindness to me was particularly vexed to see this invidious comparison instituted between us ; for in the course of the *defence of Miss E.* which this purported to be many things were said about him in which I should



researches this morning. My papers are but very imperfectly arranged considering that I was bred to business but in 1811 I perceive I had been already favoured with several letters from the late regretted Mr. E. three of which I enclose for the chance of their containing some thing interesting to your present labours of love. The letters concerning Darwin must I think be among a mass of papers relating to Miss Seward's poems which I will make a thorough search amongst as soon as may be.

I assure you, dear Madam, there is no person in the world of literature for whose name I have more sincere respect or in whose regard I esteem myself more highly honoured or whom I would have more pleasure in obliging. You have had a merit transcendent in my eyes, of raising your national character in the scale of public estimation, and making the rest of the British Empire acquainted with the peculiar and interesting character of a people too long neglected and too severely oppressed. Public opinion, though a slow, is at length a sure, redresser of wrongs, and upon this, in respect to Ireland, you have produced a strong and abiding effect; and I trust that notwithstanding all the unfavourable circumstances which seem fated to retard the amelioration of Ireland I cannot help thinking that writings which

be very sorry he could think that underhand or any way I had any concern—I wrote to my friend Joanna expressing my feelings—Now the first part of her letter will be intelligence, but you will come to a story about Sir Alexander Gordon which requires an explanatory preface.

All Dublin you know was talking about the long canvassed question Is W. Scott or not the author of the 3 unclaimed novels?—Now one of the Miss Hamiltons told Harriet B. who told me the following anecdote.

That Sir Alex. Gordon had declared to her his conviction of W. Scott's being the author because before the publication of *Guy Mannering* he the said Sir Alexr. went to one of his tenants houses where he met W. Scott and where just such a scene passed as is painted in *Guy Mannering at the funeral of Steeney*—The said Sir Alexr. further declared that when he again met Walter Scott after the publication of *Guy Mannering* and reminded him or was going to remind him of this circumstance Walter Scott put his finger on his lips in token of Silence and Secresy—

It appears as you will see that the Knight would have done better to be silent. Ys affectionately

MARIA EDGEWORTH

teach its natives their force and their weakness, and show to their fellow-subjects their real value and worth, must prepare both for a gradual but happy change. I do not rate the unknown author of our Scottish tales so high as to place him in the same rank either of merit or utility and yet I think highly of many of his works and expect to be gratified by those which are still promised from the same abundant and concealed source. I do assure you I am quite an impartial judge upon the occasion and that you do me too much honour in supposing that I have any interest in these narrations. The whole story told (as Miss Baillie informed me) by a Sir Somebody Gordon about my having intimated to him my acquiescence in the report of my being the author of the *Antiquary* is so absolutely false that I do not even know such a person. I *did* know Sir Alexr. Gordon who fell gloriously at Waterloo and I *do* know Sir Alexander Gordon of Kilvenan (?) but no other of the name. So if the Knight swears by his honour that the pancakes are naught do you eat the pancakes *tout de même* and do not rashly suppose the chevalier forsworn if you should find them very good. All this however I wrote to Mrs. Baillie, I should rather say to our dear Joanna whose talents and heart you I know hold as highly as I do ; so that I suppose she has already written to you on that subject.

\* ABBOTSFORD, 10th May 1818

It was destined I was not to find the letter until I returned hither for an unfortunate partiality for little cabinets and great cabinets and all sorts of concealments and pigeon holes makes it very difficult for me to know where any particular paper may happen to be. I regret that the delay this has occasioned may make me seem what I would most unwillingly be thought slack or

\* This portion is given in *Familiar Letters* as a separate letter, but the manuscript shows that it is simply a section of one letter written in instalments on different dates.

careless in complying with your request. The letter contains an excellent and animated defence of Dr. Darwin written with the spirit and feeling which your late respected relative was most likely to have exerted in behalf of a friend. Still, however, it does not appear to me to shake the powerful evidence that the lines in dispute were claimed by Miss Seward during Dr. Darwin's lifetime and published as hers and with her name. After all, I do not think the verses very much worth struggling about. But the liberality of the letter does great honour (like everything he did) to Mr. E.'s memory. I found in the same drawer a letter of my own to Mr. Edgeworth begun after my return from France and never finished : a memorial among too many others how often I am misled by an unfortunate habit of procrastination into seeming indifferent to the kindness of my best friends. Latterly, indeed, that is for the last twelve months I have had very indifferent health to plead as an excuse for being an irregular correspondent. I begin within these two last months to feel like myself again so that I trust I shall not have that painful apology any longer.

I am much obliged to you for thinking favourably of my attempts in poetry. They have one title to indulgent compassion, which is, that they are a sort of orphans for whom their ostrich parent cares most exceedingly little. In the earlier part of my literary life, partly from temper, partly from principle, having observed how very unhappy literary persons are made (not to say ridiculous into the bargain) by pitching their thoughts and happiness upon popular fame, I resolved to avoid at least that frailty, and think as little about my poems when committed to the public as I well could. It is only when you, Miss Edgeworth, or a few others whose talents and candour rank high with me, are kind enough to say that you receive pleasure from these poems, that I ever think of them with satisfaction, or indeed think of them at all. I have not read one of them since they were printed, excepting, last

year, the *Lady of the Lake*, which I liked better than I expected, but not well enough to induce me to go through the rest ; so I may truly say with Macbeth—

I am afraid to think of what I've done ;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

This much of Matilda I recollect, for that is not so easily forgotten, that she was attempted from the existing person and character of a lady who is now no more, so that I am particularly flattered with your distinguishing it from the others, which are in general mere shadows.<sup>1</sup> Thus far have I written amidst the clank and clang produced by two noisy young borderers, my son and a cousin, who are wearing out a day by fencing with their naked broadswords to the imminent peril of their own heads, to animate which conflict a probationary piper is exercising a new and not over well-tuned pair of bagpipes—All this being literally the case I really hardly know whether I am writing sense or nonsense. At least I must be comforted with the idea that my family is making a noise in the world.

My rustic employments are so numerous and require so much of my own eye that I have no thoughts this season of quitting Scotland. If I can get away in winter I should like much to see Italy, but I fear I cannot do this very conveniently. Ireland I trust I will one day visit, but I must first get my dominions here put into some sort of order. I have of late been rather an extensive planter and incloser in proportion to the extent of my property, and these operations require a good deal of personal superintendence.

A clergyman in your neighbourhood by name a gallant Grahame<sup>2</sup> applied to me some time since wishing to connect himself with the border tribe of that name and willing to forward so reasonable and laudable a request

<sup>1</sup> Certain features of Matilda in *Rokeby* are supposed to have been drawn from Scott's "first love," Miss Wilhelmina Belches. See *Journal*, i. 404.

<sup>2</sup> See earlier letter and note, p. 118.

I did some time since communicate to him what information occurred to my recollection concerning these worthies. He now writes to me that you wish to have a copy which (though I should think it very uninteresting to you) is of course very much at your service. As however it was intended merely to gratify his own curiosity and by no means designed as a genealogical history for which I have neither time materials or inclination I hope the reverend gentleman will not take any means for giving to the public such crude lucubrations. I do not know anything of Mr. Graham but I am always willing to return a civil answer to a gentleman of his profession who writes to me civilly : only I don't like to be hooked in for appearances on the public stage of which I have already made too many.

Adieu my dear Miss Edgeworth. My best wishes attend you in public and private and if we should never meet I trust you will still believe that you have not a more sincere friend and wellwisher than

15 May 1818.

WALTER SCOTT

I shall send these packet [*sic*] to my official friend Croker to be put under one of his omnipotent franks.

[*Butler and Familiar Letters*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH, 16th May 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—Mr. Nasmyth<sup>1</sup> has obligingly given

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Nasmyth (1758-1840). After working as an apprentice to Allan Ramsay, the portrait-painter, in London, he established himself in Edinburgh as a portrait-painter. He pursued his studies in Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Padua. By Patrick Miller he was introduced to Burns, the poet, and in 1787 he painted his famous cabinet-sized bust portrait of him, now in the National Gallery of Scotland. He also drew a small full-length pencil sketch of Burns which served as the basis for his full-length in oils, painted about 1827. In 1820 Nasmyth produced the scenery for *The Heart of Midlothian* in the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, and in 1822 published views of places described by the author of *Waverley*. His daughter, Elizabeth, married Daniel Terry about 1821. Her second husband was Charles Richardson, author of the well-known dictionary.

me an opportunity of writing to you a few lines, as he is setting out for London. I cannot tell you how much I continue to be grieved for our kind-hearted and enthusiastic friend Bullock. I trust he has left his family comfortably settled, though, with so many plans which required his active and intelligent mind to carry them through, one has natural apprehensions upon that score. When you can with propriety make inquiry how my matters stand, I should be glad to know. Hector Macdonald tells me that my doors and windows were ready packed, in which case, perhaps, the sooner they are embarked the better, not only for safety, but because they can only be in the way, and the money will now be the more acceptable. Poor Bullock had also the measures for my chimney-pieces, for grates of different kinds, and orders for beds, dining-room tables and chairs. But how far these are in progress of being executed, or whether they can now be executed, I must leave to your judgment and inquiry. Your good sense and delicacy will understand the *façon de faire* better than I can point it out. I shall never have the pleasure in these things that I expected.

I have just left Abbotsford to attend the summer session—left it when the leaves were coming out—the most delightful season for a worshipper of the country like me. The Home-bank, which we saw at first green with turnips, will now hide a man somewhat taller than Johnnie Ballantyne in its shades. In fact, the trees cover the ground, and have a very pretty bosky effect ; from six years to ten or twelve, I think wood is as beautiful as ever it is afterwards until it figures as aged and magnificent. Your hobble-de-hoy tree of twenty-five years' standing is neither so beautiful as in its infancy, nor so respectable as in its age.

Counsellor Erskine is returned, much pleased with your hospitality, and giving an excellent account of you. Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our

nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you the noise resembled half-a-dozen men hard at work putting up boards and furniture, and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Glanville or Aubrey's Collection. In the meantime you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings,<sup>1</sup> as a remarkable coincidence coming under your own observation. I trust we shall see you this season. I think we could hammer a neat *comédie bourgeoise* out of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Mrs. Scott and family join in kind compliments to Mrs. Terry; and I am ever yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[Lockhart]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH May 18. 1818

DEAR TERRY,—You will get a letter from me favoured by Mr. Naesmyth to which yours yesterday received is in great measure an answer. It will be of great consequence for me to receive all that is finished as soon as possible: they are impatient for them at Abbotsford especially for the windows. The packages should be address'd to care of J. Bruce & Co. Wine Merchants Leith & if you will have the goodness to inclose me the invoice Mr. B. will make his people watch the arrival of the Smack in which they are embarked & see them carefully discharged. I have written to know whether they have good seasoned oak timber sawed out sufficient for the doors at Abbotsford if so it will be as well to have them made in the country. I will apprize you of the result of my investigations. There was much furniture, grates, sideboard, dining tables &c. which our poor friend was to have furnished & which may perhaps be

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Morritt, and note, Vol. II, p. 507.

still got from his warehouse better than elsewhere. But we are now come to a point when we shall be desirous of some dispatch & I can determine on nothing till I hear from you what will be my best course. If you could pitch on such articles as you like I would trust your taste sooner than my own—plain & handsome being the word—the tables should dine perhaps 18 people. The grates should have, what they call half dogs so as to burn either coals or wood. Poor George also promised to send me a simple plan of a couch bed for dressing rooms, the drapery hanging on a hook over it as in France so that there are no curtains to bring out of a closet or tent work to put up when it is changed from a day couch into a place of repose for the night. Our bedroom story we can manage very well but for the parlour, armoury &c we shall be desirous to look to London. Poor Bullock told me something of his vexations when I last saw him here : he wanted very much to send an able faithful intelligent assistant on whose exertions he could rely for the commercial department of his business while he devoted himself to that which he said was rather pleasure than toil to him. I am not therefore surprised at what you tell me : but what a singular thing the intellect & talent of such a man is—like a Taper it lightens a great space around it while [it] exists, is as easily & suddenly extinguished & loses at once its influence over all which it illuminated.

Depend upon it I will revise the drama very carefully & try to make a hog or dog of it. I have a comic idea of a Scotchman which I dare say I will try to embody : if we could talk it over together. What I find most difficult is to make a good dramatic story for I am not quite so timid as to conception & expression of character. But these exits & entrances annoy me strangely, especially as my habits are now even less theatrical than formerly. You shall have the new Tales as soon as the first story is completely in proof & you must beg to secure the ear of your manager before other competitors come to dramatize



the book. It is a singular & I think a bad way of amusing the public in point of taste but that is no good reason why you should not make the most of the many headed brute & shew before him such forage as his sort for the time is disposed to delight in.

Naesmyth gives me hopes that you will come down & see us soon. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

Pray let the inclosed two letters be thrown into the 2d letter bag. I fear there will be difficulty in following exactly the working plan which you inclosed. The sides of the partition wall being large whin stone it will not I fear easily be sloped back. But the difference cannot make more than an inch on each side for I saw it measured.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

DEAR WILLIE,—I am glad to send you the Magazine<sup>1</sup> which continues to be clever. Truly happy to hear you all come on well. I hope for two or three happy days on the brae sides about the birthday, but am rather uncertain, for my colleague Mr Dundas has been called to Bath by the sickness of a daughter, and my freedom will depend on his return. Blackwood has been assaulted by a fellow Douglas who came from Glasgow on purpose and returned second best :<sup>2</sup> the Bibliopolist is like the little French lawyer who never found out he could fight till he was to it and was then for cudgelling all and sundry. You never saw anything so whimsical.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Blackwood's. Laidlaw, replying on the 22nd, describes what is doing at Abbotsford and says : "Since I began to write I have been favoured with your letter and the Mag. I observe how much I am again beholden to your extraordinary kindness." Scott touched up the articles I presume.

<sup>2</sup> See Scott's letter to the Duke of Buccleuch of 25th May. See also Mrs. Gordon's *Christopher North*, vol. i., p. 5, for an account of the fracas between Douglas and Blackwood.

I think we should be lobbing off ditches etc on Abbotslee for the plantations in winter. When stock rises human labour rises next and it is best for the people and me to employ them when it is low. I hope Tom keeps John Swanston<sup>1</sup> at his own proper labour and does not take him off useful work to save paying [a] day's wage to a common labourer. This is something beyond honest Tom's head so I will thank you to attend to it. He does not mention having got any fir wood at the Eildon roup. What Tom wants is order, method, and a *long-sighted* oeconomy—of zeal and all other laudable qualities he has a great deal and of *short-sighted* oeconomy rather too much. He is however on the whole a most excellent creature.

I must trust to you entirely about the highlanders, etc. being all out of my beat.

John MacBeath is quite insane, and illused by his brutal family. I have got him into the lunatic asylum and must take care he has some better comforts than ordinary, which, poor thing, is all that can now be done for him. It was most fortunate his fall prevented me leaving him in Castle Street when I last left town.

I think often of course about my walks and I am scheming to descend into the glen at the little waterfall by steps. We could cut excellent ones out where the quarry has been so neatly dug out at Abbotslee, and cart them to the place. It is the only way we shall ever make what Tom calls a neat job, for a deep descent will be ugly and difficult to keep. I would plant betwixt the stair and the cascade, so as to hide the latter till you come down to the bottom.

The Devil take the bells ; I had totally forgot them, and so I suppose had Adam. I will write to him however on that subject and others tomorrow. By the way, at the special request of the family the New House is to be

<sup>1</sup> John Swanston who was given charge of the saw-mill at Toftfield. "He was one of Scott's most valued dependants, and . . . succeeded Tom Purdie as his henchman."—LOCKHART.

called Huntly Burn ; the old one may continue Toftfield, which will make a distinction. The Captain proposes to levy a fine of sixpence for his own use on whomsoever shall call the new mansion by the old name.

Did you ever think more on our plan or rather fancy of getting out the marle into the vacant space by wheelbarrows, though we cannot immediately command cartage. If possible it would expedite an important and necessary measure.

Pray have the goodness when you walk to give a look down to the work-folks at Abbotsford ; it will make them sensible they are not without a reasonable cheque.

From Hogg's accompt Grieve is not at all well. The cubs <sup>1</sup> have not succeeded well and Murray affects to be so shocked as to withdraw his name. I have written to him earnestly requesting him not to do this. But they are sadly vulgar to be sure. Kind Compliments to Mr. Morrison, whom I hope to see when he comes to town. Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 19 May [1818]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO CAPTAIN ADAM FERGUSSON, SAINT ANDREWS

DEAR ADAM,—I have your letter & have written to the Bell hanger. I wish he may get my letter without delay for that great man is shifting from Jedburgh to Selkirk at this moment. Usher is leaving his house on the 26th or 27. Now it does occur to me that at least a part of your family had better take possession of his old mansion & push forward the Bell hangers & painters. You have Abbotsford for a chapel of ease & I fear there will be both doubts & blunders unless some one is there capable to direct the artists—for example the mode of hanging the bells in the bedrooms depends on the place which the head of the bed is to occupy & so forth. John Swanston &

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Hogg's *Dramatic Tales*, see p. 140 and note.

Leithhead are to occupy the old house but they can be easily put up for a week or two especially as Leithhead may still remain in his own present mansion beside your garden. You will thus have the old house for a magazine in which to deposit ad interim yourselves & your furniture that is as many of you as care to face the confusion. I have little doubt that David Waynes will answer well. He is a steady sober lad but will not do well for housework. In all other respects he is a very good servant especially in a garden or about horses. The Captains substitute of a boatswains whistling for the bells is admirable. I think I here you piping to dinner. The weather is exquisite. These few words with love from all here in great haste from yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 23 *May* [1818]

The old house is you know a very bad one but I suppose it has plenty of accommodation for Usher had a very large family. Let me know if you think this will answer you for I assure you things will get on thrice as fast under your own eye.

The Bell hanging operations ought certainly to be overlooked but in the event of their being well advanced before [*MS. torn*]

[*Bayley*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have the great pleasure of enclosing to your Grace under an Office frank the Discharged Bond which your Grace stood engaged in for me and on my account. It was to have been paid last Martinmas but some reasons of commercial convenience induced me to allow it to lie till this term tho' the money was prepared at the preceding term. The accomodation was of the greatest consequence to me at the time & enabled me to retain possession of very valuable literary property which I must otherwise have

sufferd to be sold at a time when the booksellers had no money to buy it. My dear Lord to wish that all your numerous & extensive acts of kindness may be attended with similar advantages to the persons whom you oblige is wishing you what to your mind will be the best recompense & to wish that they may be felt by all as gratefully as by me though you may care less to hear about that part of the story is only wishing what is creditable to human nature. Your Grace can bring down the Bond when you come to Scotland for the season.

I have this moment your more than kind letter & congratulate your Grace that in one sense of the word you can be what you will never be found in another *Ambidexter*.<sup>1</sup> But I am sorry you took so much trouble & I fear *pains* beside to display your new talent when you must have too much to write upon serious business.

Our poor friend Hogg has had an *affair of honour* a something tending that way which is too whimsical to suppress & yet I am vexd at it while I cannot help laughing for the soul of me. Your Grace must know that Mr. Blackwoods Magazine had been very severe upon a certain Mr. Douglas<sup>2</sup> a blackguard Writer who conducts an equally blackguard Whig paper in Glasgow calld The Chronicle. Douglas incensed at these freedoms comes you to Edinburgh in the Maill, surprizes Ebony alias Blackwood at his door with half a dozen slaps with a horsewhip instead of an order for as many copies of his new magazine—moves from thence to Mr. Jeffrey—retains him as his counsel in case of an action for assault & battery and proceeds to take a luncheon at the Turf coffee house and return in triumph by the four o'clock stage.

But mark how midst of Victory  
Fate plays her old dog-trick.

<sup>1</sup> The duke had apparently written with his left hand.

<sup>2</sup> John Douglas of Barloch. The article referred to was headed "A Letter from Glasgow" in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April 1818. In the *Noctes* Douglas is frequently referred to as "The Glasgow Gander."

Ebony when he recovered from the astonishment which such discipline is apt to confer on those who are not used to it calls in the aid of the Ettrick shepherd—chuses a kent<sup>1</sup> under his experienced direction—& stations himself at the door of the coffee-house attacks Mr. Douglas as he comes out and lays on *con amore*. Apparently Mr. D's fighting fit was off for he underwent this retaliative discipline with great patience much to the amusement of Peter of Symprim<sup>2</sup> who saw & described the onset. He retired however to Glasgow & on his own Moniteur faild not like Bony to sing Te Deum for two victories instead of one. Now of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd he spoke in the said bulletin most contumeliously saying that Mr. B. was backed by a man resembling a shop-porter. The mountain bard justly indignant at this representation publishd a letter along with one from Blackwood giving an account of the whole transaction & which I will enclose in this parcel if I can get a copy. In this he treats Mr. D. *de haut en bas* & talks of being admitted to society where the said D. would not be suffered to attend as a waiter (not far off the truth as the Chief & Minstrel of a certain clan might bear witness). This "reproof valiant" containing much to the same purpose brought the Shepherd from being a second to be a principal in the affair. Two mornings ago about seven in the morning my servant announced while I was shaving in my dressing room that Mr. Hogg wishd earnestly to speak with me. He was usherd in & I cannot describe the half startled half humourous air with which he said scratching his head most vehemently "Odd Scott here's twae fo'k's come frae Glasgow to provoke *me* to fight a duel"—"A duel" answerd I in great astonishment "And what do you intend to do?"—Odd I lockd them up in my room & sent the lassie for twa o' the police & just gied the men ower to their charge—"and I thought

<sup>1</sup> A pole or pike (Scot.).

<sup>2</sup> Patrick Murray of Simprim. See Vol. I, p. 26 and *passim*.

I wad come & ask you what I should do wi' Douglas for he's at the Turf coffee house." I said I thought he had no ground for pursuing any legal course against Mr. Douglas—that he had already settled for himself the grand question whether he was to fight or not & that all he had to do was to go to the police office and tell the charge he had to bring against the two Glasgow gentlemen. Off he went therefore to the Sheriff court but I understand the Glaswegians were greatly too many for him and that he was unable to state anything which [*sic*] otherwise than by inuendo so that the words they used might as well imply an invitation to a dinner as to a battle. The Glaswegians returnd in all triumph and glory and Hogg took the wings of the morning and fled to his cottage at Altrive not deeming himself altogether safe in the streets of Edinburgh. Now although I do not hold valour to be an essential article in the composition of a man like Hogg yet I heartily wish he could have prevaild on himself to swagger a little had it been but on the speculation that the Glasgow Chronicler might have fled the first for by all accounts Mr. D. is of that pacific disposition that gives way before a Barbary hen when she turns back her feathers with a show of resistance. But considering his failure in the field & the Sheriffs office I am afraid we must apply to Hogg the apology which is made for Waller by his biographer<sup>1</sup> "Let us not condemn him with untemperd severity because he was not such a prodigy as the world hath seldom seen, because his character included not the poet the orator & the heroe." His *Tales* which is a worse scrape than his retreat before this second Bell-the-Cat Douglas are not liked. He has slanderd Claverhouse to please the Cameronians who never read novels & therefore will not be pleased. The verses to Lady Anne are the best of the volume. I hope

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Edmund Waller*, by Percival Stockdale, prefixed to an edition of Waller's *Works* (1772). This sentence is quoted by Dr. Johnson in the *Lives of the Poets*.

she will not take his defection in Chivalry to heart too much—it was after his defeat that Don Quixote meditated being a shepherd which serves to show that the scrip & staff have nothing to do with the duello. Sophia is in great indignation & says there is not a sheep in the forest but would have behaved better and that he ought not to have feared all Glasgow with their weaver's beams in respect life is only a shuttle & himself a dealer in wool.

We have blessed weather here—*hot* actually *hot*—not merely warm & as the ground is saturated with moisture things are coming away in great stile. O Rus &c.<sup>1</sup> the invocation is somewhat musty as Hamlet says. I fear we shall lose the poor Queen who I take to have long [been] a counterpoise & sometimes a very useful one in the internal machinery of our court little seen or spoken of but by those who understand the whole engine & yet of essential use in regulating its movements. I grieve for poor Marriot who has such kindly domestic affections. Pray take care and keep the gout fixd to the bit. I should not be sorry to see your Graces next favour dated from Bath. I tried to write that with my left hand—it is a monstrous awkward operation one feels as if the pen was running away from you. My kind compliments to Lord & Lady Montagu & to the young ladies—

Poor Bullock ! when I was joking about him the poor fellow was dying—so life slips from under us in the midst of our thoughtless frolics. He is in his way a great loss to the public for he had a taste rarely found in that profession in which such sums of money are expended to make more barbarous & costly monstrosities—And he has been cut off too in the full career of honest & successful industry—I know your Grace will be sorry as I am for this worthy and ingenious creature. Ever your Graces truly faithful

EDINBURG 25 May [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

When your Grace sees Lord Mellville Will you give him a jogg in Adam Fergussons matter. I understand

<sup>1</sup> "O rus ! quando ego te aspiciam ?"—HORACE, *Satires*, ii. 6, 60.



the matter is settled to lodge the case of the Regalia with the officers of State & if they had their commission Adam is sure of his. But the danger is of the matter falling asleep. I trust a good deal to Willie Adam who is an old sneck drawer.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW, KAESIDE, MELROSE

[29 May 1818]

DEAR WILLIE,—The sheet of the Register folds into 16 pages. I cannot tell you exactly how much your matter will run out but it is no matter for a few pages over. I would rather have it full than brief for abridging is an easy, adding a difficult process you need not be too parvackity about it any how.

Two packages with frames &c are arrived from Mr Bullocks. They may weigh 8 or 9 cwt. and I am impatient to get them out to Abbotsford. Tom must be advised about the best way of conveying them out whether by sending in our own carts or hiring others. We have always more than enough of work for our own horses at home. There are also some stones to compleat the tower which came from the tolbooth two or three good cart-load. Sanderson and Patersons carriers had better perhaps arrange for the whole if our own carts cannot be spared. But this I trust to your prudence. It will be of consequence to get the frames out as soon as possible. I dare say it will prove that those that were last wanted have been first finishd. However as they are all nicely packd I can say nothing as to that.

All the Fergussons are arrived except the naval Captain who brings up the rear. I think of being at Abbotsford if possible on Saturday se'nnight. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. *friday*

[*Edin. Corp. Mus.*]

## TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

DEAR WILLIE,—My thirsty soul longs earnestly to see the fine things you describe in such lively colours. I trust to get out on Saturday for three days but it will be impossible to fetch out Charles at this time. The windows &c went off today. I wish that for Lib[rar]y may be among them. I rather expect it will not for hap hazards seldom chance as one would [like].

There may be legal doubt whether we are entitled to augment the sluice and I would not like to attempt any thing which is liable to challenge. But we could easily improve our own reservoir below and probably at less expence.

Labour may not yet be risen but it *must* rise for every-thing that depends on labour is rising and as Tony Lumpkin says there is always a concatenation accordingly. Therefore I pray the inclosures may be let without delay which will be both convenience and saving.

Pray take care of the poor oxen and do not let them fall off though it should cost some barley to keep them up. I am sorry to say poor Aitkins fortune has blown up as appears from the inclosed which please transmit to Andw. Lang. I leave it open for your perusal but pray seal before you forward it.

I send Tom money to clear his book and will be much obliged to you to take the trouble to look it over and settle it. I trust to be at Abbotsford on Saturday at eight in the evening.

Mrs. Scott and all the family beg kind love—I inclose Tom's note of wages which pray copy into the book.  
Yours affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 2d. June [1818]

About Tom and the marle you must just make a peremptory point of his doing what is desired and otherwise you must e'en take the trouble to hire people

yourself which will make him find his trim immediatly. It is of great consequence to take the best and readiest mode of rendering my ground productive and I have no notion of his saving my shillings to waste my pounds. I should like very much to have the heads of a general system laid down for managing this property and laying it out into grass or otherwise bringing it on. This we will talk of when we meet. If we were once entering into rect.<sup>1</sup> after so much expenditure I might do great things and threaten even Laird Milne himself with very small assistance from my brother. But it is first necessary to see my present domains in a fair way of improvement and that can only be done by immediate and well calculated exertion in which I trust to be assisted by your freindship. I think if we had good undertakers to get out the marle by the square yard we would be less in danger of interruption from Toms bye measures. I have written to him upon the necessity of this.

At Toftfield there is 92 acres west of the wood and not including the Home and white hill Parks which should be top dressd with marl at the rate of 30 cart load per acre = 2760

Charge Law and what will be laid into it from Stobs meadow—say 12 acres as above = 360  
3120

A pair of horses *may* drive 8 raik a day at an average which is 16 cart load of course it would take 195 days say 200 of a man and pair of horses with a change of carts and a person to fill them this could easily be done: Cost of driving and spreading £110

[*Owen D. Young*]

<sup>1</sup> "receipt" ? as opposed to "expenditure."

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[7th June, 1818]

DEAR CHARLES,—I should have been here yesterday sennight but Mr Robt. Dundas's child was unwell which carries him to Bath. I enclose a cheque for £120 for extracts &c. I remain here till Wednesday—I enclose a letter to Max :<sup>1</sup> begging him not to do a foolish thing—go to law—shall I succeed ? Yours ever W S

[EDINBURGH]

[Curle]

TO J. HUME, W.S., OF EDIN AT DUNBLANE

DEAR SIR,—I have your letter and am obliged to you for answering my request so soon. I shall be happy to accept your invitation for Thursday next and shall bring my friend as you wish.

I got your box with the papers all right. I have not yet looked them over but will do so shortly.

With many thanks and best wishes to yourself and the family. I remain Yours truly WALTER SCOTT

EDIN 8th June 1818

[Professor Harper]

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. LINDSAY<sup>2</sup>

EDINBURGH, June 13th, 1818

DEAR MRS. LINDSAY,—I have the honour to acknowledge, with sincere and grateful thanks, your kind letter

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Max[popple].

<sup>2</sup> Of Balcarres. On 27th April Mary Agnes Pringle writes to Scott at the request of Mr. Lindsay to announce the death of Mrs. Keith "last night" at the age of eighty-two. "I am sure you will sympathise with us in the loss of one who always spoke of you with the highest esteem, and expressed the greatest gratification in your friendship which *she* knew how to value." On 8th June the Honble. Mrs. Lindsay writes from "Balcarres" sending the ring, "a green stone ring, I believe a Turquoise stone or Persian stone."

accompanying a curious and valuable antique ring, as a memorial of our late excellent friend, Mrs. Murray Keith.<sup>1</sup> Nothing could have been more acceptable to me than such a token of remembrance, for I held very dear the place which she allowed me in her esteem ; and it was not the less valuable to me that I owed it as much to her kind partiality in favour of a friend, as to her judgment, which was too correct to have ranked me so highly as an author.

We, who have so much longer than the ordinary period of human life, enjoyed the society of this excellent woman, and who *can never know one who can be to us what she was*, and cannot but reflect upon her virtues, her talents, her exquisite elasticity, and at the same time, kindness of disposition, must always hold everything sacred that is connected with her memory ; as one who lived among us with the recollections of a former generation, yet, with all the warmth of heart, and clearness of intellect, which enabled her to enter into the events and interests of our own. I never knew any one whose sunset was so enviably serene ; and such was the benevolence of her disposition, that one almost thought Time respected a being so amiable ; and laid his hand upon her so gradually, that she reached the extremity of age, and the bowl was broken at the cistern before she experienced either the decay of her organs, or of her excellent intellect. The recollection of her virtues and her talents is now all that remains to us ; but it will be a valued treasure to all who shared her esteem.

Amid the fortunate circumstances of our friend's life, it was not the least that she had around her in the evening of her days, relatives on whom the kindly affections in which she indulged could be so worthily bestowed ; and

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, daughter of Sir Robert Keith, ambassador at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and his wife Margaret Cunningham of Caprington. She was the original of Mrs. Bethune Baliol in *The Highland Widow*. The "Mrs." is a title of dignity, not of condition. She was never married. See Mrs. MacCunn's *Sir Walter Scott's Friends*, pp. 14 f.

in bequeathing her mortal remains to the chapel at Balcarres, she laid them to rest amongst those who were deservedly most dear to her, and by whom the bequest will, I am sure, long be regarded with affectionate veneration.

Once more, dear Mrs. Lindsay, accept my grateful thanks for a favour, of which I am most sincerely sensible. I intend to have the ring adjusted to my finger, and to put the name of the former proprietor upon the circle ; that those who may succeed to it hereafter, may value it accordingly. Mrs. Scott joins me in requesting to be respectfully remembered to Mr. Lindsay on his return, and to all the family at Balcarres. Believe me, with much respect, dear Madam, Your much obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Sir Robert Murray Keith's Letters*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH *June 17 1818*

DEAR TERRY,—I have both your kind letters. The catalogue would tempt me at another time but at present lack a day I have no *shelves* to put any books on & what is worse I am likely to have full occasion for all my disposable cash before I clear with masons, carpenters & all the bevy &c of house building. I had a very kind letter from Mr. Atkinson which I replied to some days since. One error has occur'd, & all things consider'd it is wonderful there are no more. The window frame & door frame sent for the Anteroom & lobby are only seven feet high but the spaces are eight feet according to the plan. We are anxious to have the windows as well as the frames for we should be *fouly shent* by a severe storm—luckily it is not to be much apprehended. Mrs. Scott is getting impatient about her green house. If we knew about the shelving &c we might get on. The sleeping rooms are finished with plain free stone jambs : it was a

matter of essential convenience to us to get them finished as soon as possible & as they are quite plain & simple they will do very well. My own sitting room is finished with plain black marble which is also good enough as I do not renounce the idea of making a very handsome library & drawing room in one apartment. The only marbles therefore wanted from London are those for the dining parlour & armoury & the following articles will I think include all the furniture which we shall want immediately from Hanover Square.

Two sets of Marbles parlour & Armoury

Sideboard & Dining tables.

Chairs for eating room (To Mr. Atkinsons taste & yours)

One four post bed } The drawings were returned to Mr.

One couch bed } Buggins & marked by me.

Three grates dining room Armoury & study with fire irons corresponding

Chairs or stools for Armoury. I suppose two chairs & two stools would do : they should be in character.

This list consists<sup>1</sup> I think all that we shall immediately want from London for plain things can be got here cheaper & without the delay & expence incident to so long a *trajet* : if I were to be in London myself I would probably be tempted to extend my order : but as it is, it is best to keep on the safe side.

Four cases have arrived this blessed morning. Three of them seem from their size & shape to be Green house windows : what the 4th contains time will show for they cannot be opened till at Abbotsford. Probably I shall have an invoice tomorrow. I am happy to think you have some prospect of coming down here. I am certain we could arrange together as formerly some thing *pour la trippe* better than I can do by myself, so it would not be a waste of cash if you spare the leisure from your many avocations. Besides coming by sea you spend next to

<sup>1</sup> Probably "contains" should be the word.

nothing & may be at Abbotsford the day after you land on Leith Pier if you like it. You will very soon receive some private sheets from me. Adieu. Compliments to Mrs. Terry Mr. Naesmyth & the victorious Walter : I suppose by this time he is "Walter ill to haud" & setting all restraint at defiance. Yours very truly

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

WALTER SCOTT

TO THE REV. PRINCIPAL BAIRD &C &C &C<sup>1</sup>

[*July, 1818*]

DEAR SIR,—I was honoured with your letter and I assure you I should feel happy if it were in my power to be of service to the undertaking which you recommend with so much propriety. Not to mention other requisites in which I feel my deficiency I think my total unacquaintance with the original language of the scriptures is of itself a complete incapacity. As I derive my acquaintance with the inspired writings solely from the prose translation I must inevitably be liable to transfer into any poetical version of the psalms every imperfection & amplification which may exist in the translation into the poetical version which would thus be the shadow of a shade. Besides after all I am not sure whether the old

<sup>1</sup> George Husband Baird, D.D. (1761-1840), Principal of the University of Edinburgh. In 1787 he was presented to the parish of Dunkeld by the Duke of Athole. Before taking up his duties there he had met Robert Burns, the poet, with whom, later, he had repeated meetings. In 1792 he was elected and ordained to the Professorship of Oriental Languages at Edinburgh. He succeeded Principal Robertson in the following year. Lockhart states that Dr. David Dickson, minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiated with Baird at Scott's funeral service at Abbotsford on 26th September 1832. But in the Abbotsford Collection of letters in the National Library there is a letter (dated 10th December 1839) to Lockhart from Dr. Dickson, who has been reading Lockhart's *Life*. He points out to Lockhart he has made a mistake "as to my having, along with Principal Baird, 'offered up prayers' at the funeral service. . . . The fact is, that I took no part . . . farther than by uniting . . . in the thanksgivings, confessions, and supplications." A careful copy of Scott's letter is found among the Abbotsford copies, where it is dated February 1818, a misreading, I think, of the endorsement of the original. A later letter of Scott's deals with the same subject and refers to this letter.



fashiond version of the psalms does not suit the purposes of public worship better than smoother versification and greater terseness of expression. The ornaments of poetry are not perhaps required in devotional exercises nay I do not know whether unless used very sparingly and with great taste they are altogether consistent with them. The expression of the old metrical translation though homely is plain forcible & intelligible and very often possesses a rude sort of majesty which perhaps would be ill exchanged for more elegance. Their antiquity is also a circumstance striking to the imagination & possessing a corresponding influence upon the feelings. They are the very words and accents of our early reformers sung by them in woe in the fields in the churches and on the scaffold. The parting with this very association of ideas is a serious loss to the cause of Devotion and scarce to be incurd without the certainty of corresponding advantages. But if these recollections are valuable to persons of education they are almost indispensable to the edification of the lower ranks whose prejudices do not permit them to consider as the words of the inspired poetry the versions of living or modern poets but persist however absurdly in identifying the original with the ancient translation.

I would not have you suppose my dear Sir that I by any means disapprove of the late very well-chosen paraphrases. But I have an old fashiond taste in sacred as well as prophane poetry. I cannot help preffering even Sternhold & Hopkins to Tate & Brady and our own metrical version of the psalms to both. I hope therefore they will be touchd with a lenient hand and I have written a long letter that I might satisfy you in what a serious point of view I regard any thing connected with our national worship as well as of the consideration due to any request of yours. I am my dear Sir Your most faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

[*Bayley*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[5th July 1818]

DEAR CHARLES,—The opposite page will explain itself. I shall have a great deal of money this winter over & above what is necessary to pay for my land & clear debt & I should be very glad to add to Toftfield if it can be done without giving *amateur* prices. I therefore beg you will write to me when such occasions occur. Yours truly  
[Curle] WALTER SCOTT

[*W. Laidlaw to Sir Walter Scott advising that Crabtree Park is for sale. Endorsed by Scott with a note to Erskine.*]

[5th July 1818]

DEAR SIR,—If you have any serious thought of these fields adjoining to Toftfield you had better write Mr. Erskine & enquire of him the price that is asked for Crabtree Park, the field that lies next Darnick. I hear there is £350 offered for it & it is expected to be taken. The rent is £16. You will recollect that there is a feu duty.

I hope you will do this immediately on purpose to gain time untill you come out. Were Locky to sell it would be a fine plan to exchange with him as far as it went. I am afraid that if this is let slip without more consideration we might regret it afterwards.

Eight Carts are to start to the marl on Monday. Thom. says he will have nothing to do but look after them but I will perhaps come down. Yours ever

W LAIDLAW

Saturday [EDINBURGH]

[Curle]

TO J. H. MARKLAND, TEMPLE, LONDON

SIR,—My absence from Town at a distant Election Meeting has laid me under the imputation of ingratitude, in not *immediately* acknowledging a favour so very

gratifying as the present of the *Mysteries*<sup>1</sup> with which you have honoured me. It is of great consequence to the study of ancient literature to put such curious reliques of our ancient drama out of the reach of the accidents incident to a single manuscript, & I esteem very highly the honour of being thought worthy of being one of the Depositories. I have been so long interested in the early Drama, that I peruse the *Chester Mysteries* with feelings of no common interest, and hold them one of the most valuable of the very curious reprints which have been made at the expence of the *Roxburghe Club*. I have the honour to be, with great respect, Your much obliged & grateful Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 7 *July* 1818.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON

[17th *July* 1818]

DEAR SIR,—I am busy with [the] article which the general election has sadly interrupted. Everyone you [meet] is worried on these occasions more or less and I had two elections to attend. I hope to send Harold next week early. I will also attempt the little article promised. I have however committed the blunder of locking up both the 2d part of the *National poem* and *Rose's book* carefully in Edinr. and I will be obliged to you to

<sup>1</sup>James Heywood Markland (1788-1864), born at Ardwick Green, Manchester, was sent at the age of twelve to Chester School, where "from the association of the cathedral buildings he acquired his taste for antiquarian pursuits."—*D.N.B.* He practised as a solicitor but continued his favourite studies. A member of the *Roxburghe Club* (1813), he edited for that society the *Chester Mysteries* "de deluvio Noe, de occisione innocentium" in 1818, to which Scott here refers. For his other works, pious or antiquarian, see *D.N.B.* He married in 1821 a daughter of Sir Francis Freeling, to whom Scott's letters so frequently allude as a friendly forwarder of his letters. Freeling was also a member of the *Roxburghe Club*.

lend me other copies. I shall also be glad to see Rose's original *Gli animali parlanti*, if it can be bought or borrowed.<sup>1</sup>

I am here in all hurry and bustle taking possession of an installment of my additional building where you will find me on your coming this way, and I hope will bring Mrs. Murray with you in which request my wife joins. I have hardly a place to write upon or a pen to write with. All I . . . [*the remainder of the letter has been cut off*]  
[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH 11th or 18th July 1818

*Day of departure for Abbotsford*

MY DEAR TERRY,—I send you the last volume made up of uncorrected proofs the doubles of those I have corrected; I think this is better than to wait the throwing off the sheets. The three first volumes went by yesterdays post : this will put you in possession of [*blank in MS. copy*] story out of which or the leading incidents something may be made. I long for your journey hitherward when we may continue this work & reform the old MS. I do not much like the chairs & sideboard of which I have received the draught from London : they are very expensive two guineas & a half, a common chair without any simplicity or propriety merely a series of unnecessary knobs & carved work : this is between ourselves. I trust Blore will hit upon something more simple for the Gothic style, plain & handsome. I think I could do it myself if I could draw. I have not yet had any light on the subject of the Armoury

<sup>1</sup> Scott's review of Canto IV of *Childe Harold* appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, No. XXXVII, April 1818, the number being published in September 1818. Scott's reference to Rose's book is to *The Court and Parliament of Beasts ; freely translated from Gli Animali Parlanti of G. Casti, a poem in seven cantos*, by W. S. Rose, sm. 8vo, London, 1816. See Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 250.

which remains to me a difficult and unintelligible chapter. In the meantime I have sent out all my things ready to hang up. I really do not dare joke any more on these matters remembering the serious issue of my last fit of raillery, so without jesting when you can hurry on this same plan I'll be very much obliged. I want nothing else now but the grates & the plan for the Greenhouse with the stove. I am just now in the agony of packing & such is the quantity of swords spears & rusty armour that you would swear half a dozen pawnbrokers were making a general clearance of their old shop keepers. Love to Mrs. Terry. Yours in hope of a speedy meeting

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO GEORGE HUNTLY GORDON

[Extract]

24th July 1818

. . . I SEND you *the Travels of Thiodolf*.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps you might do well to give a glance over Tytler's Principles of Translation<sup>2</sup> ere you gird up your loins to the undertaking. If the gods have made you poetical, you should imitate, rather than attempt a literal translation of, the verses interspersed; and, in general, I think both the prose and verse might be improved by compression. If you find the versification a difficult or unpleasant task, I must translate for you such parts of the poetry as may be absolutely necessary for carrying on the story, which will cost an old hack like me very little trouble. I would have you, however, by all means try yourself. . . .

[*Lockhart*]

<sup>1</sup> Baron de la Motte-Fouqué's *Die Fahrten Thiodolfs des Isländers, Ritterroman*, 2 vols., 8vo, Hamb., 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Fraser Tytler's *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, 8vo, 1791; second edition, 1797; third edition, Edinburgh, 1813.

## TO DANIEL TERRY

ABBOTSFORD July 25, 1818

DEAR TERRY,—Here we are fairly settled & in possession of all our new tenements excepting eating room, armoury, anti room & green house. I am now anxious to get the stove for the green house & directions to build the flue for that would be sufficient to enable me to get it in order against winter & save all our flowers. I am writing in my own room a charming den as you ever saw but for the present *sans grate* which indeed has not yet been necessary the thermometer being above 80 in the shade : this rain however will change the weather & we shall be glad to take to coal & have the means of burning the same. Our upper story is very convenient & completely habitable. Mrs. S. & I are in possession of our apartment & all snugger than snug. The chief cause of my writing at present is to enquire what your motions are likely to be & whether you can come down as you proposed. I shall be at Abbotsford all the season except a fortnight next month when I mean to visit Drumlanrig & perhaps Rokeby. Wherefore wipe your minds eye pull up the breeches of your resolution & set forth manfully for the north that we may talk over many things you wot of. I expect Blore every day here : he was with me some time since but it was but a flying visit : he is to sketch some chairs for me. The space of one foot left accidentally above the sashed door & corresponding window I now intend to fill up with a pannel of stain'd glass which will have a beautiful effect & correspond with the antique corbels on the cieling than which you never saw such delightful grinners. I have transferr'd almost all the masques from Melrose to my roofs & really they look delightfully. Mr. Atkinson has given me hope that Mr. Budgins may himself be in Scotland to supply poor Bullocks place. If not I shall have Allans assistance in grouping my armour. So that when I shall

receive the window for that retreat I can have my matters disposed. My best compts. to Mrs. Terry & little Gualterus. Yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

[*July 1818*]

DEAREST FRIEND Nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear that you are well and working—write you must for your mind will frame rare labours while you are knitting your stocking but that you are embodying the mental visions before they fade for the benefit of the public. I have answered your friends letter<sup>1</sup> I am afraid not satisfactorily but to the best of my power and information. I knew the family to which the questions relate very well in my younger days as my father lost a good deal of money by poor Sir James Cockburn a circumstance which certainly would not prevent my doing anything to gratify the family at this time of day. At any rate Mr. Halls though his request needed neither apology or introduction could have thought of nothing so likely to render it acceptable as a letter from you my dear and admired friend.—You have guessed our *Whereabout* quite right for we are all at Abbotsford excepting my eldest boy Walter whose seven leagued limbs are employd in bestriding the Highlands of Perthshire. And we are as well and happy as folks can be whose little wants and wishes are amply supplied and who enjoy good

<sup>1</sup> This undated letter is a reply to Joanna's of 6th July, in which she passes on to Scott one of those manifold requests with which every bore in Britain thought himself or herself entitled to pester Scott. This was from a lawyer concerning the original of the patent by which Sir James Cockburn's ancestor received a baronetcy. She goes on to tell of her own work and asks: "How do you like Lord Byron's last canto of Child Harold. But I know you are a great hypocrite and will not tell me truly what you think of it. I am none, at least upon this occasion, and say with all freedom that I think it very dull and obscure," etc. Joanna was too much the friend of Lady Byron to like her husband's poetry. She was one of the many people to whom the great secret had been entrusted.

tempers and excellent health. My own health thanks to your kind and wise brother is quite restored only I am as cautious as it is in my nature to be and avoid malt liquor and acids. The cramp after repeated visits with diminishd strength glided away at length sans leave-taking like Childe Harolde whom you so charitably consign to the naughty man. If he will accept of my cramp to boot it is heartily at his service. Seriously I like the 4th canto as well yea better than some of the former. His misanthropy is less clamourous and his fastidiousness towards the world and all that is on it and in it less intensive. It is not worth being a hypocrite about but surely [he] is a poet of great talent. I like some of his descriptions very much. That of the temple of Clitumnus particularly is I think quite a picture. The red-wood jacobinism is certainly a more crazy passion and makes a moderate man like me tremble at [the] idea of turning the world upside down and giving more power to a corrupted people who show themselves every day more incapable of employing to good and honest purpose that which they have. Surely there is something rotten in the state of Denmark—the commonalty seem to get daily more un-English and debased and violent. I hope they will take some order with these accursed poors-rates which in their effect render the labourers dissolute, hard-hearted to their kindred and families, discontented and burthens to the commonwealth. The extension of education might also do much for people may say what they will but making a man well informd and supplying him with enlarged ideas where it makes one over-boiling with discontent with his situation renders an hundred better members of society by teaching other pleasures than those of the alehouse and bringing them acquainted with value both of character and of self restraint. The higher classes are so much improved in many respects in my recollection that I would fain hope the amelioration of their inferiors is not far distant, yet I have not of



late seen much trace of it.—We have here to thank God for the finest season I ever saw. Scotland has absolutely been Italy the thermometer above 84 in the shade and the mornings and evenings those of paradise. There is no good however without some corresponding evil and I—a heavy hyperborean—could not stir without some risque of dissolution except at very early or late hours. So in performing my duty as monarch of this little state overseeing and directing and so forth I have been half dissolved away. Moreover I have almost died the death of Saint Polycarp<sup>1</sup> for while I was working in a thicket with two assistants they disturbd first one wasps nest then another and I who gravely rebuked them for not looking better about them ended by cramming my own hand into a third which put us to a most inglorious route not without suffering considerably in the pursuit. My groves are thriving delightfully and Joannas bower is losing the appearance of what it was and assuming in some degree that which it is intended to present. Still however untill the laurels and evergreens quite cover the ground it will preserve some likeness to a gravel pit as the Saracens head did to that of Sir Roger de Coverley. I have a little wild-wood glen which I should delight to show you : it is a mere chasm with a streamlet trickling through it but so well diversified with bushes trees and small cascades that it is quite a witches dell. Moreover I must tell you that the friend who assists me as overseer of my farm who is a person of various attainments and an especial good botanist found the mistletoe in it in winter and within these two days the Enchanters Nightshade which gave us great pleasure as the place is calld the Rhymers Glen after Thomas the Rhymer who met the Queen of the fairies either there or somewhere else. Is it not a quiet and peaceable life when such things as these are matters

<sup>1</sup> Polycarp (c. 69-c. 155), Bishop of Smyrna. Whence Scott derived the idea that he died in this way I cannot discover, for, as a fact, he was burned on a pyre. See Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, ed. H. Thurston, (1926), i. 309-15. Cf. "Death of Il Bizarro" in *Journal* (April 1832), II, p. 478.

of importance and the gravest occurrences of our twenty four hours.

How does Lady Byron do? The newspapers sometimes mention her health as indifferent but I know she has lately had the kindness to take charge of a little girl a daughter of Mrs. Henry Siddons and that she was then well. Remember [me] in the kindest manner to Mrs. A. Baillie the kind Doctor and his lady. Do you never mean to visit us again. Come when you will you will reap a harvest of love and respect in the native country to which your talents and no less the meekness with which you bear them are such a distinguishd honour. So subscribes himself the weather beaten hulk of your faithful and affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

I am about to forget the many kind remembrances which Mrs. S. and Sophia are dinning into my ears. But probably your greatest admirer in this little family I mean myself always excepted is little Charles who makes a manual of the plays on the passions and has them and Shakespeare all by heart.

[*Scott-Baillie Letters*]

TO MACVEY NAPIER <sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR,—Your letter found me here after some delay for the posts are extremely froward and complicated betwixt this place and Abbotsford. I am truly concerned to say it will not be in my power to write the Drama <sup>2</sup> as it would require not merely the books which I could recollect and put down in writing but also the neighbourhood of a large library to consult those which in the progress of the book I might find it necessary to look at from time to time. I should be very sorry for this were I not certain that you would find many who could do the thing better.

We have delightful weather so that after leaving this

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Duke of Buccleuch, p. 221 and note, and Vol. IV, p. 537 and note.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 223.

place I will probably go as far as Yorkshire before I return home. The crops look excellent and everything seems prosperous. Believe me Dear Sir Your faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

DRUMLANRICK CASTLE 7 *August* [1818]

[*British Museum*]

To JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I return you the article<sup>1</sup> which is not as good as I could wish it which I regret because Jeffreys is uncommonly fine indeed. I am glad the *Tales* are taking well tho' Gifford does me more than honour in supposing they are mine.

I rode to this place through the hills and breakfasted with Hogg on Monday. He rode with me as far as Loch-Skene & so to Moffat & seems in high feather.

I shall remain here till Monday & then go to Mr Morritts for a week. We have delectable weather and all hands busy to attack the grouse but my shooting days have been long done. I wish you would apprise me of your motions by a letter addressd to me Rokeby Greta Bridge. I shall certainly be at home in the last week of this month & I need not add very happy to see you at Abbotsford. We have plenty of accomodation & hope to see Mrs Murray if she accompanies you. Yours truly

W. S.

DRUMLANRICK CASTLE, 12 *August* [1818]

The cross state of the posts have delayd this packet which I am vexed at. By a letter from Morritt I find he expects me on the 21st so it will be the 28th before I quit him & August will be expended before I get home. But in the first week of September God willing I will be happy to see you at Abbotsford.

[*John Murray*]

<sup>1</sup> On *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. See *ante*. Jeffrey's in the *Edinburgh Review*, (No. lix, June, 1818) was not reprinted by him in the four volumes of *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review* issued in 1844; nor elsewhere.

## TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I have to request your Lordship to accept my best thanks for the valued token of your remembrance which I have received by the careful hand of Mr. Cuthill in shape of a stick fit for any service of peace or war cut from the Cypress of the “full-blown Cardinal.” His tree has ripend more effectually than his greatness<sup>1</sup> for I think I never saw heavier wood or firmer. I intend to put a little plate on it marking its history that it may not be confounded with ordinary walking staves. I have been here for several days and found the Duke at first much distressd with his cough which seems to me nervous. He has now taken something recommended by Dr. Lincoln—poppy-juice & double distilld vinegar I believe which allays the irritation without the unpleasant effects of paregoric or any other opiate so that he sleeps well & is in his usual good spirits. He is always at the family breakfast which I like much to see.

We have been enjoying the most delightful weather possible—quite that of a southern climate & the crops & country look rich and beautiful. I am sorry to learn that your Lordship has had a rheumatic touch—surely this delightful season should banish the Dæmon of the nerves to Holland or wherever else swamps & damps are to be found. I have the honor to be with best respects to Lady Montagu always your Lordships truly obliged & faithful

WALTER SCOTT

DRUMLANRICK CASTLE 17 *August* [1818]

The Duke has shot very little & ambles about on his poney taking no fatiguing exercize.

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> *Henry VIII*, Act III, sc. 2, 356-7.

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you with the proofs which I trust have come safe. I am at present as you will see by the date a guest of Mr. Morritt and I do not propose to be at home sooner than the first week of September when I will be happy to see Mr. Blackwood and you. I wish all success to your undertaking<sup>1</sup> which indeed there is little doubt of its meriting & am Dear Sir Very much your faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ROKEBY 22 *August* [1818]

I found your letter laying for me at this place.

[*John Murray*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—The travellers who of late

“Kept the Castle in a gay uproar”

are now thus far on their return to Teviotdale. We have accomplishd our pilgrimage without a single drop of rain during the day untill this morning which seems lowering. Tomorrow we shall be at home and set weather at defiance.

We passd a week very pleasantly at Morritts. I deliverd my message concerning his woods and backed it with my own valuable opinion but “ilk man buckles his belt his ain gate” and the Squire of Rokeby is immoveable in his own heretical mode of management. I made him tell me the whole story of Mr. Abney and as your Grace seemd interested in the particulars of that calamitous & mysterious story I amused a long evening at Carlisle by penning it & now inclose the narrative for you under another cover lest it should make this too heavy.

Your Grace will be pleased to hear that our illustrious Captains commission as Keeper of the Regalia has arrived

<sup>1</sup> Entering into partnership with Blackwood in the magazine and “paying a thousand pounds for a half share.”

& I hope notwithstanding the œconomical turn of the times they will tack £300 a year to it. His first use of his good fortune has been to take a farm (don't be alarmed it is only eleven acres 3 quarters) from me which he is to cultivate after the most approved rules of husbandry. He begins Kames's gentleman farmer<sup>1</sup> so soon as he gets home and when he is master of that goes on with Tull's husbandry<sup>2</sup> so if your Graces Vassalls of Melrose do not proceed on the best plan of agriculture they will no longer have to plead lack of excellent example as an apology.

At Bishop Auckland we were surprized by an invitation from the Bishop<sup>3</sup> the finest specimen of an old gentleman-like prelate whom I ever saw or could conceive. He is eighty five years old yet sees & hears as well and thinks & expresses himself as acutely as a man of fifty and takes active exercise both on foot & horseback : we spent a pleasant morning with him & had our share of family worship & of a capital breakfast almost as good as the Castle morning meal excepting the lack of the herlings.<sup>4</sup> The Captain & my womankinds best respects attend the ladies & Lord Home & I ever am Most truly your Graces obliged

WALTER SCOTT

LONGTOWN 29 August [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> Henry Home, Lord Kames's *The Gentleman Farmer ; being an attempt to improve agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles*. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1776. Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 299.

<sup>2</sup> Jethro Tull's *The New Horse-Houghing Husbandry : or, an Essay on the principles of Tillage and Vegetation, etc.* [By J. Tull.] 4o. 1731.

<sup>3</sup> The Hon. Shute Barrington (1734-1826), successively Bishop of Llandaff, Salisbury, and Durham, was the sixth and youngest son of John Shute, first Viscount Barrington. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. By the interest of his brother William, the second Lord Barrington, he was appointed in 1760 chaplain-in-ordinary to George III., and in the following year became a canon of Christ Church, and took his degree of D.C.L. on 10th June 1762. He was promoted to a canonry at St. Paul's, which he afterwards exchanged for a stall at Windsor. Barrington presided for thirty-five years over the see of Durham.

<sup>4</sup> A herling = a sea trout. The name is common on the Scottish shore of the Solway Firth.

TO ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE

ABBOTSFORD 24<sup>th</sup> April [1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—Two of the collars arrived safely this evening the other has gone by the Melrose carrier & will also come to hand. I sent you a Yankee who might be Interrogator General to the United States. If he cross examined you as tightly as he did me, you will have few secrets in reserve from him. I never had the opportunity to see Dr Franklin's character of his country men so completely exemplified. He is really what some one termed "a gentleman of elegant inquiry."

The pike fishing was unproductive. I will be happy to resume it under your direction whenever it suits your convenience. I am under no engagement save on Wednesday 30<sup>th</sup> <sup>1</sup> when I have business at Selkirk. But if you will drop me a line when you can come up it will prevent the possibility of my being out of the way.

Pray be so good as to bring the note for the day blind with you & I will pay you the therefore. Compliments to John. If still with you bring him up of course. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

[Mrs. Browne]

TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD <sup>2</sup>

[1818-19]

I ENCLOSE the Chronicle and an article which we must see in proof, as clubbing our information we had but just time to have it copied over. I am sorry I have no loose poetry, but I never keep copies of anything not written for the Press ; so all my trifles are either selected and printed or lost. I never write poetry nowadays. If I find I am essentially assisting my friend Mr. L., I have

<sup>1</sup> This letter, which arrived late, should be a year earlier, as shown by a letter to Mrs. Tom Scott to be printed later.

<sup>2</sup> The originals of these letters were not returned by Mrs. Oliphant, so that Mr. Blackwood could not let me print from them.

little doubt of occasionally assisting the Magazine, as much as any curious stray information, anecdotes, &c., may be gathered in this country.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[*William Blackwood*]

TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD <sup>1</sup>

[Extract]

[1818-19]

I RETURN you the MS. Voyage. The latter part of it is interesting ; in the first there is too much description of well-known places ; and through the whole there is a little ambition of fine writing, which spoils the effect of a plain narration. Also the manuscript poem, which is of the kind endured neither by gods, men, nor columns. . . . I return also Wat Tyler,<sup>2</sup> which is an ill-natured book. But it may be a warning to men of genius not to enunciate all their first ideas too strongly on political subjects.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[*William Blackwood*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your kind letter & will regulate my posthumous arrangements on the idea the copyrights may bring about £10,000. With manuscript memoirs I think they cannot fall far short unless what may be exhausted in my life time.

I agree with you that in the present state of the market it would be injudicious to make any new arrangement upon the nameless works. We will keep it however in our eye & regulate impressions with that view.

The state of the New Series seems to authorize its going to press when the Antiqy. is out. The 3d. Series is commenced & will go on regularly as I am now returned from

<sup>1</sup> See footnote, p. 176.

<sup>2</sup> Southey's dramatic poem in three acts which had appeared in 1817.



my tour & propose working hard. It will be convenient for me to make another drat. to accompt of this work which I will do by 6/ 9/ & 12 months bills on you of £500 each in the course of the month. This will allow you ample time as the work will be out in November & you can draw on Jo: B. & Ja. B. for their proportion. Paying land & labourers makes me a sharp creditor but it is all realized to me and I think you will not fear your indemnification.

I will be very happy to see Mr. Caddell. On the 9th. I must be at Mellville Castle & may probably see you for a minute on the 10th. as I must be in Edinburgh a few hours about the Regalia commission with which our friend Capt. Fergusson is now vested. I return on the 11th. & have no other prospect of absence untill circuit time. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 3d. *September* [1818]

The bill matter may stand over till the 10th. Of course you will not be asked to renew the accomodations granted for this month.

private.

[*Stevenson*]

TO SIR JAMES STUART, BART., OF ALLANBANK <sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,—I would have been truly happy to have escorted Mr. Daniel to Allanbank but we expect Lord and Lady Melville on Wednesday which detains me in this place. Many thanks for your kind letter graced with what no one but yourself could produce a splendid idea of lance to lance & horse to horse. I always marvel at the power you possess of exciting the imagination at

<sup>1</sup> Born at Rome in 1779 he succeeded to the baronetcy in 1817 and died without issue in 1849, when the baronetcy became extinct. The name is usually spelt "Steuart." He had six sisters. He had visited Scott at Abbotsford and writes after leaving on 9th August. He hopes to show Scott later "some specimens of her [Miss Stuart's] muse." He has now done so!

the expense of a few touches and producing both to the eye and to the mind so vivid a conception of the exertion of skill as well as strength urged to the uttermost in the mortal struggle.

I enclose Miss Stuarts very interesting verses in which she has exercised her poetical talent in the expression of the kindest and best feelings of our social nature. I hope she will long continue to give and you to receive marks of family so honourable to both and I have to thank you particularly for the favour of perusing the lines.

I hope I shall have Mr. Allan here once more before I quit this castle of Conundrums for Edinburgh. I wish you could ride up and meet him. He is really a wonderful fellow possessing I should think a great deal of art : I am sure a great deal of genius. I think he is just the person whose mind and pencil are like to communicate fire to yours and to encourage you to prosecute the noble talent with which you have been gifted. Far from asking what your progress is to me, I feel most deeply interested in it and not the less so assuredly from the selfish hope of enjoying the sight of your sketch book. To be able to produce either in writing or by pencil an accurate resemblance of nature in its grander features or of the human being in his various states of existence is a great gift. It is in fact the power of translating a chapter in the great book of nature for the benefit of those who will not or cannot read the original ; sure it is strange to see that thousands enjoy the representation of scenes which had they witnessed them with their own eyes would neither have excited interest or pleasure.

I beg my kindest compliments to Miss Stuart in which all here particularly join and I always am dear Sir James your most truly obliged & faithful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 5th September [? 1818]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—We have been cruising to and fro since we left your land of woods and streams. Lord Mellville wishd me to come and stay two days with him at Mellville, Castle which has broke in upon my time a little and interrupted my purpose of telling you as how we arrived safe at Abbotsford without a drop of rain thus compleating a tour of three weeks in the same fine weather in which we commenced it a thing which never fell to my lot before. I gave Lord Mellville your letter with a hint as to what might be expected in the way of answer. I have little doubt that you will find him disposed to be obliging in the matter which you have more at heart. The facetious Captain Fergusson is inducted into his office of Keeper of the Regalia to the great joy I think of all Edinburgh. He has entered upon a farm (of eleven acres) in consequence of this advancement for you know it is a general rule that whenever a Scotsman gets his head above *water* he immediately turns it to *land*. As he has already taken all the advice of all the *notables* in and about the good village of Darnick we expect to see his farm look like a tailor's book of patterns a snip of every several opinion which he has received occupying its appropriate corner. He is truly what the French call *un drole de corps*.

I wish you would allow your coachman to look out for me among your neighbours a couple of young colts (rising three would be the best age) that would match for a carriage some two years hence. I have plenty of grass for them in the mean while and would never know the expence of their Keep at Abbotsford. He seemd to think he could pick them up at from £25<sup>..</sup> to £30<sup>..</sup> which would make an immense saving hereafter. Peter Mathieson and he had arranged some sort of plan of this kind. I would send up a proper person for the horses and remit the cash so soon as I heard of the purchase. For a pair of very ordinary carriage horses in Edinburgh they ask

£140,, or more so it is worth while to be a little provident. Even then you only get one good horse the other being usually a brute. Pray you excuse all this palaver

These little things are great to little men.

Our harvest is almost all in but as farmers always grumble about something they are now growling about the lightness of the crop. I believe however we shall do very well but it would seem England is suffering since they are exporting from Leith and Berwick both hay and potatoes a thing unheard of considering the weight & unhandiness of these articles this seems to indicate great scarcity. All the young part of our household are wrapt up in uncertainty concerning the Queens illness—for—if her Majesty parts cable there will be no Forest Ball and that is a terrible prospect. On Wednesday (when no post arrives from London) Lord Mellville chanced to receive a letter with a black seal by express and as it was of course argued to contain the expected intelligence of poor Charlotte it sold a good many ells of black cloth and stuffs before it was ascertain'd to contain no such information. Surely this came within the line of high treason being an *imagining* of the Queens death.

Charlotte and Sophia join in kind love to the amiable young people who promise to afford you so much comfort and exercise for your kindly affections. I liked them all very much which is always a compliment from an oldish gentleman whose head begins to look something grey. Walter is on the lookout for an old Blackcock to gratify the young ladies laudable curiosity. Ever yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 10 *Sept*r [1818]

Once more *anent* the colts. I am indifferent about colour only I don't like chesnut & cœteris paribus would prefer black or brown to bright bay or grey. I mention *two off* as the age at which they can be best judged of by the buyer.

[*Law*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

September 10, 1818

DEAR CHARLES,—I have read these papers with all attention this morning—but think you will agree with me that there must be an Eke to the Condescendence. Order the Eke against next day.—Tom leaves with this packet a blackcock, and (more's the pity) a grey hen. Yours,

W. S.

[Lockhart]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

ABBOTSFORD, September 10, 1818

DEAR JAMES,—I am quite satisfied with what has been done as to the London bills. I am glad the presses move. I have been interrupted sadly since my return by tourist gazers. This day a confounded pair of Cambridge boys robbed me of two good hours, and you of a sheet of copy—though whether a good sheet or no, deponent saith not. The story is a dismal one, and I doubt sometimes whether it will bear working out to much length after all.<sup>1</sup> Query, if I shall make it so effective in two volumes as my mother does in her quarter of an hour's crack by the fireside? But *nil desperandum*. You shall have a bunch to-morrow or next day—and when the proofs come in, my pen must and shall step out. By the by, I want a supply of pens—and ditto of ink. Adieu for the present, for I must go over to Toftfield, to give orders *anent* the dam and the footpath, and see *item* as to what should be done *anent* steps at the Rhymer's Waterfall, which I think may be made to turn out a decent bit of a linn, as would set True Thomas his worth and dignity. Ever yours.

W. S.

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> His working at the first chapters of *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

TO LADY ABERCORN<sup>1</sup>

MELVILLE CASTLE, 10th Sept. 1818

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—Your kind letter found me on my return to Abbotsford which I had left for three weeks to make a short tour. I spent a week with the Duke of Buccleuch at his noble castle of Drumlanrig where he is repairing as fast as anything save time can do it the devastation made by the late Duke of Queensberry. Imagine a man having the heart to cut at one time three or four hundred acres of noble wood which had stood there for upwards of a century. Nothing but the lapse of another hundred years can make good the damage but the present Duke has already planted double the quantity of wood and the young plantations which already begin to look *beautiful* though the eye of this generation can never see them *grand*. I also went to Rokeby to see my friend Morritt for a few days. In passing Bishop-Auckland we sent our names according to form with a request to see the Bishop of Durham's residence and he was so good as to be *cicerone* himself besides giving us an excellent breakfast. He is the finest old gentleman of his age I ever saw—smooth-faced and without wrinkles perfect in eye and ear and intellect and actually in his eighty-fifth year. One seldom sees extreme old age look so agreeable.

Since my return I have been busy with my farming matters and with receiving visitors chiefly travellers<sup>2</sup> who

<sup>1</sup> On the 16th August Lady Abercorn had written and stated, among other things: "Some time ago I received the last 4 vols of Tales of my Landlord from the *Author* who he is I shall probably never know from Himself tho with the world I am inclined to suspect, etc. . . . Pray my good friend write to me do not let me fancy myself forgotten by one whose Talents *He* so admired." "*He*" is, of course, the marquis. It is well to note that Scott quite definitely did not entrust Lady Abercorn with the secret as he did to Lady Louisa Stuart and to Morritt.

<sup>2</sup> Among the visitors during this summer, Edward Everett (1794-1865), in his twenty-fourth year, came to Abbotsford through the introduction of Gifford. Everett was born at Dorchester, Mass., graduated at Harvard in 1811, and in 1815 was elected Professor of Greek there. In 1820 he

come to see Melrose. The pleasantest have been a Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton<sup>1</sup> of Dublin the last a sister of the Duchess of Wellington with the same simple and unaffected manners but a good deal more liveliness than the Duchess seems to possess, or at least than I chanced to see her exhibit. The others were travelling esquires and bankers and I don't know whom beside for I think all England is upon a tour this fine season. I have come this length to spend a couple of quiet days with Lord Melville who with his Lady have been residing here since the beginning of August—a peaceful day is a greater rarity to him than most folks and so much for politics and ambition.

I beggd the publishers of these novels you inquire so much about to send you an early copy as I thought it would amuse you. If your Ladyship has received also one from the author I apprehend you have been doubly provided. I do not hear that they are ever like to be owned. I observe that among other liberties the papers in the lack of better subjects chuse to take with the affairs of literature they are not contented with ascribing these novels to me but are so good as to intimate that I am at this present moment writing a tragedy. I would much sooner write an opera for Punch's puppet-show.

That you, my dear friend, are pretty well in health I rejoice to hear. Time the slow but sure comforter must be the physician for other sorrows. A divine would say that length of life is a blessing in the eye of heaven since it is attachd as a reward to one of the divine commandments. But life cannot be protracted without the pangs of surviving much that is valuable and much that

became editor of the *North American Review*. He was four times Governor of Massachusetts. He was president of Harvard 1846-49, and in 1852 succeeded Daniel Webster as Secretary of State. He wrote *A Defence of Christianity* (1814); several poems; and *Orations and Speeches* (1836-59).

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Wellington was Catherine Sarah Dorothea, third daughter of Edward Michael Pakenham, second Baron Longford. Her sister, Caroline Penelope, married in 1808 Henry Hamilton, eldest son of Rt. Hon. Sackville Hamilton. See letter to Maria Edgeworth, p. 198.

is dear to us. They must pass from us or we from them such is the law of our existence and the sad but quieting reflection that in our most acute deprivations we share but the general lot of mortality is the only argument which on many occasions presents itself to the mourner's mind or can be justly offerd by others when recommending patience under affliction. I am glad you seek change of air & change of scene : these begin by dissipating the attention from painful recollections & finally suggest others of a more agreeable character. You my dear friend ought far from shunning, to encourage whatever may tend to afford you temporary amusement for you have many duties to perform & I hope a long life to perform them. My own life is positively a blank but a very agreeable one. The cultivation and improvement of my small estate has been for some years my chief amusement and occupation. I have given up all country sports to my son who is a very tall & handsome young man. His bent is towards the army & I shall not contradict him because it is the line of life I myself would have chosen but for my lameness & also because he has much firmness as well as good nature & I should not be afraid either of his getting into idle quarrels or failing to discharge his duty like a man of honour. His younger brother shows much lively talent and will if spared in all probability make some figure either in the law or in the diplomatic line—at present his age makes choice unnecessary. Mrs. Scott and Sophia send their best respects.

I am ashamed at sending you so stupid an epistle but it shows my obedience at least to your commands and that I ever am Dear Lady Abercorn yours most sincerely and respectfully,

WALTER SCOTT

The loss of the Sheet is very easily repaired when I have the good fortune to meet your Ladyship.

[*Pierpont Morgan*]



TO DANIEL TERRY <sup>1</sup>

ABBOTSFORD 11th Sept 1818

MY DEAR TERRY,—I have been in anxious expectation to hear from you for some time both on your account & my own. I have heard report—I do not know if it is accurate that you leave Covent Garden this winter : in that case without farther preface I will be most desirous to know what your views are & whether I can assist them in any manner of way. I hope you will write me particularly about this important matter. I hear no good account of the theatres in London which would make me less anxious about this change in your situation were it not that I always hoped you might get some share in the stage direction for which your skill & taste qualify you so highly, & which added to your professional emoluments would have helped you out handsomely & fix'd you for life. On my own part I am starving for want of grates & marbles. I wish to know what chance there is of getting them from London & as the confusion of poor Bullock's affairs may have interfered with your good intention in these matters I will willingly take them on my own shoulders & provide myself in Edinburgh were I once assured that I may not be interfering with your exertions on my behalf in London. What is finish'd of the house looks extremely well. The window of the armoury is still wanted & is one of our few desiderata. About the space of a foot above the glass door of the little lobby & the window of the anti-room which was made too short I intend after mature consideration to have the frame of the window made anew here to the full

<sup>1</sup> Terry replied on the 16th. Bullock's business is shut down. Chairs, grates, etc., are in progress : " I think I mentioned what colours of Marbles we thought of for the Dining room & armoury—the Red Moire for the one and Green for the other." He goes on to detail his own troubles at the theatre and explains the origin of the rumour that he was leaving Covent Garden. He is coming to Edinburgh and bringing Mrs. Terry, whose health is still failing. He hopes to take advantage of the friendly offer with regard to the *Heart of Midlothian*.

size which it should have been at first & to have a light above the door in the lobby which can easily be managed. Mr. Atkinsons plan was beautiful on the outside filling up the space with two stone brackets but the inside would not I think have done so well as we want light. It strikes me that you mention'd in some of your kind memoranda that you had got scent of stain'd glass for the anti-room window—if so we must calculate on its filling the whole dimensions of the window as in the first place. I will be glad when we get wind & water tight by dint of glazing & comfortable with fire grates : at present we are in a very savage state having neither grates for fire nor glass for our windows. This is however the last plague on these subjects I shall have to give you for all our other matters namely chairs & tables for the eating room can lie by for four or five months. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Terry & the magnificent Walter. Ever yours truly

W. SCOTT

What hope of your coming this way ?

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MISS RUTHERFORD

MY DEAR FREIND,—We are very glad to hear of Jane's gradual convalescence after a shock so unexpected & so afflicting. Whatever can be expected from excellent good sense and high principle combating the painful effects of wounded feeling my dear kinswomans freinds are entitled to hope from her. But there are debts which, however unavailing the tribute, nature and feeling must pay to these melancholy deprivations : it is a tax imposed by nature and those who are best entitled to it when they are themselves removed from their freinds are usually most exact in discharging it to others. If the sincere sympathy of all in this family who love her so well can aid her firmness in supporting this inevitable calamity

I am sure she has it from every individual in its fullest extent.—I regret though it is a minor consideration that this event and its consequences deprive us of the pleasure of seeing you here but I will not urge what our neighbourhood & other circumstances might render at this juncture peculiarly painful.

I have my own selfish feelings connected with the late event. Walter pronounces for the army so decidedly that satisfied as I am that he has both temper & courage I cannot feel myself entitled to withhold my consent from his embracing the profession which but for accidents I would myself have preferred. Yet I do not give my consent without sad anticipations. But at least I will endeavour to qualify him for entering the profession with the advantage of the knowledge of languages and science necessary to make a figure. I shall have interest enough to have justice done to him if he can contrive to deserve [it] otherwise were he ten times my son obscurity would be better [than] preferred for which he is not qualified.

I inclose the letter in behalf of your protégé. I hope it may serve him since you wish it but feeling little title to ask for the favour I cannot but fear it will be of little use to him.

Pray my dear friend take care of yourself—you are not very strong and have particular reason for caution. I could have sincerely desired to have the nursing of you here had it been possible. You would scarce have known the place so much have a few years improved it. But I trust there is a good time coming. Charlotte the girls & boys beg kindest respects and I beg my most affectionate remembrances to Jane Anne & Eliza. Ever yours my dear friend most affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 23 *September* [1818]

[*Miss Mary Lockhart*]

## TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I am happy to forward Lady Charlottes studies which do her so much credit at her early period of life. Watson with whose history of Philip II my young friend is doubtless acquainted wrote also an history of Philip III which was publishd after his death.<sup>1</sup> I think I have seen & read a French history of the subsequent period but there is none as far as I know in English. Indeed a compleat history of Spain is a desideratum which I know no one but Southey who could supply if he would turn himself to so interesting a task. His stile would indeed lack some compression but his extent of information & occasionally his eloquence of diction could hardly be paralleld.

When I write a tragedy for any theatre at least while they are under their present system I will engage to appear as I should deserve in a strait waiscoat instead of Johnsons scarlet vest & with a lace behind instead of one in front.<sup>2</sup> It is a sign the newspapers have little to say when they write figments on such subjects. I scarce know an employment which I would deem more thankless and more degrading. I have sometimes written & may again write little trifles of that kind to assist a friend on the principle of giving what I had when silver & gold were scarce with me. But making any serious theatrical attempt is as much out of my mind as flying in a balloon.

Your oak is superb—he will need much seasoning

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Watson's *The History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain*. . . . *Third edition*, 3 vols., 8vo, London, 1779, and *The History of the Reign of Philip the Third, King of Spain*. [Edited and continued by W. Thomson.] 4o, London, 1783. The fourth edition of the first work and the second edition of the second work appear in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 36. "Lady Charlotte wishes to know if there is any history of the kings of Spain from Philip the 2d to Philip the 5th or any more extensive Spanish History in which these reigns are included—I know not."—The Duke of Buccleuch to Scott, 20th September.

<sup>2</sup> "On occasion of his play being brought upon the stage Johnson had a fancy that as a dramatic author his dress should be more gay than what he ordinarily wore; he therefore appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace."—BOSWELL.

carefully managed for the bog-wood is always apt to *swerve* or *give* and should be sawd up with much delay & caution. It is curious that we are sticking riding switches into the ground to produce such monsters of wood some centuries after we are dead & gone. However I reckon that 20 years hence a million of trees which I have planted should be worth over-head at least sixpence a piece which will be an handsome return & is much under reasonable calculation since even supposing half of them thind out by that time those which remain ought to be worth more than a shilling each upon an average. I imagine £30,000 if they are taken care of would be nearer the value than £25,000. I hope your Grace intends to make something handsome for the castle out of the black oak—But—Tanguy du Chatel ou es tu ?—What will be done for want of poor Bullock ? I am finishing my Queen Elizabeth parlour which I think your Grace will like as it is in the old stile & very chaste as to ceiling windows wainscoating &c.

There is a movement in Roxburghshire which requires attention and I have taken the liberty to desire Donaldson to look to it as I think it seemd to be your Graces wish that he should look after these matters while he holds his vote. The Duke of Roxburghe is bringing on two *life rent* votes. I think it is of the utmost importance that no votes of this kind so peculiarly liable to suspicion should be permitted to steal on the roll as they have a strong savour of being nominal & confidential. Indeed I disapprove of the change of the course of decisions which have found these votes effectual. They are at least liable to the greatest possible suspicion & one can scarce think that a great family would be desirous [to] form them unless in favour of confidential persons. Two votes are no great matter as things stand just now—But what says the physician *principiis obsta* or in the more classical latinity of Dr. Last *Diseasum est curandum ante habendum*.

I shall have a gallant yoke of oxen to produce at the Cattle show. When the time is quite fixd I hope your Grace will give me instructions that I may warn the men of song.

My kindest respects attend the Ladies & I ever am my dear Lord Duke Most faithfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 24 *Sept.* [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,<sup>1</sup> ADVOCATE, AT MR. MURRAY,  
BELLSHILL, HOLYTOWN

DEAR SIR,—You were so good as to give me hopes of seeing you here this vacation. I am very desirous that if possible you would come here with our friend Mr. Wilson on thursday 8th. October as Lord Melville is to spend a day or two with me and I should be happy to introduce you to each other. Do not say me nay but arrange matters so as to be with us by five o'clock or as much earlier as you please and to stay a day or two. Believe me very sincerely Yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 24 *Sept.* [1818]

[*Law*]

<sup>1</sup> This is the first letter to Lockhart, who first visited Scott at Abbotsford on 8th October. "He invited my friend John Wilson (now Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh) and myself to visit him for a day or two on our return from an excursion to Mr. Wilson's beautiful villa on the Lake of Windermere. . . . We found him walking in one of his plantations, at no great distance from the house, with five or six young people, and his friends Lord Melville and Captain Fergusson." Having presented them, Scott said: . . . "I trust you have had enough of certain pranks with your friend Ebony [Blackwood], and if so, Lord Melville will have too much sense to remember them." In a note Lockhart refers to "the *jeux d'esprit* of his [Blackwood's] young Magazine, in many of which the persons thus addressed by Scott were conjoint culprits. They both were then, as may be inferred, sweeping the boards of the Parliament House as 'briefless barristers.'"—LOCKHART. See also *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, ii. pp. 299-334.

## TO DANIEL TERRY

ABBOTSFORD [*Sept. - October*] 1818<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR TERRY,—Your letter gives me hopes to see you so soon that I will postpone much that I have to say on the news which it contains which though not very pleasant is far better than I was led to apprehend, as it gives you (no thanks to Mr. Harris) ample time to form your plans. I think it probable that an engagement with Will. Murray eked out by teaching reading & elocution for which there is a decided opening here might make out a settled & decent income, but then there would be little chance of bettering it. But we will talk this over particularly & heedfully. Touching the Abbotsfordiana. We are in full clamour for the windows. I have not done nor mean to do any thing respecting the vacancies till I see you but still think they will be best occupied by something like fan lights. I renounce Blores chair but would like a plainer pattern than the others ; they are I think *knobbish* & out of character. Something less affected would please me better & the same applies to the side board. I do greatly affect the plain & massive & would prefer the sideboard made of very handsome wood with plain massive legs in the stile of the sketch of Robert Bruces table which I sent up last year : these knobs look very fritterish : there is no hurry about these things as I can only expect the chairs in the course of next spring. The price you mention of £15 or £20 for the grates seems very reasonable. I do not limit you to a few pounds over if you find a desirable pattern. We cannot get the rooms wainscotted for want of the marbles. We do mean bedding with the beds, that is all but sheets & blankets. The doors are to be hung according to Mr. Atkinsons sketch & lack only locks, hinges &c for which we look to

<sup>1</sup> This undated letter is a reply to a long one from Terry of 16th September. See *ante*, p. 190.

town. It would be capital if you could bring them down. I never saw ebony handles but they sound as if they should be very handsome. The armoury is boarded : but what is to be done next ? If any particular kind of paper is to be put over it you had better bring or send it down. If we had that & the marbles & windows the arms could be hung up while you are here. Pray look what sort of hooks &c. ought to be used for disposing these trophies. In Scotland we are not clever at devices of that sort, so if you can order a parcel it will be so much the better. In particular I am puzzled how to hang a full suit of armour against a wall. I am impatient to see the painted glass. I hope it will be pack'd & sent off as soon as possible. It had best be directed to the care of Mr. Bruce as there is only a stupid old woman at our house in town. I had almost forgot a most important query ?—the sash door is suffering by the weather—what varnish should be employ'd to protect it ?

I will here conclude this very selfish letter with the equally selfish hope of seeing you very soon. We hope you mean to introduce Mr. Wat as well as Mrs. Terry to this Conundrum Castle to which you have contributed so much. I trust her native air may do much for Mrs. Terry : it would seem that of London does not suit her constitution : you must keep up a good heart : there is no knowing where a blessing may light : & we may devise some means of settling you here permanently. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

With kindest thanks I am under the necessity of declining the puppy as Walter has two pointers already besides dogs without end amongst whom you will see Hamlet in great vigour & speed.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]



TO MARIA EDGEWORTH

[? Autumn 1818]

DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—I have to return you my best and grateful thanks for making me acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton whom we found very pleasant people as your favourites must necessarily be. We could not detain them above two days but as they seemed to take our rough northern hospitality in good part I hope we parted with mutual regard.

I reinclose Sir B. Boothby's letter. I have no doubt he may be right in his general position for certainly Miss Seward did not act liberally in reclaiming her own verses supposing them to be hers at the expense of an infer'd charge of plagiarism against the memory of her deceased friend.<sup>1</sup> But literary jealousy seems a passion as violent and unreasonable as that of love and Othello himself could hardly be more frantic against Cassio than we often see wise and sensible men become for the sake of a sentence or a sonnet. And after all the *Desdemona* is frequently not worth quarrelling about. The affected brilliancy of Darwins stile which Miss Seward copied *a la distance* has already slain his reputation though his genius might have done much to preserve it. And by the bye our friend Sir B ought not to have been too severe on mediocrity in poetry. But so goes the world and I could say many pretty things on the difference betwixt self-criticism and criticism administered to others only I could teach you little on these subjects being one of those whose observation looks close into the souls of men : I fancy it is with criticism as with medicine he who reckons his skill all sufficient to cure others is seldom fit to be his own

<sup>1</sup> This is a reference to Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), the physician, who, in the second part of his *Botanic Garden*, published verses taken without acknowledgment from lines by Miss Seward which had suggested his whole work. He had also sent the same verses to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where they were published with Miss Seward's name in May 1783. See note, Vol. II, p. 181.

physician or if he has such an opinion may be shrewdly suspected to have a fool for his patient.

I have not the life of Robertson by D Stuart<sup>1</sup> by me in this hermitage so I must be innocent of guessing your riddell till I go to town—I mean to Edinburgh—that being our *town* par excellence. As you are now in the larger isle I trust you will extend your travels northward. Many people will be delighted to have an opportunity of looking on you and touching the hem of your garment—none more than I and mine who live much aloof from general society and are therefore delighted in proportion with any valuable addition to our domestic circle. You have been I believe in Edinburgh but you will not know it scarce so much is it altered—in outward appearance it is quite elaborate—in the interior—not I think quite so accurate [?] as formerly. We remain here till 12 Novr. I dare not indulge in so flattering a hope but if you come down I hope you will make this your headquarters till you have seen all our country has to show.

I am writing in the vicinity of workmen who are engaged in fitting up an addition to my cottage which resembles the temple of Solomon as little in the silence with which it proceeds as the Laird resembles that sage monarch. So that tired of the symphony and accompaniment of<sup>2</sup> saws and hammers I must bid you good night to purchase my deliverance, believe me dear Miss Edgeworth with the most sincere respect and regard ever most truly yrs.

WALTER SCOTT

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton left us on Monday on their return for the Emerald isle.

[*Mod. Lang. Rev. and Abbotsford Copies*]

<sup>1</sup> Dugald Stewart's *Account of the life and writings of W. Robertson, etc.*, 8vo, 1801, i.e. William Robertson, D.D., the historian.

<sup>2</sup> From "of saws" to "Scott" is supplied from the Abbotsford copies, having been cut away from the original at some time after these copies were made for Lockhart.

TO MRS. SCOTT, GEORGE STREET

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I learn from your letter with great pleasure that you have heard from Tom. The letter he promised me is not yet arrived but I trust I shall soon have it of which I will not fail to acquaint you. We are all here very well rejoicing in a favourable season and the appearance of plenty. I am beginning to get rid of my workmen to my great joy for my improvements here have hitherto resembled Solomons temple as little in the silence attending the erection as in the wisdom of the plan. In the meanwhile time draws on and by and by we shall all meet once more in Edinburgh. I shall have regret in leaving this place and among the few things [which] make me look forward to the change with pleasure is the prospect of seeing you I hope as well as when we last met on my flying visit.

Walter pronounces so anxiously for the army that I shall not cross him for although it is not the line I would have wishd *him* to have chosen yet it is that which but for circumstances I would have preferd myself. Besides I think him remarkably well qualified for the profession. He is a lad of determind courage and at the same time of perfect good temper so that I am not afraid of his not doing his duty and at the same time confident he will not engage in private quarrels. Besides he shows a talent for mathematics and drawing as well as for the corresponding branches of natural philosophy which will be useful to him in the army. It is singular that he would have preferd the engineer service. But as promotion is very slow in that branch I intend to get him a commission in the course of eighteen months or so in one of our steady old Scotch regiments where I can have him well introduced to his commanding officer and placed a little under guardianship. When he is perfectly acquainted with his business I trust if I live that in two or three years I may have interest enough to get him into

the Quarter Mrs. department or else placed on the staff of some general officer of character and reputation. At least such is the best plan I can at present form and in all such cases we can but chuse the best and leave the rest to Providence.

Charlotte the boys and girls beg to be remembered in all love and duty and I am always my dear mother most affectionately and dutifully your obedt. Son

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 1st October [1818]

[Law]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

[5th October 1818]

DEAR JOHN,—I inclose the receipt. I understood Mr. Marshal was to have paid it & marked the cash on the full rec. as so much to Accot. which used to be the way. I hope you have not been inconvenienced.

You forgot a main circumstance in your letter namely a lusty agency for yourself. Look back at our former settlement & see what the note was.

My stomach has given me some uneasiness which makes me work leisurely but I am getting on. Tomorrow or Wednesday I expect Lord & Lady Mellville here<sup>1</sup>—I suppose Terry will be in Edinr. this week. I would not have him come here till Saturday as we shall be full with these great folks & the people I must ask to meet them.

The cattle show is for the 6th Novr. I believe. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

[Glen]

<sup>1</sup> On 6th Oct. Hogg writes to Surtees: "I saw our mutual friend Scott last week. He is well—in excellent spirits and apparrantly buzy with something exclusive of farming. Lord Melville, Wilson, Lockhart and your humble servt. will be with him on Thursday next." (Mrs. Clephan's Collection.)

TO GEORGE HUNTLY GORDON

[Extract]

14<sup>th</sup> October 1818

. . . I AM greatly at a loss what could possibly make you think you had given me the slightest offence. If that very erroneous idea arose from my silence and short letters, I must plead both business and laziness, which makes me an indifferent correspondent ; but I thought I had explained in my last that which it was needful that you should know. . . .

I have said nothing on the delicate confidence you have reposed in me. I have not forgotten that I have been young, and must therefore be sincerely interested in those feelings which the best men entertain with most warmth. At the same time, my experience makes me alike an enemy to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affection, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments. But, my good young friend, if you have settled your affections upon a worthy object, I can only hope that your progress in life will be such as to make you look forward with prudence to a speedy union. . . .

[Lockhart]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I am delighted to hear you are looking hitherward. We are at home and will be so only I am engaged to dinner on Tuesday next but shall be at home in the evening so that must not alter your plans. I do not much like your Mull voyage but you have a most warrantable apology for staying so late in England and I beg you will accept my best congratulations on the occasion. My kindest respects to Lord Compton in which all here sincerely join. Your letter has been terribly long on the road but I will write to Selkirk to

waylay you in case this misses. I must save post and therefore imitate the antient Romans in brevity— My dear love to Morritt you do not know how glad I shall be to see you once more and I hope you will give us what time you can spare. I have fifty things to show you and fifty more to tell you. Believe me always my dear friend most truly and respectfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 18th October 1818.

[*Northampton*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I received your kind letter this morning and we will be delighted to see Lord Compton and your Ladyship this evening—Naesmythe and his daughter Mrs. Terry have arrived here unexpectedly and we have the prospect of a dinner of yeomanry cavalry tomorrow which induces me to think my young friends will be more quiet at Melrose—I rely on your honouring our festivities tomorrow and spending a few quiet days to make amends for one of bustle—You will see another old acquaintance here namely John Richardson the Solicitor who interested himself in some of Mrs Clephanes affairs in London. We will have plenty of room—such as it is for the babies after tomorrow. I am terribly vexed at all these folks having dropd in upon us to interfere with their immediate accommodation. Mrs Scotts kind love with mine attend Lord Compton. Believe me ever most faithfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD Oct. 1818.

[*Northampton*]

TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ADVOCATE, 23 MAITLAND STREET, EDINBURGH

MY DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with your confidential letter and much obliged by it. Be assured of such advice or aid as I can give at any time you may require it. I am

happy to say I have not heard from Wilson so I hope the irritation of his mind on this unfortunate account has abated. I have not seen and scarce heard of the libellous publication alluded to but unquestionably your controversy is with persons who will not scruple to wield a sword unbated and envenom'd. John Ballantyne mentiond to me the pamphlet as very abusive but otherwise contemptibly written.<sup>1</sup> I had not an opportunity to speak of it to his brother the more prudent and steady person. I trust our friend will soon consider this sort of abuse as the natural attendant not only upon talents but upon controversy both literary and political. It would be vain to preach total insensibility on such occasions but a man should have as much as possible the circum pectus æs triplex of Horace. I did not approve of the personal and severe attack on Playfair though extremely well written and perhaps it is one consequence of such hostility that men of inferior literary consideration endeavour to distinguish themselves in an alleged vindication of others when in fact they only seek to gratify their own envy and malignity or to enhance their no-importance. To some such source the late attack may probably be traced obscure and therefore utterly contemptible especially if disavowd by those to whom you have in vain endeavoured to trace it. I hope therefore that Wilson will set his mind at rest. For yourself with your talents natural and acquired you have I trust a long and splendid career before you and you must expect that it will be occasionally interrupted or even obscured by the efforts of the envious and

<sup>1</sup> "Amid the storm of literary missiles which flew about, a pamphlet of unusual virulence, called 'Hypocrisy Unveiled and Calumny Detected in a review of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,"' was published, in which Murray was brought in as well as the rest. It appears that both he and Blackwood took this with equanimity, and resolved to take no notice of it; but Lockhart and Wilson both sent challenges to the anonymous writer through the publishers."—MRS. OLIPHANT, *Annals of a Publishing House: William Blackwood and his Sons*, i. pp. 168-169. Lockhart had written to warn Scott that Wilson, who is quite hysterical over the matter, may write to Scott "in this phrensied state."

malevolent. The true antidote consists in so bearing yourself both in life and in literature as to command the esteem and approbation of the good and the wise to whose opinion in the long run that of the rest of the world never fails to become conformable. I beg you will always have recourse to me without scruple when you think I can be of any use and believe me very much  
Your faithful and obedient Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 29 *October* [PM. 1818]

I will take care to answer Wilson in the proper tone and will advise you of the tenor of his letter in case he shall write to me.

[*Law*]

To JOHN BALLANTYNE <sup>1</sup>

*No date [early Nov. 1818]*

SIR,—I accept of the above terms ; it being, however, understood that in case either from health or the necessity of attending the Court of Session, or any other circum-

<sup>1</sup> On the 7th November 1818 John Ballantyne wrote to Constable :

"I trust I have to communicate to you the most satisfactory intelligence. On a visit here I have succeeded in securing by a regular offer and acceptance, of which you have copies annexed, the *New Travels on the Continent*, respecting which the author thinks as little as needful may be said, but this of course is left to your own discretion. I propose (as at our communing) to have a third, and your house two full shares ; all subordinate matters can be settled hereafter. This work must have a great success—for we certainly know little of the present state of the continent—and from such high authority, both political and literary.

"To leave room for the copies I must conclude. . . . I am now hurrying home to raise my £1000, the £2000 arising payable from your shares you will no doubt accept for. Of course I shall make no objection to your parting with any share of this copyright in London. . . . J. B."

The copy which John incloses is a letter from him to Scott of the same date : "Sir,—Acting upon instructions from Mr. Constable previous to his departure for London, I hereby make offer to you, in his name and my own, for an edition or editions, amounting in all to Ten Thousand Copies of a work in three volumes octavo, being a continuation of Paul's Letters, and to contain your further travels on the Continent next season, a deposit



stance of intervening difficulty, I find myself unable to fulfil my purpose of going upon the Continent, I shall be at liberty from the engagement, being in that case obliged to take up the bills issued for raising the deposit of three thousand pounds sterling.—I remain your obedient servt.,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Constable*]

of Three Thousand Pounds sterling to be raised in the course of the present month ; and eventually to pay to your order (as usual) the full half-profits of the above work, payable on publication, without any deduction of charge for advertising or other expense beyond paper and print : the above three thousand pounds to go to your debit in the division of profits on the first edition of the work. &c.

JOHN BALLANTYNE."

See *Archibald Constable*, etc., iii. 114-5.

The letter above is Scott's acknowledgment. This is a good specimen of the manner in which Scott's works were arranged for. Constable uses John to approach Scott, knowing that otherwise John will work for some other publisher. John gets for Scott half-profits, less all charges except for paper and printing, the latter going to James Ballantyne. He, John, is to get one third of the share falling to Constable. Bills are to be drawn at once. The work is not yet begun, and indeed this particular one never was undertaken, as Scott did not go to the Continent. Cadell wrote to Constable on the 9th November that he considered the terms most favourable : " It is unconnected with bad books, and is got for the bare advance of a portion of the profit—in fact for such a work the terms are most favourable—and for such an author to give half profits where there is no risk is curious. Paul's letters cost, Paper & prints

2/8 per copy say 3 vols. cost of 10,000	£4000
3 vols. at £1 - 16 £1 - 4/ produce	12000
	<hr/>
	Leaving £8000
Author £4000	
John Do 1333	
Ourselves 2666 . . . £8000	

and if health or the Court prevent his going we must just get John to procure a Novel or something else in its place. I daresay I need scarcely mention that we should give no share, what we get is little enough to whitewash the E.A. Register. I do not suppose you will mention this yet to L. & Co. if at all, indeed with the Tales on the way it is our interest to keep it snug at present—what with these two & the History of Scotland we have a prodigious stake with the great man but our Insurances enable us to go further than any others dare to do & I have little doubt we will in due time get all matters made smooth—if he live there is no fear." These statements throw a flood of light on the views of both sides. Scott's fundamental error was not the desire for money, but his impatient wish to have land and other things he desired at once. He sacrificed greater gains for immediate wants.

## TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—*Cur me exanimas querelis tuis?* Believe me I feel most deeply the picture which you present of impaired health the more so as of late days I have not my usual cause for congratulating myself on my own as will appear from the sequel hereof. Steadiness in regime will do much to prevent your disorder proceeding beyond measure. A near relation of mine kept a hereditary propensity to stone at bay for the whole course of a very long life by constant use of lime water. I would have you enquire this of your physicians for the fact is as I tell you & the brothers & sisters of the person I have alluded to suffered dreadfully from the disorder which was eluded in this particular case by use of the specific.

I am much obliged to you for your very diverting account of Blackwood's piece of impertinence. My connection with the work which arises from no attachment either to the enterprize or its engineers is solely derived from a friend & bottle-holder of mine—a certain Mr. William Laidlaw having rather an advantageous engagement in one of the departments. He is a young man of a most original & penetrating understanding & who under great want of opportunities has made considerable progress in various branches of learning. The late hard times left him on the *pavé* with a wife & three children minus £4000 of patrimony expended on a high-rented farm of Lord Traquair's— He had been many years my friend & sporting companion now finding hares for me and now detailing old ballads and I was necessarily anxious to do for him what I could. This amounted to giving him an asylum in a farm-house on this property with cows grass & so on and procuring him such literary jobs as he may be able to execute. Blackwood applied to him to conduct his chronicle and under the understood condition that I would help him with a loose article now & then promised a decent salary. All this pleased me very well and as poor Laidlaw was to dedicate a certain

portion of his time to look after my improvements here he might betwixt the one source of emolument & the other be considerd as raised once more to frugal independence. But you may imagine how I stared when I first saw what sort of company I had got into. I had immediately an apologetic letter from Blackwood stating that the offensive article had been inserted against his will and so forth & offering all sorts of excuses. I replied that in addition to the general objection of personality (which is of itself sufficient to deter men of character & honour from meddling with any publication conducted on such principles) there were parts of this unprovoked attack which referd to particular friends of my own (I mentiond Playfair & yourself in particular) who had a right to expect that I should resent the injury done to them by at least dropping all connection with a publication which had been the vehicle of such attacks upon them. When Blackwood came to these parts he lodged at Mr. Laidlaws. I myself [had] been extremely unwell and confined to my bed with a violent attack of my old enemy the cramp. I saw him for about half an hour only & frankly gave him my opinion of the article in question & of the impossibility of my giving any assistance to a work conducted on such principles. The consequence was a promise to republish the work omitting the offensive article & offering an apology to the parties aggrieved with a solemn engagement that no personalities should disgrace the work in future. Now for all this fine fashion I should have bid Blackwood & his magazine go to the devil & shake themselves but I was startled like the man in the tales of the Genii when his prostrate adversary implored him to with-hold the up-lifted sabre "saying it is not one but two lives which you takest away when thou destroyest me". The having Laidlaw in tow with his helpless family (for what says the Bard)

These piteous things ca'd wife and weans  
Wad move the heart o' very stanes.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Burns's "Extemporaneous Effusion on being Appointed to the Excise."

inclined me to suspend my wrath & listen to the biblioplists promise of recantation & amendment. I have no great faith in them but Laidlaw's appointment is only for six months & in the interim something better may be devised for him. I do not know if I should have conceded thus far if I had your letter which I got only the next morning yet I incline to think I should have followed the same line of conduct. As for any chance of the Magazine giving future offence I think it is highly unlikely—Blackwood's alarm seemd sincere though I daresay founded on no consequences but such as affected his own interest. I have indeed very little time to do anything & my powers of labour are much limited by this vile cramp which haunts my couch like a nightmare & assuredly my assistance will be only given as an auxiliary to my tenant at Kaeside or Kidside. One thing I should certainly have done had your letter reachd me in time or rather had I read it for I was unable to open my letters on tuesday morning & lay in bed all that day—& that is I would not have held out the sceptre of peace to Blackwood untill I had consulted you. I have no notion that the work will come to a volume—he has too much illiberality & conceit. At any rate if it proceed it must be in a very different tone from its outset.

I will be delighted when you can disinter the altars & will eagerly claim the promise of one which may suit the dii minores of Abbotsford. I must prepare for visiting Edinr. next week—a change of residence which excepting for the prospect of meeting you & one or two cronies besides has nothing very pleasing in prospect to Your truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 5 *November* [1818]

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe Esq  
Princes Street, Edinr.

[*Hornel*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—Many thanks for your kind letter of 29 October. The matter of the colts being as you state I shall let it lie over untill next year and then avail myself of your being in the neighbourhood to get a good pair of 4 year old colts since it would be unnecessary to buy them a year younger and incur all the risque of death disease and accident unless they could have been had at a proportional under value. My best thanks for the trouble you have taken in this matter.

Colonel MacLeod leaves us this morning after a visit of about a week: he improves on acquaintance and especially seems so pleased with everything that it would be very hard to quarrell with him. Certainly as the Frenchman said *il a un grand talent pour le silence*.<sup>1</sup> I take the opportunity of his servant going direct to Rokeby to charge him with this letter and a plaid which my daughters entreat you to accept of as a token of their *warm* good wishes. Seriously you will find it a good bosom friend in an easterly wind, a black frost, or when your country avocations lead you to face a *dry wap of snow*. I find it by far the lightest and most comfortable integument which I can use upon such occasions.

We had a grand jollification here last week; the whole troop of Forest yeomanry dining with us. I assure you the scene was gay and even grand with glittering sabres waving standards and screaming bagpipes and that it might not lack spectators of taste who should arrive in the midst of the hurricane but Lord and Lady Compton whose presence gave a great zest to the whole affair. Every thing went off very well and as cavalry have the great advantage over infantry that their *legs* never get drunk they retired in decent disorder about ten o'clock at [night].

<sup>1</sup> Scott writes "la silence."

I was glad to see Lord and Lady C.<sup>1</sup> so very comfortable and surrounded with so fine a family the natural bond of mutual regard and affection. She has got very jolly but otherwise has improved on her travels. I had a long chat with her and was happy to find her quite contented and pleased with the lot she has drawn in life—it is a brilliant one in many respects, to be sure but still I have seen the story of the poor woman who after all rational subjects of distress had been successively remedied tormented herself about the screaming of a neighbours peacock. I say I have seen this so often realized in actual life that I am more afraid of my friends making themselves uncomfortable who have only imaginary evils to undergo than I am for the peace of those who battling magnanimously with real inconvenience and danger find a remedy in the very force of the exertions to which their lot compels them. I am glad to see that Lady Compton nourishes no such sources of unhappiness but is gratified with the advantages of her situation and contented under the necessary inconveniences from which no earthly lot can be wholly severed. The Marquis is kind to them and they are prudent in their expence and cautious to give him no occasion to think that they would unnecessarily burthen him.

I sympathise with you for the *dole* which you are *dreeing* under the inflictions of your honest proser. Of all the boring machines ever devised your regular and determined story-teller is the most peremptory and powerful in his operations. And if which sometimes happens he has possessd himself of a tale you have heard better recounted and chuses to mar it by flat and unprofitable iteration truly Job himself might have forgot his patience. This is a rainy day and my present

<sup>1</sup> Lady Compton writes from Torloisk on the 17th to report her safe arrival, her mother's poor health, etc: "I feel considerable regret that this will probably be among my last letters to you addressed to the hands of Walter Scott a name to which no title can add dignity however much it may increase trouble and care."

infliction is an idle cousin a great amateur of the pipes who is performing incessantly in the next room for the benefit of a probationary minstrel whose pipes scream a la distance as the young hoarse cock-chicken imitates the gallant and triumphant screech of a Veteran Sir Chaunticlear.

I agree with you that the Conductors of the Magazine have acted inconsiderately and rashly in a personal attack on Playfair.<sup>1</sup> It gives too much occasion to charge them with intolerance for although Playfair has never been suspected of orthodoxy yet I know not that he has upon any occasion made any attack on religion and consequently the dragging forward a charge of infidelity which cannot be proved from any overt act sounds very like personal scandal. The consequence has been an answer in which both Wilson and Lockhart are severely charged with inconsistency hypocrisy and heaven know[s] what for I have not seen the pamphlet. Each of them thought it necessary to write a personal challenge to the anonymous author who in a reply avows his resolution to keep his incognito grounding it upon their own refusal in a similar case to give satisfaction to Mr. Leigh Hunt. The person to whom the public ascribed the answer has denied it upon his honour—so these wars must be decided by ink not by blood. I did acquaint these gentlemen that

When first they set this heavy stone a rolling  
Twould fall upon themselves.

But I had the fate of Cassandra. I am sorry for this blunder because *hoc Ithacus velit*<sup>2</sup>—But they are clever

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart had attacked "the clergy who wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* and he specially singled out the Rev. Professor Playfair, who then held the Chair of Natural Philosophy, and who 'had been originally intended for the Church,' according to Professor Ferrier. . . . In the attack on Playfair, which justly caused 'no end of public emotion,' Lockhart called himself the Baron von Lauerwinkel. . . ." In September 1818 the baron addressed a letter to the 'Rev. Professor Laugner,' on his writings in the *Königsberg Review*. Laugner was meant for the Rev. Professor Playfair. . . . The Baron, to be brief, treated him as if he had been an apostate priest. He is called the d'Alembert of the Northern Encyclopædia."—LANG, *Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*, ii. pp. 166, 182-183.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil, *Aeneid*, 2. 104.

fellows and will probably make a successful rally. It however must make those who hold their names chary shy of engaging in a scuffle where it seems to be the object of each party to rip all the follies of private life open for the amusement of a gaping public. I know few people who have not glass windows in their heads in the sense which ought to prevent them from flinging stones. I wish you would read the article addressd to Playfair and give me your opinion—it seems to me not sufficiently bottomd on specific allegations of assaults committed by him on Christianity.

All my household send kind love to Miss Morritts—the . . . is already returned to his classical labours I suppose . . . [*The remainder of the MS. has been torn off.*]

[ABBOTSFORD 5th Nov. 1818]

[*Law*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

*private*

MY DEAR LORD,—I am about to write to you with feelings of the deepest anxiety—I have hesitated for two or three days whether I should communicate to your Lordship the sincere alarm which I entertain on account of the Dukes present state of health but I have come to persuade myself that it will be discharging a part of the duty which I owe to him to mention my own most distressing apprehensions

I was at the cattle show on the 6th & executed the delegated task of toast master and so forth. I was told by Graham that the Duke is under the influence of the muriatic Bath which occasions a good deal of uneasiness when the medicine is in possession of the system. The Duke observed the strictest diet and remaind at table leaving me to do the honours which I did with a sorrowful heart endeavouring however to persuade myself that Grahams account and the natural depression of spirits incidental to his finding himself unable for the time to



discharge the duty to his guests which no man could do with so much grace & kindness were sufficient to account for the alteration of his manner & appearance. I spent Monday with him quietly and alone and I must say that all I saw & heard was calculated to give me the greatest pain. His strength is much less his spirits lower and his general appearance far more unfavourable than when I left him at Drumlanrick a few weeks before. What Graham & indeed what the Duke himself says of the medicine may be true—but Graham is very sanguine and like all the personal physicians attachd to a person of such consequence he is too much addicted to the *placebo*—at least I think so—too apt to fear to give offence by contradiction or by telling that sort of truth which may controvert the wishes or habits of his patient—Lincoln was a much better attendant in this particular—he gave his opinion and stood to it as I had some opportunity to notice when at Drumlanrick. I wish Graham had nerve enough for this.

I feel I am communicating much pain to your Lordship but I am sure that excepting yourself there is not a man in the world whose sorrow & apprehension can exceed mine in having such a task to discharge for as your Lordship well knows the ties which bind me to your excellent brother are of a much stronger kind than usuall[y] connect persons so different in rank—But the alteration in voice in person in features and in spirits all argue the decay of natural strength and the increase of some internal disorder which is gradually triumphing over the system. Much has been done in these cases by change of climate. I hinted this to the Duke at Drumlanrick but I found his mind totally averse to it. But he made some enquiries at Harden (just returnd from Italy) which seemd to imply that at least the idea of a winter in Italy or the South of France was not altogether out of his consideration. Your Lordship will consider whether he can or ought to be pressd upon this point—he is partial

to Scotland and feels the many high duties which bind him to this country. But the air of this country & its alternatives of moisture & dry frost although excellent for a healthy person is very trying to a valetudinarian.

I should not have thought of volunteering to communicate such unpleasant news but that the family do not seem alarmd. I am not surprized at this because where the decay of health is very gradual its gradations are more easily traced by a friend who sees the patient from interval to interval than by the affectionate eyes which are daily beholding him.

Adieu my dear Lord, God knows you will scarce read this letter with more pain than I feel in writing it. But it seems indispensible to me to communicate my sentiments of the Dukes present situation to his nearest relation & dearest friend. His life is invaluable to his country and to his family & how dear it is to his friends can only be estimated by those who know the soundness of his understanding the uprightness & truth of his judgement and the generosity & warmth of his feelings. I am always  
my dear Lord Most truly yours                      WALTER SCOTT

• EDINBURGH 12 *November* 1818

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

EDINBURGH GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY

NO I.

THE most markd intelligence of a domestic nature is that Miss Edmondstoune of Corehouse has settled her beautiful estate lying along the side of the river Clyde and close by the grand fall of Corehouse upon George Cranstoun<sup>1</sup> Esquire Advocate and has surrenderd possession to him during his lifetime. The relationship arises from an intermarriage as far back as the end of the

<sup>1</sup> George Cranstoun, Lord Corehouse (*d.* 1850), Scottish judge. He was chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates 15th November 1823 and elevated to the bench on the death of Lord Hermand in 1826 with the title of Lord

seventeenth century forming a state of alliance so distant and dim as would puzzle the keenest genealogist to give it a name. So that it is supposed the good old lady has proceeded on the maxim *detur digniori*. Sundry distant relations have been disappointed by this arrangement none so much so as the gallant Knight of New Posso Sir James Nasmyth<sup>1</sup> whom the Devil comfort in his discomfiture Amen. The estate of Corehouse may be presently worth from £1000 to £1500 but is highly improveable. This will probably accelerate Cranstouns intention of leaving the Bar where he will be much missed having always united the tone & feelings of a gentleman with his professional talent and powers of eloquence.

Reports which have since been confirmd announce the marriage at Rome of the Honble Frances Mackenzie poor Seaforths second daughter with Signor Thorwaldsen by origin a Danish gentleman by profession an Italian Stone-cutter or sculptor. I think your *very* wise & *very* clever women are apt to save all their folly as boys do the gunpowder they buy with their weekly halfpence till they have amassd as much as will make a grand explosion the report whereof lasts through their whole life. Her sister Caroline is going out to reside with her sister this will be a strange alteration of circumstances. The Signora Thorwaldsen is second in the Entail of the Seaforth estate it will be odd enough if the future *Caberfae* such is the highland designation of the Chief of the

Corehouse, from his beautiful residence near Corra Linn on the Clyde. He had keen literary tastes, and his accomplishments as a Greek scholar brought him the close friendship of Lord Monboddo, who declared he was the "only scholar in all Scotland." While attending the Civil Law class in 1788 he first met Scott, and their intimacy continued through life. During his practice at the Bar he composed a clever *jeu d'esprit*, "The Diamond Beetle Case," in which he satirised the style and manner of several judges. His second sister, Jane Anne, afterwards Countess of Purgstall, became one of Scott's regular correspondents, and his youngest sister, Helen D'Arcy, became the wife of Professor Dugald Stewart. For a description of the Corehouse estate at a later period see *Journal*, 29th September 1827. "This is a superb place of Corehouse's," etc.

<sup>1</sup> For Sir James Nacsmyth of Posso, in the parish of Manor in Peeblesshire, see J. W. Buchan and Rev. H. Paton, *History of Peeblesshire*, iii. 569. Scott's father was his man of business.

Mackenzies should be the descendant of a Danish Sculptor. I am told Mr. Thorvaldsen is excellent in his art second only to Canova.<sup>1</sup>

Apropos of Statuary Chantry has established his two superb Statues of Lord President Blair & Lord Melville in our court rooms. They are really most magnificent specimens of the art and though I have heard various criticisms I cannot help thinking they look as like the original subjects as marble can do to flesh & blood.

The present journal will be continued from time to time as any circumstance shall occur worthy reporting to Bowhill. The Next will contain an account of the Magazine controversy with corresponding documents.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE *Saturday 14 Novr.* [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I have been unexpectedly obliged to interrupt my Gazette Extraordinary to write a few lines on business which I shall make as brief as possible. Macculloch of Ardwall a sound hearted honest man & a Dumfrieshire freeholder is a connection of mine by my brother having married his sister. He interests himself deeply on behalf of a certain Mr. Cunninghame Surveyor General of the Customs who is desirous of surrendering his office in favour of his son who is in every respect qualified to hold it. Now it seems that Lord Melville has expressed himself willing to forward this arrangement providing it was agreeable to your Grace & to know

<sup>1</sup> The marriage never took place. At Rome in 1818 Thorvaldsen had as his mistress, Anna Maria Magnani, now the wife of Signor d'Uhlen. To detach him from the difficult and tempestuous Anna Maria, several of his English friends tried to coax him into a marriage. Accordingly, early in 1818, a Mr. Carignan informed him Miss Frances Mackenzie of Seaforth would visit his studio in Rome. The two fell deeply in love, and soon all Rome discussed the approaching marriage. Eventually the position was made clear to Miss Mackenzie, who left Rome on 5th May 1819 and went to Switzerland. In 1826 and 1836 she and Thorvaldsen again met in Rome, where, in 1840, she died. See Thiele's *Life of Thorvaldsen* (collated from the Danish by Rev. M. R. Barnard : 1865), pp. 114-121, and Plon's *Thorvaldsen* (translated by Mrs. C. Hoey : 1874), pp. 57-63.

whether your countenance could be obtained to it was the object of Ardwall's application to me.

I told Ardwall that I had long adopted Dean Swift's rule who in his intercourse with persons of influence & consequence sometimes endeavoured to solicit their protection for a friend of his own but never for that friend's friend & therefore that as I know nothing whatever of Mr. Cunninghame or his son (excepting by report which speaks them very worthy persons) I pointed out to him the propriety of seeking access to your Grace through some other channel. As however he seemed to think it unkind that I should refuse even to mention the thing I ventured to put it under Your Grace's eye because you will know there are many things which one must *ask* however indifferent as to the reply to be received. Besides it may be of consequence to Your Grace to know that Lord Melville had mentioned your wishes as likely to be decisive of the arrangement. I can only conceive one of two reasons for his doing so. Either his Lordship is aware that your Grace has some wishes on the subject with which such an arrangement as is proposed by the Cunninghames may interfere—And in that case it may be as well that you are made aware of what is now proposed—Or Lord Melville like a good courtier may be desirous to make a proposed arrangement otherwise agreeable to himself the means of obliging Your Grace at the same time which is no bad policy. In that case as Your Grace may not care to interest yourself in a matter in which you have no friend concerned I apprehend that your answer declining interference or expressing indifference on the subject will leave the Cunninghames at liberty to push their own affair by their own interest which I understand to be considerable. I enclose a letter which I caused Ardwall to write stating the nature of the transaction. I have also a memorial setting forth Cunninghames' claims which appear to be weighty.

And this leads me to the Second part of my discourse

as the preachers say. I have mention'd to your Grace a matter in which I do *not* much interest myself and here follows one in which I feel very deeply interested and would fain interest your Grace

Your Grace must know I have an uncle aged eighty five a man of wealth according to his station and habits, of admirable good sense much humour & the best piper in the South of Scotland. This worthy has (or *had* at least) a large family but as an old Servant once took the freedom to tell me the Scotts never do anything like other people and my uncles mode of managing his children was *unique*. For their education he cared not greatly and for their outfit in life not one farthing. While they chose to live with him they had food and raiment but when they left his house he expected them to provide for themselves as if they had been plumed & not un-plumed bipeds. If they ask'd him money he gave what he thought fit & allow'd them to squander it as they thought proper—if they return'd there was their bed food & clothing but nothing more. Under this admirable system of management it will not greatly surprize your Grace that the greater part of his family have in one way or other gone to the devil. There remain however two sons—the eldest is a first-rate farmer near Mount Teviot—making money fast—a favourite with Lord Lothian—the handsomest Yeoman in the Roxburghshire squadron—and by his mother heir apparent to the long litigated estate of Knowsouth which is a good prospect. The younger was bred to commerce but in consequence of the House being dissolved in which he served as Clerk he became unemploy'd and has resided for two or three years with his father upon the system of maintenance which I have described. He also plays most admirably on the pipes both small & large and while his father lives they might play in concert & live together comfortably enough. But in these unmusical days the harp and pipe however they may furnish amusement for amateurs are scarce respectable

modes of winning subsistence and the death of a man of eighty five is an event which cannot be very long distant. I am therefore most anxious if possible that this young man who is thus piping away the flower of his life should if possible be provided for. His brother will have some political interest as I believe there are two votes on the Knowsouth estate & I have been always preaching to him & Maxpapple the propriety & advantage of attaching themselves to your Graces standard in which case we might make up among near relations five or six votes against the next election. But it is obvious that to secure such an union there should appear the power & desire to oblige the most sweet voices in any reasonable request. Now there are at present several vacancies in the Customs namely

Collector at Inverness in room of Fraser resignd—£300

Comptroller Surveyor of Warehouses at Greenock in room of Barclay deceased—£300—

Land Surveyor at Perth in room of Campbell deceased  
£120,

Land Waiter at Prestonpans in room of Crichton  
deceased—£80.

Any of the three first would suit James Scott well—the last is something of the least—He is sober well enough educated & of perfectly good principles—the patronage is in the Treasury and as it is always disposed of with a view to political influence I scarce think there will be any difficulty in providing for my cousin where there are so many openings if his Chief will do him the honour to afford him a sunbeam of his patronage. Inverness or Greenock would be setting of him up for life & the favour would be deeply felt by all his kinsfolk & allies. He is about 28 years old—there is an order against people upwards of 45. I must close my letter in haste to save post.

Pray my Lord do not trouble yourself with writing long letters a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse & the

shortest note will make me apprehend your Graces meaning.<sup>1</sup>

My respects attend the ladies and I am ever most gratefully and truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 15 *Novr.* [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

[*Undated*]

[Lockhart's date, 20th *November* 1818]

EDINBURGH GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY

No II.

THE Editor has directed Blackwoods Magazine to be sent from the publisher to Bowhill direct by this days coach with a copy of the pamphlet in which Messrs. Wilson and Lockhart are assailed under the names of the Leopard and Scorpion. It contains their answer to the author in which they have acted like fiery young men. I think however the cry would have been both louder and more unpleasant had they not shewd some mettle. The supposed author of the pamphlet is a Mr. MacVey Napier Keeper of the Writer to the Signets library.<sup>2</sup> It has been nearly run up to him but as he positively denies it for neither Wilson nor Lockhart are men to play with being both rather kittle on the point of honour. I think they have made a manly & sensible defence in the last No of the

<sup>1</sup> A note has been added to this letter (probably in the duke's hand) : " Know nothing of Mr Cuningham, & surveyor generalship. Had rather not apply for Mr Scott now, as I have made so many recent applications, but will do so if he wishes it." The uncle mentioned here was Thomas Scott, son of Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe, who followed the profession of his father. " He was twice married,—first to his near relation, a daughter of Raeburn ; and secondly to Miss Rutherford of Know-South, the estate of which respectable family is now possessed by his son Charles Scott. . . . The said Thomas Scott died at Monkclaw, near Jedburgh . . . 27th January 1823, in the 90th year of his life, and fully possessed of all his faculties. He read till nearly the year before his death ; and being a great musician on the Scotch pipes, had, when on his deathbed, a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him in full possession of it. . . . The air was that called *Sour Plums in Galashiels*."—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> Librarian to the Signet, 1805-37.



Magazine being the last article upon the religious principles of the Edinr. Review & judiciously avoided recrimination.<sup>1</sup>

Your Grace will find in Blackwoods parcel the Advertizement of a certain William Scott Barrister at law brother to Lady Oxford and holder of the stakes of £4000, to be paid by Sir Francis Burdett in name of eventual provision for a child of that worthy patriots begetting upon the person of the said Lady O in case Lord O. should decline the paternity.<sup>2</sup> But the said noble cypher having received said child unquestiond into the bosom of the Harleian miscellany as that family is familiarly termd the patriot became rather unpositively desirous that Mr. W. Scott in whose name sake we are all honourd should restore the cash. He was probably of the opinion of Jeremy in Love for Love who asks how a creditor can expect back his money when a gentleman has spirit for & stood a lawsuit which Sir Francis was owl enough to bring in the court of Session & which was not withdrawn untill both parties were stund by the exclamations of the whole world crying Out upon them ! out upon them !

Besides this noble appearance Mr. W. S. honourd the court of Session with subject for another lawsuit having married a third daughter of old Glendonwyne of Glendonwyne and contrived to swindle the old gentleman out of a settlement of his estate under a simulated purchase to the prejudice of his wife's sisters. The deed could not be set aside but it seemd a very questionable transaction in foro conscientiae. Now Mr. W. Scott having shewn by these two *tours de main* how well he knows how to keep the windy side of the law, his ill-gotten estate (Parton by name) having fallen also under the hands of his creditors & being now in the market has favoured the Scottish public with his very entertaining project for an

<sup>1</sup> The article is entitled "Is the Edinburgh Review a Religious and Patriotic Work?" See *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1818, pp. 228-33.

<sup>2</sup> See note to letter to Mrs. Scott of Harden, Vol. II, p. 512:

academical institution uniting the comforts of a chop-house to the advantages of a college & which has given rise to the no less entertaining article in the Magazine when you are master of this key. Mr. Scott has altogether destroyed the fine old family of Glendonwyne which is so ancient as to have figured at Otterburne—thats a pity—but he himself comes from Essex not from the Border—and thats a comfort.

The article on Gourgauds narrative<sup>1</sup> is by a certain Vieux Routier of Your Graces acquaintance who would willingly have some military hints from you for the continuation of the article ; if at any time you should feel disposed to amuse yourself with looking at the General's most marvellous performance. His lies are certainly like the father who begot them.

Do not think that at any time the little trumpery intelligence this place affords can interrupt my labours while it amuses your Grace. I can scribble as fast in the Court of Session as any where else without the least loss of time or hindrance of business. At the same time I cannot help laughing at the miscellaneous trash I have put out of my hand since coming to town and the various motives which made me undertake the jobs.

An article for the Edinburgh Review<sup>2</sup>—this for the love of Jeffery the Editor—the first time this ten years—

Do. being the Article Drama for the Edinburgh Encyclopedia.<sup>3</sup> This for the sake of Mr. Constable the publisher—

Do. For the Blackwoodian Magazine—this for love of the cause I espoused.

Do. for the Quarterly Review.<sup>4</sup> This for the love of myself I believe or which is the same thing for the love of £100, which I wanted for some odd purpose.

<sup>1</sup> The article is "Remarks on General Gourgaud's Account of the Campaign of 1815." See *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1818, pp. 220-28.

<sup>2</sup> On Maturin's *Women*; or, *Pour et Contre*.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 175.

<sup>4</sup> Article on *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

As all these folks fight like cat & dog among themselves my situation is much like the *Suave mari magno* & so forth.

I hope your Grace will never think of answering the Gazettes at all or of replying to letters of business untill you find it quite convenient & easy the Gazette will continue to appear as materials occur. Indeed I expect in the end of next week to look in upon Bowhill per the Selkirk mail about eight at night with the hope of spending a day there which will be more comfortable than at Abbotsford where I should feel like a mouse below a firloft. If I find the court can spare so important a person for one day I will order my poney up to meet me at Bowhill & supposing me to come on friday night I can easily return by the Blucher on Monday dining & sleeping at Huntlyburn on the Sunday. So I will receive all necessary reply in person.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JOHN BACON S. MORRITT, ROKEBY

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I delayd answering your kind letter till I should see what spare cash I have at this term being much tempted by the Yorkshire studs. But my house furniture &c comes to be a pretty heavy charge this year and I think there is a little merit in being prudent now and then. I have two serviceable animals which will do very well for a twelvemonth at least when I shall have I trust plenty of money to buy an handsome pair.

So we have lost the old Queen. She has only had the sad prerogative of being kept alive by nursing for some painful weeks where perhaps a subject might have closed the scene earlier. I fear the effect of this event on public manners—Were there but a weight at the back of the Drawing room door which would slam it in the face of whores its fall ought to be lamented and I believe that poor Charlotte really adopted her rules of etiquette upon a feeling of duty. If we should suppose the Princess of

Wales to have been at the head of the matronage of the land for these last ten years what would have been the difference on public opinion. No man of experience will ever expect the breath of a court to be favourable to correct morals—sed si non caste caute tamen. One half of the mischief is done by the publicity of the evil which corrupts those which are near its influence and fills with disgust & apprehension those to whom it does not directly extend. Honest old Evelyns account of Charles IIs court presses on one's recollection and prepares the mind for anxious apprehensions.

I cannot quit your late prosy inmate and he reminds me of a story which a cleverish chattering omne scibile friend of mine used to tell with some humour. It seems he found himself once on a time in company with another passenger in a stage-coach. My friend<sup>1</sup> who piqued himself on his powers of conversation (which indeed he used to bore all his acquaintance with) which powers he began to exercise on his travelling companion. It was in vain. The other passenger sate in his corner with a screwed up hard uncongenial kind of countenance and made no answer more or less to the advances of my acquaintance. At last my friend lost patience and addressd him thus "Sir—I have spoken to you on all the topics usually adopted as subject of conversation in public vehicles—I have spoken on politics and farming—on religion and the playhouse—on poetry and boxing matches with everything besides that I could think of and you have [been] totally inaccessible to my approaches—have the goodness to say if there is any subject on which you will talk"—The fellow who chanced to be a leather merchant lookd at him with a satirical grin and demanded in his turn whether "he could say anything about Bend-leather" the driest and most hopeless topick that I suppose was ever assignd to a luckless *parleur*.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Ainslie, W.S. (1766-1838), the friend of Burns. See Scott's *Journal*, vol. ii., p. 257. Lockhart says by mistake that it was William Clerk.

Blackwoods present Magazine is a good one and they have endeavoured to recover the proper tone in a very good article which occurs in the end of their No<sup>r</sup>. I gave them some remarks on a General Gourgauds piece of impudence and blackguard imposition and propose to knock the bottom out of his narrative in next No. I wish you would look both at the Relation and the critique and let me have your opinion on both.

Our kind compliments attend the young ladies. Walter sent a black-cock to satisfy Miss Morritts ornithological curiosity but I regret it was not a very fine specimen. Several young ones were killed and eaten at Abbotsford as unfit to be sent to Rokeby but the old birds are very shy by dint of which caution on their part the game is getting very plentiful. I counted seventeen in one flock before I came away. Always my dear Morritt Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

21 Novr. 1818

[Law]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW, KAESIDE

MY DEAR WILLIE,—I enclose for wages &c a cheque for £100.—Bruce is paid, of course, but he is getting rather too absurd and I think at present notwithstanding his repentant protestations that I will part with him on Whitsunday unless I find him less like to be opinionative and troublesome with his conceit on his return from the Highlands. It is a pity for he is a *precious* absurdity.

I hope the planting is now going faster the season being charming—What say you to my planting spades. I think them capital. I want to know how you are forming your glades of hardwood—Try to make them come handsomely in contact with each other which you can only do by looking at a distance on the spot there and then shutting your eyes as you have done when a

child looking at the fire and forming an idea of the same landscape with glades of woodland crossing it. Get out of your ideas about expense it is after all but throwing away the price of the planting. If I were to buy a picture worth £500 nobody would wonder much, now if I chuse to lay out £100 or £200 to make a landscape of my estate hereafter and add so much more to its value I certainly do not a more foolish thing. I mention this to you that you may not feel limited so much as you might in other cases by the exact attention to pounds shillings and pence but consider the whole on a liberal scale. We are too apt to consider plantations as a subject of the closest oeconomy whereas beauty and taste has even a marketable value after their effects come to be visible. Dont dot the plantation with small patches of hardwood and always consider the ultimate effect as the object to be aimed at. Believe me with Compliments to Mrs. Laidlaw and the Young folks yours truly.

WALTER SCOTT

EDINB. 21 *November* [1818]

I believe Capt. Lockhart is very serious about Riddell. I wish you would quickly give me all the information you can get about it. I should concur to £72000—or thereabout to be near the price.

When you pay Tom his wages will you look at the date betwixt the time of your receiving his £40—and of the note lodging it in Sir William Forbes and pay him the full interest. He is so innocent in these matters that unless you do it for him he will never think of it. The date of paymt will appear from your book that of the Bill from the Bill itself.

[*Neophilologus*]

TO LORD MONTAGU, DITTON PARK

21 *Novr.* [1818]

MY DEAR LORD,—Your very kind letter<sup>1</sup> which I received this morning was extremely acceptable as it assures me that I have not been unwellcomely officious in a matter of great delicacy. Since I came to town I have had one letter from the Duke written with his usual spirit—but another from Lady Anne mentioning that he suffered under the irritation produced by the Nitro-muriatic Bath and was not able to answer one of my letters on some unimportant business. I had urged his Grace to see a gentleman call'd Dr. Scott a military Surgeon son of his own tenant at Singlee<sup>2</sup> who is settled near Melrose on a small property & retired altogether from practice. Dr. Scott had the liver complaint very badly and used the Muriatic Bath from which he derived great benefit. I was very desirous the Duke should see him because it is to be presumed he must understand both the theory & the practice of the medicine. My own objection to it is that its powers are too generally described to give one confidence of its being really useful in any one set of cases. I intend to take measures quietly to learn from Dr. Scott what he thinks of the Dukes health. I understand he has been two days at Bowhill : & I will lose no time in letting your Lordship know what he thinks. The remedy is certainly a very active one. I devoutly hope the immediate inconvenience it occasions may be attended with future advantage.

I cannot be long easy without seeing the Duke again and I intend to go to Bowhill on friday next if I can possibly manage it. My own operations at Abbotsford will make a good apology for I should be very unwilling to lead his Grace to think my visit had any reference to his own

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Lord Montagu of 18th November onwards deal at length with his anxiety about his brother's health, the doctors, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Singlee, where Hogg was in service for a season.

health further than that he complains of the sort of ennui which may be something relieved by the company of one with whom he is perfectly at ease. It will give me the most sensible pleasure should I find him better. At any rate I will write your Lordship my sincere opinion.

I have very often thought that though my life has been an uncommonly prosperous one and I should be ungrateful to call it otherwise it has been thus far unhappy that those in whose regard & friendship I have enjoyd most happy hours while youth & spirits were high and to whose continued regard I lookd forward in the remainder of life should seem to feel at an unusually early period the power of diseases which do not attach to others till life approaches more nearly to its natural close.

24 *Novr.* [1818]

I have a letter from the Duke written with his usual firmness & spirits. He barely says "the complaint remains but is abated." I have also a letter from Capt. Adam Fergusson (son of the historian) whom I introduced at Drumlanrick last year & to whom the Duke took so kindly (as indeed he is the pleasantest companion I ever knew) that he wishes to see him frequently in an easy way at Bowhill. His account is cheering & I enclose it with great pleasure cutting off a few lines relating to his own private business. I look on him as good authority for I know he entertaind the apprehensions which I did and with the greatest regret being much attachd to his Grace.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the cheering letter (postmarked 24th November 1818), from which is cut off, as Scott says, the lines relative to private business, Adam Ferguson writes: "I am most happy to say that we found the Duke considerably improved in looks, & very much indeed in spirits, & I have a much better opinion of his case than I had, & our neighbour Dr. Scott who was called to assist with advice about the management of the Nitrous Acid bath, thinks him by no means in any thing like a doubtful state, on the contrary that there is every prospect of his getting compleatly round, & in this opinion Dr. Graham agrees—Heaven send it." He adds, with reference to his recent appointment as Keeper of the Regalia: "The Advocate has sent a draft of my commission which seems perfectly correct, & I propose a trip to Edinr next week to take the necessary oaths & arrange securities &c &c."



I have a good opinion of Scotts prudence—he does not practice & consequently can have little temptation to speculate. Besides *he* did not recommend the medicine but is only calld in to witness its effects. I write a sheet of nonsense every two or three days to the Duke because it amuses him & gets me sometimes a line from which I endeavour to judge how he is.

On friday after court-time I intend to commit myself to the Mailcoach & shall be at Bowhill about nine o'clock and I will write to your Lordship fully & faithfully the state in which I find his Grace. Unquestionably your Lordship coming hastily down would run the risque of agitating him greatly & do harm rather than good. I shall even think it necessary to give some colour to my own visit. What I hate about the muriatic-acid bath is its obvious and confessd tendency to irritate the nerves and affect both mind & body with feelings of an exhausting tendency. Pray God its good effects may counterbalance this obvious inconvenience. The trial is surely now complete. I have just your Lordships two letters—depend on my prudence & secresy and also on my letting you know the real state of matters [?] as they seem to me. I must save post if possible for I wish you to have Fergussons letter without delay. Most truly My Lord Your faithful servant

EDINR.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—Far be it from me to urge any request that your Grace finds the least difficulty in complying with : it is quite enough for me that the feeling exists in your mind which makes it unpleasant for you to make any application ; or that your interest already stands engaged to persons to whom the intervention of an additional candidate seconded as I should endeavour to

do any[thing] in my cousins favour might be a disadvantage. But not with the least view of pressing any further application (which would be very unbecoming & ungrateful after understanding your Graces situation and sentiments in any one, more especially in *me* to intrude further on your unwearied kindness). But in a general point of view I may be permitted to say that I rather think Your Grace like the most generous who are frequently the strongest persons is to a certain degree unconscious of your own strength and not perhaps fully aware of the extent of your own consequence as a public man. Your high situation puts you so very far beyond all the usual motives of solicitation and your reasons for the support which you afford ministry is so utterly distinct from those on which men meaner in rank *must* sometimes act and men meaner in mind even [of] rank approaching to your own *do* frequently act that you cannot be altogether competent to summing up an exact balance of your debit & credit with government. “Your love and fear glews many friends to them” and your extensive & natural political interest is maintained by means to which their patronage has never added much—I mean by personal love and respect on the part of many and on that of others by the influence direct and indirect which naturally attaches itself to very large fortune and exalted rank. And any attention which may have been occasionally paid to your Graces request in disposing of Government patronage (which I have no occasion to think has been very extensive) has generally been less to gratify any personal feelings of your own than to strengthen that very political interest which for two generations has been their own principal support North of the Tweed. I am sure your Grace will not suppose that in stating my own view of this subject as an on-looker I should have the purpose of indirectly inducing you to do in favour of my kinsman what directly it would be highly indelicate in me to propose. In fact I have rather

the performance of the half-promises in view than engaging you in new solicitations. But it is always as well to look on both sides of the picture and sure am I that Your Graces moderate & I may say modest view of the grounds on which your own interest with these good folks rests is very different from what all the world and the ministers themselves take of the same subject. The error—if it be one—under which your Grace lies may indeed be thus justified—that as your line of politics has been uniformly adopted from principle patriotism and an enlightend view of the interests of the country Your Grace probably only looks upon it as a discharge of your duty as a public man without conceiving that it lays the Ministers who derive the immediate benefit of your support under any obligation. This is a way of considering the matter worthy of yourself—but it is not the way of the world or of worldly politicians of whose sentiments for once in my life I have stood interpreter as above.—I own when all is done I have great sympathy with measures—the *posties* are abridged and the candidates are multiplied daily and it is natural enough that they should silence with the little they have to give those who stun them with solicitation & importunity with which they know your Grace is unlikely to trouble them & like a person on the eve of bankruptcy they are necessarily unjust to some of their creditors on whose good temper they can reckon to pay off those who are most pressing and importunate.

I trust my Gazette has reachd you safe and was entertaining. Do not suppose it possible I can occupy any portion of my time so happily to myself as in doing what may afford your Grace some amusement especially when you are unwell. You can command all the world when you are in health but when you can only beguile the time with the chat and nonsense of the day one of your oldest most attachd and surely most obliged friends whose life has been a phantasmogeria [*sic*] of grotesque imaginations

both of fun & earnest may surely claim the precedence of being your purveyor. Ever your Graces most truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

24 *November* 1818

I still hope to be at Bowhill on friday at night about nine o'clock an unceremonious hour but I cannot come off till after Court-time. I have taken the liberty to order up my poney to secure the means of loco-motion.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I think on consideration the Edit. of 1st. Tales had better be 3000 because I have partly calculated upon it to take out some bills in January—because it will divide better among the partners—and because if it is found to hang heavy<sup>1</sup> we can easily give our friends at the Cross a turn in the way of renewal. Yours very truly

W SCOTT

“ EDINR. 26th. Nov. 1818

[*Stevenson*]

TO ROBERT CADELL

private

DEAR SIR,—I recd. this the day after dated but I have been so ill ever since that I have been unable to call I have now gone home till Monday. The printers are apprized of it & printing accordingly. Yours always truly

J. BALLANTYNE

[*endorsed*] *Received on the 5. Decr 1818.*

[*Stevenson*]

<sup>1</sup> So spelt.

TO LORD MONTAGU

[27th November 1818]

MY DEAR LORD,—I have this moment received your Lordships favour of the 22d. I am most happy you have seen Lincoln upon whose opinion I own I should judging from all I heard have very considerable reliance. I mentiond in my last that I intended to be at Bowhill tomorrow evening and stay till Sunday morning. I have no fear of Scott doing any thing forward or imprudent—he does not practice and is quite aware of the importance of what he is about. I thought it of consequence the Duke & also Grahame should see him because he had himself used the medicine with advantage but I have no idea that he could think himself qualified to undertake the cure of the Dukes health in general : it is a charge beyond his experience & he is himself valetudinary. I will see Scott on Sunday without fail and obtain from him the information your Lordship wishes and under the necessary cautions. I shall of course say nothing of having heard from your Lordship at Bowhill : in fact I am as much afraid of the Dukes irritability as of any symptom I have observed & it would not fail to be affected by the idea that his health was the subject of our correspondence. He was half angry with me for recommending a migration to Dalkeith and yet independent of the neighbourhood to good advice (which I did not care to touch upon) the extreme heat within doors at Bowhill & the damp without would try a stronger constitution than most unhappily he is at present possessd of. It seems to me that Duncan does not stand very high here as a physician & as a man he is an ass but there can be no want of good advice. I would to God he had taken Lincolns advice. I saw there was a sore place for he winced when it was touchd. I asked him as per hazard why thinking so well of Lincoln he could not have kept him for a few weeks longer—his time might surely have been easily compensated & was

of little value compared to his patients health. The Duke made some haste to answer that he had a wife & family & was settled & that he had *turn'd him over* I think was the word to Grahame who knew his constitution &c &c &c. I saw there was something wrong & I confess thought it but too likely that he had recommended either a change of climate or something that the Duke was determined not to submit to.—Every trifle of information becomes now of importance. A letter from my Overseer in the country who is a man of uncommon attainments a great botanist & a scientific friend of Dr. Scott informs me that Scott thinks well of the Dukes case & believes him better—Once more God grant it may be so but it is a terrible error in our friend to neglect the advice both of his physician & best friends for I will die in the belief that the South of France might have set him up—I am sure I would have gone with him myself if my company could have been in the least useful or amusing. As it is I will contrive to see him as often as I can without alarming him for no other consideration shall stand in the way of my visits & you may depend upon having a faithful account of what falls under my observation. If the Duke takes advice from an Edinburgh physician I will certainly contrive to communicate the advice your Lordship recommends for without firmness little good will be done.

For one very painful period of his Life the Duke rose pretty early in the morning. I wish he could have been brought to keep up this custom as it insures natural sleep early at night. I have found by experience that the only remedy against *insomnium* is the determined resolution to rise in good time—you are sure to sleep on the second night. This however is more easily resolved than perform'd & God knows I sympathize with a man who after a feverish night of restlessness and fatigue is call'd on to rise just when he begins to slumber in the morning. But the advantage is infinite.

I will be greatly obliged by your Lordships kind donation of Acorns which may be sent to John Murray Bookseller Albemarle Street who will take care to ship them for me. I enclose the scrap of my Overseer Laidlaws letter as it proceeds on immediate communication with Scott. The slightest information is at present desirable. Your Lordships truly respectful & faithful

WALTER SCOTT

I am just setting off for Bowhill.

*friday morning*

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—It is with very much pleasure that I send your Lordship a much more favourable report of the Dukes health than I had ventured to hope was within the bounds of probability. I found him obviously much better than when I last saw him—his eye was greatly more lively and his countenance had its usual expression and had no longer some traces of the *facies hippocratica* which alarmed me very much the last time I saw him: His constitution certainly amidst its present weakness preserves some points of uncommon strength for I should have supposed it almost impossible for a man to have suffered so long under the troublesome & wasting secretion of phlegm to which he is liable & by which he suffers so much, without its bringing on worse consequences.—In his diet he is very careful and eats with a good appetite—tastes no supper—rises as he says at nine but certainly is at breakfast at ten which are all good signs. He takes exercise about three hours every day and I am sorry to say gives two hours to the writing desk. I advised him to dictate and walk in his room while his secretary wrote but he says he has not the habit of doing so & could not acquire it. My intimacy with his Grace entitled me to question Mather as if on my own account who gave me a

favourable report of his present state. At night he is lethargic which is said to be the effects of the medicine—when the evening draws on he seems to be more oppressd by the phlegm & speaks with some difficulty which is greatly increased by any thing that causes nervous irritation. This being the case I cannot think the disease pulmonary especially as it has now lasted since the first year he was at Drumlanrick with the dear & lamented Duchess when for the first time I saw his constitution was weakend. Your Lordship will remember we met there. Any disorder of the lungs could hardly have lasted so long a time.

He mentiond your Lordships letter with small thanks to the anonymous informers who had been the cause of so much anxiety to you and whose information he treated with great scorn. In a better hour I would have said *Adsum qui feci* but I see he is much hurt at any one of his friends appearing to think him worse than he chuses to call himself. I begin to hope that he really feels that within him which encourages this confidence and at least I shall always feel comforted that the utmost has been done to make him shift to a warmer climate—the result must be in Gods hands—I see no reason to apprehend immed[i]ate danger and I trust there may be yet a revolution in his constitution for the better. This is most certain—that the Duke will never go abroad or even to England or Dalkeith untill it comes to his own free will and I fear that even could his consent be extorted to such a measure it would lose its beneficial effects through the vexation of mind which would certainly attend it—We must therefore remain apparently satisfied under the account which he gives of himself and trust him to the guidance of his own feelings which I hope vindicate his remaining at Bowhill. I will at all events see him as frequently through the winter as I can as society amuses him & with me he can speak or be silent as he pleases.

Perhaps I ought now to say I am sorry for having given



your Lordship so much alarm by communicating the apprehension I had of more instant danger than I now apprehend. But these symptoms were really most alarming and I still think it is better your Lordship should know such an alternation of his graces disorder actually had place. Besides it is a great relief to my mind that the point of removal has been strongly put to him—friends—even brothers can do no more than state their conviction of what is right and I am very glad it has been done in this case.

I leave Bowhill this morning before breakfast & am much easier than when I came here. There is certainly no immediate danger and though the Duke is weaker considerably than at this time last year yet he is much stronger than he was a month since. If I should find him as much improved a month later I should begin to have faith in Scotts medicine. These are my own observations not sanguine certainly but to say the least cheering. In summer he will be in the South under your affectionate eye and perhaps he may be induced in the next winter to visit France. I still look that way. I hope to see Dr. Scott to day which will be Subject for another letter of more authentic intelligence. My best respects attend Lady Montagu & I ever am Your Lordships most truly

WALTER SCOTT

BOWHILL 30th Novr. 1818

Eight in the morning } I arrived at Bowhill on friday evening.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I wrote yesterday morning from Bowhill at some length with the very pleasant news that I found the Duke much better than I had expected. Yesterday I had a long conference with Scott whom I directed to write to your Lordship a full account of the

state in which he conceives his Grace to be judging from his own observation and as little as possible from the report of others—But in case he should write less explicitly to your Lordship than he gave his opinion to me after many cross-questions I now give the result of my investigations which approaches very near the general opinion which without the least professional knowledge I have been led to form from accurate and attentive observation of the Dukes present State.

Dr. Scott thinks the N. Muriatic Bath may be of some service to the Duke. But he is by no means sanguine on the subject—on the contrary he said he did not think his constitution would bear his using it to such an extent as was likely to be really efficacious. I own this impressed me with a strong belief in his Scotts perfect sincerity since the love of a nostrum becomes a very strong prejudice in the mind. As therefore he wishes to take no credit from the effects of a medicine which he was asked to superintend and which the Duke obviously puts more faith in than he himself does in the case and as he seems to have neither wish nor expectation to be concerned in the treatment I must consider his evidence as that of a candid & disinterested man. What it may be worth in point of professional skill I cannot presume to say.

He tells me he suspected water on the chest—but from the Dukes appetite & his rest being good unless when disturbd by the cough & from his feeling no uneasiness in a recumbent posture and having plentiful discharge by urine he is satisfied that is not the case. He seems to think something of an unpronounced gout is the original cause of the malady combined with a general debility—although he thinks no decisive symptoms of gout have evinced themselves. In circumstances of a kind so indecisive & uncommon he apprehends that the Dukes health must depend much on his own caution & resolution. He agrees with all the other medical men as I believe in earnestly recommending a warmer climate.

I observed that this was a point on which the Duke seemd particularly repugnant to be pressd. He said he had noticed it and that with patients of his Graces rank and accustomed so much to the exercize of their own free will as much was sometimes lost by the agitation occasiond by forcing them to a remedy which they adopted reluctantly as was gaind by compelling them to use it.

He said it was of the utmost consequence to keep the Dukes mind *perfectly easy* and void of irritation—diet and exercize he considerd as of the last consequence. He had no idea of immediate danger unless some sudden sinking of strength should take place of which he saw no indication.

And this was the amount of our conference which lasted two hours—satisfactory so far as it gives time in all human probability to gain the point indirectly which it would only fret the Duke to urge any further directly. Your Lordship must have observed that tho' the Duke sometimes rejects the advice that is offerd him at the moment when it contradicts some predetermination of his own yet he often tacitly resorts to the measures his friends have recommended after a little interval. There is something like a typhus fever among the cottagers near Bowhill and from certain indications I shall not be surprized to hear that the Duke leaves it much sooner than he intended and I own if he does I will suppose the wish to give ease to your Lordships mind by residing at Dalkeith will have much more share in his change of residence than any thing else. At any rate I think he will go to England in spring so soon as the weather will suit his travelling—Your Lordship will then be beside him daily with the opportunity of taking the moments for persuasion—that he ought to go abroad is most certain & I wish he would spend a winter in France or Italy on condition I were to spend one at Greenland—I am sure he would be more the better of the one than I would be the worse for the other.

In the mean time some thing is gaind—I observed he often returnd to the distress & anxiety your Lordship sustaind on his account and I think that with his native nobleness & kindness of disposition this will lead him at length to make considerable sacrifices to your wishes. In the mean time it will serve nothing to push him further but may possibly irritate him & do ill instead of good. In fact his out of doors employment at Bowhill is a strong motive to keep up the habits of exercise and at the same time to divert the mind which when the body is valetudinary is so apt to prey upon itself. I wish he would keep his rooms cooler. The air which passes thro' a stove or fire grate is divested of its most vital & wholesome ingredient and becomes heavy & unfit for the use of the lungs. I have often felt oppressd at Bowhill from this cause and it is the more like to be irritating to the lungs when one has come out of the fresh open air. And then the air of Bowhill is damp though the Duke is very angry if one says so. How should it be otherwise? it is surrounded with mountains which have the squeezing of all the clouds before they drift down the vale of Tweed. I am sensible one fifth less rain falls at my present place of residence than at Ashestiel seven miles distant & in the same situation with Bowhill. Still I conceive with Mr. Scott it is of more consequence to keep the Dukes mind quite easy than to urge him to measures which though salutary in themselves he might feel as banishment or as coercion—What I at present like about the Duke is—his eye—his appetite—his being able to sleep when the cough leaves him easy—his rising in the morning—his taking regular exercise—& on the whole his keeping a good heart which (so strangely are our mind & body united) is often half the battle. What I dislike is his being so very much weaker than at this time last year or even when I saw him last at Drumlanrick—his lethargic habit which I never witnessd before—his nervous irritability which is so much increased that even the shortest

discourse approaching to a debate brings on the cough—Of these the disposition to doze may I believe be set down to the use of the A. M. bath—but I like the other two symptoms worse & I fear they belong not to the medicine but to the malady.

I hope and believe there is time to take the measures which may be necessary to induce him to seek a warm climate next year. When the lungs are not affected & the constitution is rather generally frail than positively injured in any particular part much may be done by genial climate. But I do see that objection which his Grace himself intimates, that as it is impossible for him to travel with his own house over him he must want many of those *aisances* which habit and the feelings of a valetudinary have rendered essential to one who in health was so independent of them. And besides I think that at present he feels more the slightest neglect on the part of a domestic or any thing of that nature tending to affect his comfort more than he used to formerly—nor indeed can it be otherwise in his present state—Great precaution would therefore be necessary in securing him all attention should he go abroad & indeed should the sea be judged fit for him I should think he had better go in a frigate to the Mediterranean.

This remarkably fine season must be of consequence to an invalid. The thermometer on Friday night was at 51 at Bowhill. I have nothing to add to this long letter excepting my best regards to Lady Montagu and that I am always your Lordships truly faithful & obedient

EDINBURGH 1 Decr. [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I received your Ladyships letter while I was at Bowhill with the Duke who is not so well as I could wish though greatly better than I

expected. I think he should try a milder climate next year but I doubt he will not easily be persuaded to take that very necessary step. He has been using the Nitro-Muriatic bath with advantage, I trust it will continue to be of service to him.

I am certain it would do Mrs. Clephane much good if she could come here with my young friends for a few months. The total absence of society at Mull must necessarily hang heavy on an active and social temper. There is not a truer word in the Bible than that which says that as iron sharpeneth iron the face of man is sharpened by his friend. In spite of ourselves we get rusty when left to the impulse of our own unassisted course of ideas. I wrote to her by this post urging this argument having like all the rest of the world my own private advantage in view by the course I recommend to one friend.

I understand by a letter from Lord Sidmouth that the honor you wot of<sup>1</sup> may perhaps hang over my head untill I go up to London which assuredly I will not do till Spring as I should not like to have the appearance of running head long to meet such a thing which many people might interpret into a solicitation thereof. I am to be gazetted alone to mark special grace and favour. I can safely say I am wholly indifferent to this distinction as personal to myself unless so far as it will rather be an incumbrance to me—but to my family afterwards it cannot be so unimportant that they should hold a mark of honour conferred by the unsolicited grace [of the] Sovereign upon their ancestor. To Walter in particular it may be useful in the way of his profession for after all that philosophy can say the *petit titre* gives a certain vantage ground in this world, and so it should. I hope your Ladyship will be in London to greet me with “theres honour for you Sir Walter <sup>2</sup>”—some fine day in spring.

<sup>1</sup> The baronetcy.

<sup>2</sup> *Fal.* “Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there’s honour for you! here’s no vanity!”—*I. Henry IV.*, V. iii.

Respecting Walter I think I shall take him with me to the continent some time next summer and if possible spend the winter months in Italy and return by the German courts. This will give him some knowledge of the world and firmness of character so very necessary in his profession. I am yet uncertain whether I shall put him into the Guards or a marching regiment. There are objections both ways for dissipated habits are as easily acquired in the one situation as in the other with this difference that they are of a lower discipline for your old officer who sticks at the rank of lieutenant and captain in a marching regiment is apt to have habits which make him a dangerous companion for a young man. After all Walter like others must take his chance of all this but it is odd how very close parental apprehension makes one look at risques which hundreds scramble through without injury. In London Walter would have the advantage of access to good society which is the best remedy against bad—he would find himself in the way of improvement if he liked to pursue it and I would be freed from my boding fears of the West Indies which is my great objection to the profession.

Your Grandam is a queer old [woman?].<sup>1</sup> Queen Eleanor was a jest to her for taking things coolly. She gives you civility for your woods.

Give grannam kingdom and [it] grannam will give it [a plum, a cherry, and a fig].<sup>2</sup>

I grudge the scene of devastation at Kirkness Lochleven. I think I told you I saw it from Lord Chief

<sup>1</sup> On the way from Abbotsford to Torloisk the Comptons had visited her grandmother "Mrs Douglas Clephane whose house is as bare and as wretched as bareness and desolation can make them. She received me very graciously & from her manner I verily believe she thinks she has done quite properly."

<sup>2</sup>

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it grandam, child ;

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :

There's a good grandam.

*King John*, II. i.

Commissioners last year with sorrow and wonder. Are you aware that there is a very curious charter concerning the estate of Kirkness giving it to the Culdees<sup>1</sup> who had their establishment on an island in the loch. It is connected with a legend (which it details) concerning certain Irishmen who had rendered themselves rather too agreeable to the females in a particular township at which the wrath of the inhabitants being awakened they surrounded the house and ordered the women to come forth—They preferred remaining with their paramours and the house was consumed with the whole party inclosed. I think it was the son of one of the women who headed the avengers. If this charter is not a forgery of the Monks of Saint Andrews which is not impossible it is one of the oldest and most curious in Scotland.

I hope the inconveniences and plagues of Powgild will end with the distress of the country at large. There is little doubt that land must rise only it takes some time ere it comes round—patience cousin and shuffle the cards be our mottoe as that of Durandarte in Don Quixotes vision of Montesinos's cave.

During the few hours I was at Abbotsford I saw Gary in great preservation. He will be a very fine dog but I should not think so sagacious as Maida judging of him according to the rules of craniology. If you change his present name you may call him Yarrow only we give that name in our country almost exclusively to Shepherds collies Tweed would be a pretty name, or Bran in honour of his Highland descent. Whenever Lord Northampton mentions where the dog should be sent in London I will send him up by sea—he will be a troublesome passenger being a bold strong dog and though quite good humoured he will not brook being beaten but will rebel instantly. Although a large and courageous dog this breed will not willingly fight with its own species and will even show signs of apparent cowardice unless its master sets it on—

<sup>1</sup> See p. 94.



it is not that the dog is really reformed but it is the nature of the animal. They are fine house-dogs and much attached when well used—they are capital for pulling down wounded deer and when broken in to that sport will not quit the hurt stag for any other. The keeper should take care to introduce him properly to this sport if it is wished he should practise it.

Remember me kindly to Lord Compton. I was much gratified by his beautiful sketch of my poor premises at Abbotsford commonly called Conundrum Castle. I trust we shall yet see you as you return to England—it would be delightful to have a quiet day in lieu of our *row* which deprived us of all the peaceful enjoyment of your society. Love to all the dear babies and believe me always with equal respect and affection my dear friend,  
very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 2nd Decr. 1818.

[*Northampton*]

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

EDINR. 3rd Dec. 1818

MY DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—I wrote you a letter about a shepherd whom I thought likely to suit you as a factor. He was then perched on the top of Eildon Hills in the act of seeing the world to a considerable extent around him, from which elevated position he has lately taken a flight as far as Ross-shire where he has got an employment. I did not think he would suit you as his terms were too high. I congratulate you my dear friends on the new lease of worldly connections which you have now presented to you in the shape of the little grandchildren who seem such healthy and are such pretty children, and not less upon the restoration of Lady Compton to her country and friends looking so very well after her wanderings and fatigues. You must now be forming a merry groupe of

reunion around the chimney-corner, reviving old stories, and hearing new ones, contrasting the news of Italy with those of Argyleshire and the recent adventures of Rinaldini and his successors with the ancient exploits of Allan of the Straw. Among these retrospects I hope you sometimes look a little forward and think of Edinburgh this season, for your own sake as well as for those of Miss Clephane and especially Clementina who must now be ready to walk or dance into society, which lies rather distant, and is besides scarce in your lovely isle. I need not say with what pleasure we should look forward to such an arrangement. Our travellers cannot boast that they have exchanged the Italian climate they have of late been accustomed to for a misty or frosty atmosphere, for I never saw such delightful weather even in advanced Spring. Two nights ago the thermometer on the north side of my house was at 53 at 12 at night, and I slept with my windows open in order to secure a cool atmosphere. Roses are blowing and leaves remain green to an unnatural degree. It puts me in mind of poor Hennie Dallas or any other withering beauty, hung round with the garlands that better befitted their years of youth and charms. In short, I am [tir'd] of the good weather and begin to be apprehensive of the consequences like old Scott of Milleny who always answered any eulogium upon a fine day with "Aye, but stay till you see what tomorrow will be." Meantime however we have peace, and a prospect of plenty. My beloved cattle are trebled in value—that will suit the Isle of Mull—turnips and wheat are flourishing and these answer well in Tweed side. Our principal amusement here is Blackwood's Monthly Magazine which is very clever, very rash, very satirical, and what is rather uncommon now-a-days when such superlatives are going in :—very aristocratical and Pittite. The conductors are John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart, the former well known by his poems is very clever but somewhat whimsical. Lockhart is a very

clever fellow, well informed in ancient and modern lore, has very good manners, and is I think, likely to make a very distinguished figure in society. They have made themselves hated, but at the same time feared by the Edinburgh Whigs, who are so much accustomed to have all the satire and fun their own way, that they stare a little at finding their own batteries occupied and turned against [them]. I hate personal satire myself :—it is a clumsy weapon and seldom fails to recoil on those who use it. But yet those who have set the example in such a kind of warfare are not entitled to consider themselves as ill-used when met by sharp-shooters of their own description.

Talking of personalities in writing, I forgot to tell Lady C. that Alastair [?] Campbell is at present far too *wowf* to be sensible of the reproof which I design for him for his ill-imagined and impertinent compliment.<sup>1</sup> He is in such a whimsical state of mind that I should run some danger of making him hang himself. As a poet and a fiddler he is entitled to be very crazy and as a fool to act according to his folly. But I will take care he makes no escapades of the same nature in future. I am sure I have the worst of it, having both the plague and expense of keeping him alive ; and as a poor innocent well-meaning man, and a very old acquaintance, I find myself obliged to keep a little between him and the winter wind. He thinks at present he is putting my books into order, but it is after the manner of Jack Cade's army,<sup>2</sup> which are bitterly said

<sup>1</sup> Lady Compton had complained of Alexander Campbell's treatment of her "Allan Moidart" and of his preposterous compliments to herself.

<sup>2</sup> *Second Henry VI.*, IV. 2, but Scott's memory has a little deceived him.

*Cade.* And you that love the commons follow me.  
Now show yourselves men ; 'tis for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :  
Spare none but such as go on clouted shoon ;  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order and march towards us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

by Dick Butcher to be most in order when they are most out of order.

I am anxious to hear what Anna Jane and her sister have been doing this long while—what they have been reading and whether my youngest friend takes to the muse of painting or music, or worships both. My eldest son declares for the army—I cannot blame him, as it would have been my own choice, but at the same time I do not “rejoice therefore.” I wish he had rather taken to the law, however all is for the best. I have seen so many instances of time lost by compelling a young man to try a grave profession which he does not like, that I will not fall into that fault. If he goes wrong in a profession of his own choosing, it will be his fault—if he had not succeeded in the law—the responsibility would lie with me. Besides, Walter is well cut out for a soldier, is remarkably cool steady and goodnatured, so that I should never fear his discharging his duty and on the other side have not much to apprehend his getting into foolish broils. In short I solace myself with honest Corporal Nym’s philosophy “things must be as they may.” Mrs. Scott and the girls join in all kind remembrances to you and Miss Clephane and our younger friend. Ever most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

TO CAPT. ADAM FERGUSSON, HUNTLEY BURN, MELROSE

[*5th December 1818*]

MY DEAR ADAM,—On coming home I find the enclosed from the Duke. I cannot doubt that you will gratify him by going—The more delicate part of the letter I would have talked over but I am absolutely stund by the sudden & most unexpectd news of Charles Carpenters death.<sup>1</sup> Pray

<sup>1</sup> Scott’s brother-in-law had received an appointment in the East India Company on 17th March 1789 when he was seventeen years old. He died on 4th June 1818 at Salem.

come to town instantly. I will have every thing ready for your installment without loss of time. Alas ! my dear Adam I have to tell your kind hearted friend she has lost her only relation on earth. If you write to [make] a call at Bowhill you need say nothing of having seen the last part of the letter. Yours ever

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday*

WALTER SCOTT

[*Bayley*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I have no gazette-news but a circumstance for your Graces private ear which I know is always interested in what immediatly concerns myself. I have received an official intimation that the Prince Regt. desirous of conferring an high mark of his favour upon Mr. W. Scott proposes to confer on him the rank & degree of a Baronet of Great Britain to be gazetted singly and without any other promotion and it was desired I should go up to town to receive the said honour. I feel the honour as coming unsolicited from the source of Honour as very gratifying and although the rank itself can be of little consequence to me individually yet it may be very different with respect to my family especially as Walter has declared for the army a line in which *le petit titre vaut toujours quelque chose*. It may also help my own views towards the court of Exchequer should a favourable opening occur—At the same time I do not like to run headlong up to London in order to meet this sort of distinction and I have made an apology for delaying my journey untill spring which it was easy to do owing to my engagements with the court of Session. Science & literature will thus have made each a baronet in the present reign and although Sir Humphrey Davy<sup>1</sup> has a terrible advantage over me in the utility of his pursuits and discoveries I have the poor consolation that my name

<sup>1</sup> Created a baronet on 20th October 1818.

will suit the title somewhat better. So as old Falstaff says "there's honour for you Sir Walter."

The idea of the secretary-ship for Capt. Fergusson is blown up & Crichton the coach maker gets it for drilling a regimt. of volunteres [*sic*—add I suppose some town council jobs. I find the Advocate now says that it is not worth £300 but he told me formerly it was worth £600. Our friend has derived from his Mother this terrible humour of speaking at large.

At all events Adam is to have £300, with the regalia-office and as the other forfeited his half pay & inferd pretty close residence in Edinr. I believe on the whole he is better off. He is to come to town to take the oath and give bond for the safe keeping of the regalia himself on £2000 & two securities on £1000, each. The bond is only pro forma because in fact the direct custody is vested in the Yeoman keeper whom the Officers of State put into the office & for whom therefore they are answerable. The Chief Commissioner is to be one of the sureties & Peter Murray of Symprim or I will be the other unless Your Grace should wish to honour our facetious friend so far as to give his bond the distinction of your name. I mention this at the desire of the Chief Commissioner who seems to think it would give a sort of éclat to the circumstance worthy of the Honours of Scotland. The Bail-bond has no reference to any money transactions whatsoever and only means that the Keeper shall be guilty of no personal delinquency which is not to be apprehended unless he should get fou' and play at high jinks like Mr. Pledell with the crown upon his own whimsical noddle.<sup>1</sup> He knows nothing of this application

<sup>1</sup> See description of Mr. Counsellor Paulus Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*, II. vii. According to Scott (*Journal*, 19th June 1830), "my old friend Adam Rolland, Esq., . . . was in the external circumstances, but not in frolic or fancy, my prototype for Paul Pleydell." Mr. Chambers thought the original was Andrew Crosbie, an advocate, and a patron of "High Jinks," but as Crosbie had been dead thirty years before the novel was published, Scott cannot have known him personally. See also Cockburn's *Memorials*, pp. 310-313 and Lockhart's *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk*, I, pp. 104-109.

which flows directly from the Chief Commissioner so that your Grace may dispose of it as you please without the least scruple or fear of hurting the partys feelings.

I grudge much adding to your Graces two daily hours of letter writing which of all your avocations I would most like to see abridged. I find myself obliged sometimes to employ an amanuensis for the sake of change of posture or the freedom of walking while I dictate for I find that stooping very long at my desk affects me with a dull heavy pain on the left side of my chest which I don't like a bit of. I saw by the way an admirable letter the other day from Mr. Cuthill to Mr. Justice Macfarlane in which our careful friend had taken the pains to score all the *t*s and point all the *i*'s of the Justices communication and returnd it in this amended state. I wonder what Mr. Cuthill would make of my letters. Your Grace is the more indulgent correspondent.

Pray be so good when your Grace honours me with a line as to say generally how you are. When I am with you I am always easy but I grow anxious at a distance. My best respects attend the ladies and the dear boys. I hope to have a chevy with them when Christmas comes round. Here has been Hogg with a whole armfull of jacobite ballads : he promises to let me correct his prose which may save him from some awkward blunder for as the song says

He thought it best  
It was nae jest  
Wi' highlandmen to fight, man !

It has been his first appearance here since his flight before the grim Douglas. Ever your Graces affectionate & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 5th Decr. [1818]

[*The following is added to this letter.*]

MY DEAR LORD,—I have your letter this instant<sup>1</sup>—its contents give me great satisfaction—Depend on it Adam will go—he must come on here to be sworn & I have written to him to come with all speed & will have all ready to permit him to join you instantly—My dear Lord I write under distress & confusion of mind for I have this instant learnt the death of my wife's brother & have the awful task before me of communicating to her this event—If I do not cease to interest myself in your affairs at this moment you may think how dear your health & comfort are to me.

W. S.

I have written to Adam.

[*Buccleuch*]

To [UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT]

11. November, 1818

Since receiving your letter of an old date I have been in great anxiety on the account of my furniture &c. It has at length arrived all but one package.<sup>2</sup> I find that

<sup>1</sup> On 4th December the duke had written intimating his willingness to go abroad : “ I do not wish to set up my opinion against theirs & (in a more extended point of view) the Doctor's—and their plan *may* be the best. . . . I think Thuluse will suit. I do not mean to take any of my family with me . . . But to say the truth passing the solitary winter months quite away from friends—This has put an idea into my head which I hasten to communicate to you—I have said to myself, who knows but Capt. Adam Ferguson would have no objection to a trip to the Continent, for a few months, without the *Honour* of a *Guard*. That this would be to me a perfect godsend for relief to my little domestic circle here, I need not say. . . . But I must wait till Capt. Ferguson's appointment has taken place . . . then comes a subject of great delicacy,” and he goes on to suggest that Ferguson should come on the same terms as the mentor to a young lord sent abroad, “ or as a Spanish ambassador once said of poor Gartshore who travelled with me : ‘ Voila apparemment le Menteur de Lord Dalkeith.’ ”

<sup>2</sup> So Laidlaw advised Scott in a letter of the 5th December : “ There is one awanting that is mentioned in the invoice . . . consisting as far as I have been able to guess of the Pillars of the large bed & the Matresses Feather beds Pillows counterpanes &c.” Scott's letter is, I think, addressed to Atkinson, superintendent of the restoration of Ditton, and advises about Abbotsford. The first date, “ 11th November,” must be one of Scott's slips.



by some inconceivable mistake it had been sent to Berwick instead of Leith—it might as well have been sent to John o' Groats House. They have however found their way though at considerable expense which might have been saved to Abbotsford. Upon learning this I wrote to my land-steward to examine them and he reports that everything is safe according to your invoice excepting No. 2658 containing as far as they are able to guess part of the frame of the large bed with the mattresses feather-beds pillows counterpanes &c. I must request the favour of you to make immediate enquiry at the Wharf about this box and cause them make the proper enquiries at Berwick. I am Sir Your obedt. Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINB. 6. *December*<sup>1</sup> [1818]

[*Windsor Castle Library*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

[*End of 1818 ?*]

DEAR WILLIE,—I enclose a letter from Mr. Atkinson to Terry about the things also the note of what the packages should contain. I think they had better be opened carefully under your own eye as there are things which will spoil. It will be also desireable to know whether the Patersons have all that is necessary to enable them to finish the dining room by putting on the doors and putting up the marble chimney-pieces there and in the lobby. I shall be impatient to know all is safe. You had better write by post. Sanderson will see that notice is wanted for sending the locks for the pipes in the wainscoat.

Five bushels of acorns have arrived from the Duke. When you send in with potatoes the carts will bring them out. I think as the oxen want work I would plow the

<sup>1</sup> I cannot account for the two dates, but they are both there.

lower part of the Stobs meadow along with that which is to be planted. As you are to throw the lower part into the Chevege-Lane,<sup>1</sup> I should think they might be both in oats next year preparatory to their being well laid up. Drainage no doubt will be necessary. All this you understand better than I.

You should not forget a few thorns and under wood among the plantings. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

Please return the letter by Bridget.

[*W. E. Benjamin*]

TO MRS. CARPENTER

EDINBURGH *Decr* 6. 1818

DEAR MRS. CARPENTER,—My wife is quite unable at present to write but I am anxious that a ship should not leave Britain without conveying with it our deep & heartfelt sympathy in our common loss. To us it was a shock as unexpected as afflicting for we had entertained the vain hope of shortly seeing in Britain the object of our present regret. I had not as you are aware the advantage of personally knowing Mr. Carpenter but all we know & have heard of him makes that circumstance rather aggravate than diminish my regret. Charlotte is very much overcome by her feelings & it cannot be otherwise : he was the only blood relation she had in the world & though long separated she always looked to Mr. Carpenter & spoke of him as one of the closest ties which she had in existence. From witnessing her distress I imagine what my dear Madam must be your so much more severe affliction when deprived of the object of so many years affection. It is a consolation though a sad one that no circumstance had accelerated your return to India as was once proposed. To have been absent at the moment when your affectionate attendance might soothe the mind

<sup>1</sup> This may be Charge Law.

though it could not relieve bodily disease would have been a most painful reflection & I am thankful both on your account & my late brothers that it was otherwise ordered. I was obliged to Mr. Heath's very kind & attentive letter on this melancholy occasion and I have written to him to request that every thing in the way of business may be managed with the most implicit attention to your wishes. Our regretted friend has been pleased to adopt my children as his own & the least they can do is to have towards you every respectful deference & attention which in circumstances of similar distress they should have to their own mother. Allow me to claim for them on your part & as the nearest relatives of Mr. Carpenter some interest in their future views & settlement in life & that you will consider them as young persons who have many ties to love & respect you. My eldest son's choice is the Army for which he is well qualified but I shall wish him to see a little of the world before entering it & propose to take him to the Continent with me next winter. I shall be anxious to be in England at your coming over although it has pleased God we are not to meet in the joyful manner to which I had been for some time looking forward. I trust that our deep sympathy will be some alleviation to your distress.

I will not dwell any longer on a subject so painful : my family offer their best wishes & I am sure my wife will take a very early opportunity to express her own feelings on this most distressing occasion. I have the honour to be Dear Mrs. Carpenter Your very affectionate brother,

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

WALTER SCOTT

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—Mrs. Scott is much better today and much obliged by your kind sympathy.<sup>1</sup> To me

<sup>1</sup> The duke had written at once (6th December) to condole and to express his sense of the fact "that even family distress does not prevent you from taking a lively and kind interest in my welfare."

personally the loss I have sustained cannot be so painful as if I had to regret a friend who was familiarly known to me. Mr. Carpenters will has set my family much above the world.<sup>1</sup> He leaves his property to be life rented by his widow after whose death it is to be equally divided among my children. There is upwards of £30,000 safe in the British funds and about £10,000 more or less still in India which he was in the act of realizing in order to his return here when it pleased God to cut him short after a very few days illness. The eventual fortune thus secured to my young people leaves the fruits of my labour much at my own disposal & makes my mind very easy upon futurity. As I hate all mysteries with my children I told them yesterday how the matter stood and was much pleased to find that the first thing which occurred to them all was to make a settlement of a handsome income upon their mother. She will not need it but it is pleasant to see them grateful & affectionate. I know these things will not be indifferent to your Grace & that the ladies will be glad to hear [their] lively friend Sophia is like to have a fortune which will balance white roses and jacobite principles in the estimation of many a whig laird. Pray tell Lady Isabella it is thought Mr. Hogg intends to propose (having failed in the affair of Miss Kitty Hert Reading) for one of the *rich* Miss Scotts—first however he is to try one of the *rich* Miss Brodies of Inverleithen—the jacobite songs it is thought by his friends may balance the argument of his running away.<sup>2</sup>

I am heartily overjoyed at your Graces resolution to go abroad. I have often said I wish you were to spend a year in the South of France conditionally that I should spend one in Siberia. I am sure the one will do your

<sup>1</sup> As a fact the amount of Charles Carpenter's fortune was, as later letters show, much less than Scott estimated. Moreover the life-renter lived till 1863, when Scott and all his children were in the grave.

<sup>2</sup> Eventually, in April 1820, Hogg married Margaret Phillips, daughter of Mr. Phillips of Langbridgemoor, Annandale. He first fell in love with her in 1810.

Grace more good than the other would do me harm. I do not quite like your plan of going by Paris. *Climate* being the object two days sail from Plymouth brings you into warm latitudes & I should think shipboard unless you suffer much by sickness favourable to your Graces complaints. Were I Lord Mellville I would send a pressgang to way lay your Grace at Montagu House seize the Capt. Florence & Lincoln as able-bodied sea men clap you all on board a frigate & only liberate you in the chops of the channel. Seriously why not take a frigate to Bourdeaux? or up the Mediterranean for that matter for I think you will tire of Tholouse. I send a book by the Coach which you may not have seen—it contains some particulars of Tholouse &c written by young people who went there in quest of health in 1814 perhaps you may like to glance at it. Pray keep it if your Grace thinks it will be useful.

I have arranged Adams *licentia abeundi* & the Advocate is to get the bonds &c drawn without a moments loss of time. He shall not be delayd here an instant. I expect him per Blucher today. I have spoke[n] with his most intimate friend & adviser after myself and we both think that he cannot and ought not to object to the arrangement which your Grace with the consideration which marks all you do proposes for him. In fact poor fellow he is rich only in the love & respect of his friends in his excellent character & incomparable flow of spirits in every thing else very poor. His father having brought him up in the army as high as captain thought he had done enough & probably justly. So while his sisters have an income of £500 or £600 & his brother halfpay as Captain in the navy & prize money to boot Adam is *planté la* with the miserable pittance of halfpay which the justice of the country allows a captain of infantry. It will not be expected by your Grace that any of his friends should presume to suggest any quantum or quomodo but if your Grace should think it painful to have this point thrust back on your own better judgement I presume there is

something like a general rate at which those wise & accomplished persons the Menteurs or Mentors are remunerated for their services. I am sure what Mr. anybody gets from my Lord anything will be amply satisfactory & of great use to the party. I foresee some trouble in bringing him to reason on this point but to reason I will bring him for it is really essential to him. He cannot afford to go a warfare or a pilgrimage either on his own charges although like most who have the happiness of your Graces intimacy he would go from Dan to Beersheba to be with you & be useful to you. I will write tomorrow. Believe me ever Most truly your Graces obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 7 *December* [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I know you are indifferent to nothing that concerns us : and therefore I take an early opportunity to acquaint you of the mixture of evil and good which has very lately befallen us. On saturday last we had the advice of the death of my wifes brother & only relation Charles Carpenter Commercial Resident at Salem in the Madras Establishment. This event has given her great distress. She has not that we know of a single blood relation left in the world for her uncle Chevalier de la Volere<sup>1</sup> Colonel of a Russian regiment is believed to have been killd in the Russian campaign 1813. My wife has been very unwell for two days and is only now sitting up and mixing with us—she has that sympathy which we are all bound to pay but feels she wants that personal

<sup>1</sup> “I know nothing of the history or fate of this gentleman, except that he was an ardent Royalist, and emigrated from France early in the Revolution.”—LOCKHART.

interest in her sorrow which could only be grounded on a personal acquaintance with the deceased.

Mr. Carpenter has with great propriety left his property in liferent to his wife—the capital to my children—it seems to amount to about £40,000. Upwards of £30,000 is in the British funds the rest to an uncertain value in India. I hope this prospect of independence will not make my children different from that which they have usually been docile dutiful and affectionate. I trust it will not—at least the first expression of their feelings was honourable for it was a unanimous wish to [give] up all to their mother. This I explained to them was out of the question but that if they should be in possession at any time of this property they ought among them to settle an income of £400 or £500 on their mother for her life to supply her with a fund at her own uncontrould disposal for any indulgence or useful purpose might be required. Mrs. Scott will stand in no need of this but it is a pity to let kind affections run to waste and if they never have it in their power to pay such a debt their willingness to have done so will be a proud and pleasant reflection. I am Scotchman enough to hate the breaking up of family ties and the too close adherence to personal property.

For myself this event makes me neither richer nor poorer *directly*—but indirectly it will permit me to do something for my poor brother Toms family besides pleasing myself in plantings and policies of biggings<sup>1</sup> with a safe conscience. The sort of fortune commonly calld £10,000 will secure my daughters the choice of marrying suitably or of an honorable independence as single women. At least less sauce has made worse fare very appetissant—and much less fortune has made single women happy and independent.

There is another thing I have to whisper to your

<sup>1</sup> “I believe this is a quotation from some old Scotch chronicler on the character of King James V.”—LOCKHART.

faithful ear. Our fat friend being desirous to honour literature in my unworthy person has intimated to me by his organ the Doctor that with consent ample and unanimous of all the potential voices of all the ministers<sup>1</sup> each more happy than another of course on so joyful an occasion he proposes to dubb me baronet. It would be easy saying a parcel of fine things about my contempt of rank and so forth but although I would not have gone a step out of my way to have askd or bought or begd or borrowd a distinction which to me personally will rather be inconvenient as otherwise yet coming as it does directly from the source of feudal honour, and as an honour, I am really gratified by it. Especially as it is intimated that it is His Royal Highnesses pleasure to heat the oven to me expressly without waiting till he has some new *batch* of baronets ready in dough. In plain English I am to be gazetted *per se*. My poor friend Carpenters bequest to my family has taken away a certain degree of *impecuniosity* a necessity of saving cheese parings and candle ends which always looks inconsistent with any little pretension to rank. But as things now stand Advance Banners in the name of God and Saint Andrew. Remember I anticipate the jest "I like not such *grinning* honour as Sir Walter hath." After all if one must speak for themselves I have my quarters and emblazonments free of all stain but border theft and high treason which I hope are gentlemanlike crimes and I hope Sir Walter Scott will not sound worse than Sir Humphrey Davy though his merits are as much under his in point of utility as can well be imagined. But a name is something and mine is the better of the two. Set down this flourish to the account of national and provincial pride

<sup>1</sup> "The *Doctor* was Mr. Canning's nickname for Lord Sidmouth, the son of an accomplished physician, the intimate friend of the great Chatham. Mr. Sheridan, when the Scotch Members deserted the Addington administration upon a trying vote, had the grace to say to the Premier, across the table of the House of Commons,—'Doctor! the Thanes fly from thee!'"—LOCKHART.



for you must know we have more Messieurs de Sotenville<sup>1</sup> in our border counties than anywhere else in the lowlands—I cannot say for the highlands.

The Duke of Buccleuch greatly to my joy resolves for France for a season. Adam Fergusson goes with him to glad him by the way. Charlotte and the young folks join in kind compliments. Most truly yours

7 Decr. 1818

WALTER SCOTT

The deed will not be done till I go to town whether in the Christmas or Spring vacation I am uncertain.

[*Law*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE<sup>2</sup>

[*After 7th Dec. 1818*]

MY DEAR FRIEND Our weal and woe I am well aware are of importance to your warm kindness and therefore I take the first opportunity after the dispatch of some necessary and pressing business to acquaint you with an event in my family which is of a chequered complexion, and partakes of both grief and satisfaction. My wife has had the misfortune to lose her only brother I may say her only relation Mr Charles Carpenter. He died 4 June last at Salem in the East Indies just when he was preparing for returning to Britain and while his sister was making

<sup>1</sup> See Molière's *George Dandin* (1668). Both M. and Mme. de Sotenville boasted that in 300 years no one of their distinguished lines ever swerved from virtue. "La bravoure n'y est pas plus héréditaire aux mâles, que la chasteté aux femelles." Every time their son-in-law, Dandin, opened his mouth he was snubbed that he might be taught the mysteries of the *haut monde*.

<sup>2</sup> Joanna replied with congratulations; also about the baronetcy, though "a good many years ago you almost snubb'd me for suggesting that such a distinction might be a desirable thing for the young Laird." She is glad to hear of his profession: "A good brave soldier is son enough for any man," whereas an unsuccessful lawyer might be a mortification: "if he should be lucky enough to fall in love with an heiress he will not be refused, tho' this last speculation I know you will never put into his head."

herself happy in the prospect of again seeing a kind and affectionate brother whom she had not seen for upwards of twenty years. Charlotte is of course much distress'd and although I had not the advantage of knowing my relative personally I have of course had my share in her sorrow. The settlement of Mr Carpenter devises his very considerable estate after the death of his widow upon my children who are thereby rendered very independent. I hope this prospect will not alter their very promising dispositions for they are kind-hearted simple in thought and manners and attach'd to us and to each other. Walter has chosen the military line as I perhaps have told you and studies hard at the preliminary sciences on which the art of war is founded. I cannot blame his choice for it would have been my own yet I wish he had staid at home with us, but if he follows his profession manfully and steadily he will get honour and credit and if he is prudent if not wealthy he will be very independent and so Gods will be done.

My dear friend I am going to tell you a little secret. I have changed my mind or rather existing circumstances have led to my altering my opinion in a case of sublunary honour. I have now before me Lord Sidmouths letter containing the Princes gracious and unsolicited intention to give me a baronetcy. It will neither make me better nor worse than I feel myself—in fact it will be an incumbrance rather than otherwise. But it may be of consequence to Walter for the title is worth something in the army although not in a learned profession. The Duke of Buccleuch and Scott of Harden who as the Heads of my clan and sources of my gentry are good judges of what I ought to do have both given me their earnest opinion to accept of an honour directly derived from the source of honour and neither begged nor bought as is the usual fashion. Several of my ancestors bore the title in the 17th century and were it of consequence I have no reason to be ashamed of the decent and respectable

persons who connect me with that period when they carried into the field like Madoc

The crescent at whose gleam the Cambrian oft  
Cursing his perilous tenure wound his horn.

So that as a gentleman I may stand on as good a footing as other new creations. Respecting the reasons peculiar to myself which have made the prince show his respect for general literature in my person I cannot be a good judge and your friendly zeal will make you a partial one. But the purpose is fair honourable and creditable to the Sovereign even though it should number [him] among the monarchs who made blunders in literary patronage. You know Pope says

The heroic William and the Martyr Charles  
One knighted Blackmore and one pension'd Quarles.<sup>1</sup>

So let the intention sanctify the error if there should be one on this great occasion. The time of this grand affair is uncertain. It is coupled with an invitation to London which it would be inconvenient in [*sic*] me to accept, unless it should happen that I am call'd to come up by the affairs of poor Carpenters estate. Indeed the prospects of my children form my principal reason for a change of sentiments upon this flattering offer joind to my belief that although I may be still a scribbler from inveterate habit I do not think I shall ever again engage in any work of consequence.

We had a delightful visit from John Richardson only rather too short. He will give you a picture of Abbotsford but not as it exists in my minds eye waving with all its future honours. The pinasters are thriving very well and in a year or two more Joannas bower will be worthy of the name. At present it is like Sir Roger de Coverley's portrait which hoverd between its resemblance to the good knight and to a Saracen. Now the said bower still has such a resemblance to its original character of a gravel pit that it is not fit to be shown to "bairns and

<sup>1</sup> Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. i. 386-7. "To Augustus." See p. 290.

fools" who according to our old canny proverb should never see half done work. But nature if she works slowly works surely and your laurels at Abbotsford will soon flourish as fair as those you have won on Parnassus.

I rather fear that a quantity of game from Glen Affrick which was shipd at Inverness for the Doctor never reachd him. It is rather a transitory commodity in London. There were ptarmigan grouse and black game. I shall be grieved if they have miscarried. My health thank God continues as strong as at any period in my life, only I observe rule and diet more than I used to do, and observe as much as in me lies the advice of my friendly physician who took such kind care of me. My best respects attend him Mrs. Baillie and Mrs. Agnes. Ever my dear friend most faithfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London and Lockhart*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

[8th December 1818<sup>1</sup>]

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—Adam Fergusson dined with me yesterday and I convinced him with some difficulty but effectually that your Grace ought to have the pleasure of arranging the *delicate* part of your communication in the manner most agreeable to you as being what was right in itself and no way affecting his own feelings of honourable & independent attachment to your Graces person. So that your Grace may proceed in this as a fixd arrangement in such time place & manner as your Grace shall think most proper. I have only to add that I thought it right in such circumstances of haste to see that the noble Captain had the wings meet to fly withal so that no consideration of this kind need lead to a premature discussion of this subject betwixt your Grace & your Mentor.

<sup>1</sup> Though Scott dates this letter 8th March 1818, the postmark is plainly 8th December of the same year. Ferguson is on the eve of setting out as the Duke of Buccleuch's secretary when he went to Lisbon for his health.

He & I dine with the Advocate to day to meet the Justice Clerk that Adam may be dub'd *Custos Regalium*. There is some doubt whether his office can be made effectual to him untill his return but I intend to offer myself as his representative to superintend the fitting up of the apartments &c and if this can be accepted the show and what is better the Keepers salary will go on as if he were in Britain. This may occasion your Grace granting a further security for your humble Servant—a dangerous transaction considering my passion for Andrew Ferrara's is equal to your Graces. Witness the armoury at Abbotsford.

By the bye I hold your Grace is liable to the Laird of Abbotsford for placing one of his tenants in the situation of the man in the song

Who left his poor plough  
To go ploughing the deep.

It is dangerous to encroach upon a laird who is also a lawyer & I think I have a good action of damages for desertion of my field and the chance of its being mislaboured under the management of his delegate the Sea captain—not to mention what I shall suffer by the loss of my tenants society. Believe me ever your Graces truly faithful & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 8 March 1818

By the bye Mine Aunt who resides for the present at the Sea-field Baths near Leith—now stop & guess what can possibly follow—my said Aunt came to see us yesterday and told us on the authority of General Bingham her fellow lodger at the said Hotel that he has a letter from Sir William Bingham his brother 2d in command at Saint Helena from which it appears that Bony had through means of intrigue with O Meara & with about £1500 of cash which had been left him fairly won over the greater part of the medical staff through whose means he corresponded with Munich London Paris

Vienna &c with the utmost ease.<sup>1</sup> He is now under close confinement. This seems to be official—but my aunt is an old lady & the general whom I never saw or heard of may be another for aught I know. Does your Grace remember that in the notable correspondence of Mrs Clarke a certain revd. Dr O Mara could not be gratified by holding forth before the King—his Majesty disliking the great O prefixd to his name. I think if our ministers had shown a little of this prejudice it would have been as well. A canny pawky Scotchman would have been a better medical adviser for the Ex-Emperor than a fast & loose Irish rapparee who was sure to go off at score upon the first temptation.

I send the Bond. I presume your Grace knows it must be signd before two witnesses whose quality you will have the goodness to mention.

You will I suppose hardly see Lord Mellville before you go off but if you should perhaps you may give him a tiny jogg on the subject of the Court of Exchequer in case a vacancy should occur during your Graces absence. Your Grace sees I am one of the beggars who crowd the door of the coach as it goes off—You will have many others.

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> At Napoleon's request and with the British Government's consent, Dr. Barry Edward O'Meara (1786-1836), the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, was allowed to act as Bonaparte's medical attendant at St. Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe, governor of the island, wished O'Meara to spy upon the emperor and to repeat to him any private conversations with the prisoner; but later, on reprimanding O'Meara for certain irregularities, the surgeon retaliated by withholding all reports of Napoleon's conversation. "The breach rapidly widened, and O'Meara lent himself with increasing readiness to Napoleon's policy of exasperation. Lowe asked the government to recall O'Meara. Lord Bathurst at first declined, but in May 1818 evidence of O'Meara's intrigues reached him from a source other than the governor's despatches, and in July O'Meara was dismissed from his post." He took with him an autograph note from Napoleon, dated 25th July 1818: "Je prie mes parens et mes amis de croire tout ce que le docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement à la position où je me trouve et aux sentimens que je conserve. S'il voit ma bonne Louise, je la prie de permettre qu'il lui baise la main."

TO LORD MONTAGU

Vicisti Montacute !

MY DEAR LORD,—I congratulate your Lordship most sincerely on the Duke adopting the course which all his friends and phisicians unite in judging the best. I have secured him the society of Captain Fergusson who is exactly the companion of all hours, of the most unvarying course of spirits joind with sound good sense honour and probity

A merrier man  
Within the limits of becoming mirth  
You never spent a pleasant hour withal.<sup>1</sup>

Fergusson has been in town to hurry forward his own preparations ; he rejoins the Duke on friday & hope they set forward on that day. The Duke talks of Paris. A frigate to Bourdeaux were a better thing—two days sail brings him into a kindly latitude and unless he suffers much at sea the voyage would suit his complaints. Surely Lord Mellville would order a frigate or sloop of war on this important service for the trouble of asking. I am rejoiced to find he takes Lincoln who is so steady in adhering to his point and will not care though the Duke should look at him as the Devil looks over the cathedral of the same name. Fergusson brings pleasant news of the Dukes health : I trust he is precisely in the state in which a mild climate may set him up for many years to be.

My dear Lord it will not be indifferent to you to learn that we have received news of the death of my brother in law Charles Carpenter in the East Indies. His very considerable property devolves on my children under the burthen of his widows liferent and thus removes from me the anxious thoughts & schemes necessary for the establishment of my family. But this event is attended with great grief to Mrs. Scott. He was her only surviving

<sup>1</sup> Ros. . . . But a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i.

relation and she expected him home this year. I am my dear Lord Most truly your faithful Servant

EDINR. 8 Decr. [1818]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I know you will feel for our weal and woe and what I now have to tell you appertains to both. My wife has lost by a short and sudden illness her brother and only surviving relation Mr. Charles Carpenter in the Companys civil service at Salem in the Madras Establishment. It was a terrible blow for she had expected him home this season and had many plans for making him happy—the blighting of all this and the finding herself cut off from any living thing that was of her own race and stem has affected her very much. Mr. Carpenter has bequeathed his very considerable fortune (about £40,000 as it would seem) to his widow—in liferent and to my family after her decease. I hope this independence will have no bad effect upon them but leave them as they are docile affectionate and simple in their manners. It relieves me in a great measure from the care of providing for them and permits me (no very rigid economist) to give myself less anxiety about *worlds gear* than was hitherto my duty.

Besides I may augment Abbotsford to support what we are to have on our *shoulder* not shoulders in the way of honourable burthen or I may come oftener to see my English friends or I may do a many pretty things.

Remember me most kindly to my dear Lord Compton to Mrs Maclean Clephane and sisters. I wrote you more fully t'other day, this is only by way of news which you might receive from others less accurately and with exaggerations. I am my dear Lady Compton Ever your Ladyships truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 8th December 1818.

[*Northampton*]



TO JAMES BALLANTYNE <sup>1</sup>

DEAR JAMES,—I shall hope to see you on *Monday* without fail to breakfast if possible as it saves precious time.

You do not I hope think it possible that I should weigh your tried integrity against an anonymous scrawl written on the most inaccurate information. You ought not however to grant *any* counter bills to John without my express consent. It is very true his credit is engaged to a great extent for me beyond what he has direct & instant value for. But it is no less so that looking to the past I have been a very great loser by my connection with him which I mention without reproach but merely as a reason why he should give me such accomodation as is in his power ; and that looking to the present he is exercizing & has exercized a lucrative agency which has done better things for him than any accomodation could do. I do not by any means say that I would have refused John the accomodation you mention but I am certain I should have given him advice that would have been of service to him. You will do his real interests no injury by taking *me* into your councils where he is concernd on the contrary a cheque <sup>2</sup> will be a weight to a clock which is apt to go too fast. Besides my present circumstances induce me to

<sup>1</sup> The year of this letter is not given, but it was certainly 1818. In that year Loughart was employed to write the historical part of the *Register*, which Southey and then Scott himself had done earlier. John Ballantyne died in 1821, but already in October 1817 Scott speaks of having nearly completed the winding-up of John Ballantyne & Co., the publishing firm. Further, the words “*Now* I have the same good will and more power to be of service,” etc. refers to the bequest of Charles Carpenter, of which he had just heard. On the 3rd December Cadell writes to Constable : “I had yesterday a call from Mr Scott in great glee. He said the succession to his family will be between forty and fifty thousand pounds. I hear, however, that there is £15000 of it doubtful. He says he will write no less for the great windfall.” The occasion of Scott’s letter is that an anonymous correspondent (perhaps Cadell) has informed Scott that James Ballantyne had granted counter-bills to John Ballantyne for bills which John had accepted for Scott’s accomodation.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* check.

request that you will be most accurate in keeping all the engagements of J. B & Co/<sup>1</sup> before me. I have no doubt I shall wind them up in the most complete manner in the course of six months. If I should then decide upon quitting the concern you may rely upon it that I will do it under such arrangements as will afford a very solid foundation for your carrying on the business to advantage. For example if I can get decent security for a part of my money I have no objection to take large partial payments of the rest in printing and the interest in the like manner. In short you may rely upon my sincere and proved freindship—But my good freind all that I can do is nothing unless you will be your own freind & that of your wife & young people—be in your printing house more frequently and do not conceive that things of the utmost importance can be managed by clerks & under strappers—rely on it all their merits are set down to *their* account As—“ since Mr. Ball: is in the country he is lucky in a foreman ”—all their errors to yours—As “ Mr. B. has left his affairs to a d——d impertinent negligent coxcomb ”—You have excellent talents an upright & honourable mind & very sound good sense but you suffer these to be swallowd too much up in sort of dreaming indolence or rather procrastination— If you say *where in?* I could plead many instances but the better & pleasanter way is that you should turn over a new leaf in point of exertion—Pray have you pushd Lockhart about the Register and ought you not to do so? Few authors men of talents particularly can go on without the spur.

You know I have never acted with you on the usual motives of interest nor am I an interested man. The same providence which gave me the means to procure much worldly advantage renderd me personally very indifferent to it & I am more thankful for the latter temperament than the former. *Now* I have the same good will and more power to be of service to you than

<sup>1</sup> James Ballantyne & Co.

ever—But you have both the power and the will to be your own best freind & I trust you will be so. Do not take what I say in evil part. But believe me truly Your faithful freind

WALTER SCOTT

I wish much to see the Newspaper accompts—long promised—these neglects fret a quiet man who likes to have his matters under his own eye.

CASTLE STREET 9 *Decr.* [1818]

[*Glen*]

To JAMES SKENE

ABBOTSFORD, *Tuesday*, 10th *December* 1818

MY DEAR SKENE,—Mr. Terry, whom you have I believe seen at our house, is going to Aberdeen on a professional expedition for a week or ten days. All my old acquaintance in your northern capital are dead or have forgot me,<sup>1</sup> so that I will beg the favour of you to give Mr. Terry (whose manners and acquirements are far above his profession) a card to any one who may be disposed to show him a little civility and point out what is to be seen at Aberdeen and in the neighbourhood.

Terry is passionately fond of drawing, and is himself a tolerable artist. I wish you would let him look at one of your portfolios, as he admires your sketches extremely. He was bred an architect under Wyatt,<sup>2</sup> and has been assisting me in my doings here.—Ever, my dear Skene, most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Skene's Memories*]

<sup>1</sup> Scott's only visit to Aberdeen was in 1796, when he received the freedom of the city. See Vol. I, p. 46.

<sup>2</sup> James Wyatt (1746-1813), architect, restored Salisbury and Lincoln Cathedrals and rebuilt the nave of Hereford. In 1795 he erected Fonthill Abbey for William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*. Later he was employed at the House of Lords and by George III. at Windsor Castle. "He may be fairly considered the author of the great revival of interest in Gothic architecture. . . . There is scarcely a county or large town in the country in which Wyatt did not erect some public or private building."

## TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I have your letter this morning. The Dukes departure takes place I hope in excellent time for I have accounts from every quarter that he is better. Harden who was in very low note about his health writes me by yesterdays post that he thought him much better. Possibly you will require all these assurances to tranquilize your mind when you see his Grace for I fear your view of the alteration will be that it is for the worse. Since the middle of November he has certainly been recovering & I think he is now in the very state in which climate will set him up—no pressing or formd complaint but general tendency to weakness. I am very glad the Duchess heard the news from your Lordship who could best explain it. Adam Fergusson is the very man he should have with him, knows the country, is a perfect gentleman in word action & thought, and at once an easy & most amusing companion.

Your Lordship will have so much to do in a hurry that I will not beg you to let me hear from you untill the Duke departs. Adam Fern. has promised to let me know how he stands the journey & perhaps your Lordship will have the goodness to write to me when your bustle is over how you think his Grace is as well as the particulars of his departure & destination. My wishes hanker after a frigate & a passage to Bourdeaux. Two days sail places you in the mild latitude & Paris is more miserably cold than Edinr. I beg kind respects to Lady Montagu & am always  
Your Lordships truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 14 Decr. [1818]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I will be much obliged to you to send me £20 & place it to my accompt. Mr. Cadell will pay you £800 on my accompt in the course of next week. I leave town on Saturday to be absent for eight days but will write to you from the country. Yours truly

W. S.

CASTLE STREET *Thursday* [17 Dec. 1818]

[Endorsed] “Sent the above, p. dft. on Inglis & Co.” J.B.  
[*Signet Library*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I have two or three things to write to you about, and have only waited till I was settled in Edinburgh ; and now there is added unto these a trifling vexation, in which I will beg the favour of you to act as my friend and agent.

Some time ago Messrs. Gale and Fenner applied to me to publish a new edition of Burts Letters from the North of Scotland, which I declined, but referred them to Mr. Robert Jamieson as a person every way fitted to do so ; and wishing at once to befriend him and to do an agreeable thing to a respectable house, I promised to give him access to such information as should happen to be in my power. Accordingly I put into Mr. Jamieson’s hands two or three volumes of manuscript collections respecting the Highlands, from which I suppose he received some information. He did not ask me to write, nor did I happen to write, a single line of original composition. Now, in return for this gratuitous civility on my part, without speaking one word to me on the subject, and after Mr. Jamieson had written to them to say that such a thing would be highly disagreeable to me have these gentlemen clapt my name upon the title page of a book of which I

never read a page or wrote a line. I must beg you to take the disagreeable task of informing them that I consider myself as very unhandsomely treated, and insist upon the title being cancelled. It is a trick equally unworthy of gentlemen or honest tradesmen, and they shall not find that it will turn to their advantage, as I will certainly either apply for an injunction or otherwise expose their conduct. I think I am not apt to be irritable on matters of little consequence, but considering that I was doing what I could to serve them, this usage is truly provoking. I could have had little objection to their saying by way of advertisement that I had given to Mr. Jamieson some of his materials, and he will very naturally have said so in his Preface ; but it is too impudent to put any one's name into a title page without their consent.<sup>1</sup>

I am much disposed to enter into your views about the poems. It is unlikely that I will ever again compose a poem of any considerable length, and upon collecting the whole and giving them a new shape, I am much disposed to add to the collection *The vision* [*sic*] of Triermain and Harold the Dauntless, and to revise and correct the whole kitt of these rhyming affairs by way of goodbye to them.

I will be greatly obliged to you to look out and bring down with you the last volume of the State Trials, the xxiid. as I think—it contains the trials for treason in 1794, etc., and is wanting to complete the set you furnished me with.

My time has been much occupied in the country, but I am now seriously engaged in literary labour. Other matters you will have heard of by Cadell and Jo. Ballantyne, particularly of my intention to go abroad in spring or

<sup>1</sup> The B.M. Catalogue has Edward Burt's *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland, etc.* . . . *The fifth edition with a large appendix, . . . introduction, and notes by the editor, R. Jamieson, and the history of Donald the Hammerer . . . a MS. communicated by W. Scott, Esq.* 2 vols. 8vo., London, 1818. This must be the same, fifth, edition which the *Catalogue Général de la Bibliothèque Nationale* details as published London, R. Fenner, 1818. The 1754 edition is listed in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 19.

summer. Abbotsford is getting on, and will be altogether habitable by Christmas. We had a grand gala of the Forest troop of yeomanry in the Muckle room, and were very merry—it was really a grand show of the kind, and the whole dinner was provided from the farm.—Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 18 December 1818

Remember me to our friends in the Row. I think all the right in these poems lies betwixt you and them and myself, excepting a share of Marmion, which Jo. Murray has. If your plan goes forward you had better let me communicate on the subject with Mr. Murray, in case of any old acidity creeping into the mess.<sup>1</sup>

[*Constable and Kilpatrick*]

TO CAPTAIN A. FERGUSSON, CARE OF LORD MONTAGU

DEAR ADAM,—I received your two kind letters. I am most deeply concerned for the latter part of the last which confirms my worst apprehensions. I wish to God your journey had taken place the last year but I trust it is yet time to reestablish his health. Whatever he may just now think or talk of it is clear he must not return to Britain for a twelvemonth at soonest. But it is possible we may meet abroad.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From London Constable writes on the 17th December, giving details for a proposed small edition of the Poetical Works: "I suppose you would half the profit with us. . . . I have no doubt that Mr Murray would be glad to have the share wh his interest in Marmion would give him. I got Mr Fenner instantly on receipt of your letter to cancel the title page of the Letters on Scotland. It was a very impudent & improper measure his having used your name in it as he had done—& he is heartily sorry for having given you any trouble in correcting it—the new title page is now enclosed. I will bring down with [me] the Vols of State Trials you want."—*Abbotsford Collection* (Nat. Lib. Scot.) Either Scott's date or Constable's date is mistaken. Constable is obviously replying to this letter, and he could not do so on the 17th to a letter from Scott of the 18th.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter of 26th December Ferguson reports Dr. Baillie's opinion that the Duke's lungs are partially affected and also a slight tendency to

I am obliged to you for your kind enquiries about Walter—a twelvemonth at home will as yet do him no great harm if well employd. I will write to you more fully in a couple of days.

I will draw for the £160 & throw your note of acknowledgement into the fire. Remember the vile Mammon is always at your service on a pinch, or without one.

All at Huntley Burn are well. The Skipper has spent two days with us since we came here & the ladies are all as alert as larks not a day within doors. I am just going to mark out the thinnings at the Black cock Cleugh. Tom Purdie [and] Laidlaw are in attendance which must excuse brevity. I will anxiously expect a letter from Lord Montagu. Say every thing kind for me to our dear & good Duke. A good hogmanae<sup>1</sup> to you. Ever dear Adam  
Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 31 *December* [1818]

[*Bayley*]

To J. W. CROKER <sup>2</sup>

[Extract]

MY DEAR CROKER,—I had your kind note. . . . We have got some handsome draughts of the royal Honours of Scotland which have taken some time to finish which

water on the chest, both of which symptoms had been entirely overlooked by other medical people. On the 30th he reports a complete change of plans : “ Dr Baillie . . . seemed much to prefer Lisbon to Toulouse, and tho’ the duke had rather taken up some kind of aversion at the idea of going to Portugal, yet after a night’s reflection thought it better to follow Dr Baillie’s advice without reserve. They will sail by the Liffey Frigate Honble Captain Duncan—she carries 50 guns and is one of the finest frigates in the service.”

<sup>1</sup> i.e. “ hogmanay ” = the last day of the year.

<sup>2</sup> Some further letters to Croker of 1818, dealing with the search for the Regalia, have come to light. There is much repetition and it seems sufficient to print a few paragraphs from one of these which adds some details to the story.



has delayed the Report of the Commission. I finished the scroll of it last night and am now going to the country for a few days.

In the mean while my friend Mr Thomson of Duddingstone who though a clergyman is one of the best of our Scottish artists is engaged on a painting in oils of the regalia grouped with a view of the Crown room. When this is finished I will send it to your care that if it should seem to you worthy of such high distinction you may take a proper opportunity to place it on his Royal Highnesses library table. I am pretty confident it will not disgrace the state of the arts in Scotland and will form no unsuitable decoration of some apartment in Carleton House. . . . As this is entirely a thought of my own you must tell me what is proper to be written or rather you must do the whole for me.

It should not be omitted though it does not appear in the minutes that the Commissioners adjourned to my house and got about *half fou* to celebrate the joyful day and wash the dust out of their throats. I am always harping on an event which would make us still gayer

Cogie and the King come  
Cogie an' the King come  
I'se be *fou* and ye's be toom  
Cogie an' the King come.

With which scrap of a loyal legend I rest ever yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

14 *Feb*y 1818.<sup>1</sup>

[*Holograph from Huntington Library*]

<sup>1</sup> This and the following seven letters have come to my knowledge too late to be inserted at their proper chronological place in February to June 1818.

TO RICHARD HEBER, WESTMINSTER, LONDON

MY DEAR HEBER,—I wrote generally to Mr Elliot when I received his announce to thank him for the undeserved honour which the Club has conferrd on my unworthy person & which I prize very highly as much on account of its living as of its departed members.<sup>1</sup> I will certainly be most happy when my residence in town will permit to avail myself of the privilege conferrd on me. If any thing could have renderd it more wellcome it would have been its procuring the means of my again seeing your *pieds de mouche* as our poor Ellis used to call your characters.—Why will you not come down to Scotland and brighten the charm of friendship—Edinburgh you will hardly know & me you will hardly know so much is the former alterd for the better & the latter for the worse. I have escaped from my disease however very nearly and almost entirely from my doctors who proceeded entirely on the *Tirtea-fuera* system. I have been building a sort of old-fashiond though modern messuage here & indeed [hope] one day to complete it with a library—and I have land & beeves as well as any Justice Shallow in the land 1200 good acres of which 300 are woodland. But alas !

<sup>1</sup> This letter turned up too late for insertion at its proper place. Though no year date is inscribed on the MS., the postmark is 1818. The Club of which Scott is being admitted a member is the Literary Club—"that famous one established by Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, at the Turk's Head, but which has now for a long series of years held its meetings at the Thatched House, in St. James's Street."—LOCKHART. In an undated letter Heber writes : " You wd perhaps be surprized at receiving a laconic note from W. Elliott apprising you officially of your election to be a member of ' the Club '—for so we somewhat presumptuously designate the identical society established by Dr. Johnson & his contemporaries : & which has existed ever since his times uninterruptedly till now. We are very proud of our origin & very select in our choice—insomuch that good men are often blackballed—& excellent men think it a high honour to be chosen. I was your sponsor, & Ld Aberdeen your seconder—& all we expect from you is, that when you *do* come to town you will not fail to give us your company. . . . You will meet among others—Ld Spencer, Ld Holland, Ld Aberdeen, etc. . . . All this I tell you to explain the nature of the scrape you are got into."—*Walpole Collection*. Lockhart places Scott's election to this Club as late as 1823. See Boswell's *Johnson*.

all my trees are in their infancy and it is a future age that will enjoy them otherwise than in the mind's eye. Pray do come next session that is this summer and leave all your wonted haunts for a month or two. You will like them better on your return. I say particularly come this summer for next I have thoughts of going abroad for a few months. Your old friends will be delighted to see you and none more than Dear Heber Yours in sincere friendship

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 27 *April* [PM. 1818]

So I see our friend Sir Jo: Malcolm is setting up his banners & shouting among the Mahrattas. It is enough to endure him in his love and kindness but when he roars in wrath Achilles's shout which overturn'd twelve curricles will be a joke to it.

[*Cholmondeley*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE <sup>1</sup>

[*probably May 1818*]

I HAVE hungered and thirsted to see the end of those shabby borrowings among friends ; they have all been wiped out except the good Duke's £4000—and I will not suffer either new offers of land or anything else to come in the way of that clearance. I expect that you will be able to arrange this resurrection of Jedediah, so that £5000 shall be at my order.

[*Lockhart*]

<sup>1</sup> As he was nearing the completion of *Rob Roy*, Scott "desired John Ballantyne to propose to Constable & Co. a second series of the *Tales of my Landlord*, to be comprised, like the first, in four volumes, and ready for publication by 'the King's birth-day'; that is, the 4th of June 1818." —LOCKHART.

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

[Extract]

[1818?]

DEAR JOHN,—I have not as yet received the family Shakespeare,<sup>1</sup> or I should certainly have thanked the editor for his attention. . . . I say I care not if I never receive a gelded Shakespeare.

[Förster]

To ADAM FERGUSSON

DEAR ADAM,—I am truly sorry we were deprived of your good company yesterday. We had a jolly day and lacked but you—and lacked but you—as the witches song says. Lord and Lady Melville are to spend a day or two at Abbotsford in the autumn when we will “steer him up and haud him gaun” unless your job is settled before. I saw the Chief Comr. this morning on the subject and he is not to let the matter sleep. He has written to Lord Sidmth. but the death of Hiley Addington<sup>2</sup> has prevented his getting an answer. I consider the business as in a fair train but a bird in the hand is always desirable. I wish I had been with you at the Waterloo feast and I pray you to consider Bruce in his musical capacity as being at all times under your orders. The great use of his pipes is to make a bit of fun in the country.

I write now chiefly at the instance of the Solicitor who is desirous to solicit your vote in this Water-election in favour of Walter Cooke. I said I thought it likely that not having an operative brother you might not chuse to vote & that perhaps you might have some old friendship or partiality for some one of the candidates so that you

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Thomas Bowdler's *The Family Shakespeare* (1818).

<sup>2</sup> John Hiley Addington, Lord Sidmouth's brother, died on 11th June 1818, which gives the year date of this letter.

have a safer way out of the bush than fell to the lot of our celebrated Blackcock.

The field shall be at your disposal if upon the whole you find circumstances render it advisable :—it certainly lies in a tempting way if you find that you can manage the ploughing without much trouble or expence.

You may send me any answer you find most convenient for our friend Wedderburn to shew at least that I have *canvassed* you which it is not easy to avoid when a friend asks. For myself I cannot say I can care a farthing how Mr Cooke boils his kettle nor would I have you give yourself any trouble that you may save yourself. I trust this will find the dizziness quite gone. You should take care of the *prima via* especially in this hot and feverish weather. I still hope to be out on Saturday night. Sophia I hope has written to Miss Margaret that Swanstons Mother will be admitted to the Infirmary. Yours ever most truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 23d. *June* [1818]

I will probably be down on you on Sunday Morning.  
[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO WALTER SIMSON <sup>1</sup>

[Extract]

THIS letter has been by me many weeks, waiting for a frank, and besides, our mutual friend, Mr. Laidlaw, under whose charge my agricultural operations are now proceeding in great style, gave me some hope of seeing you

<sup>1</sup> A Tweeddale man who anonymously contributed several articles on the Scottish Gipsies to *Blackwood's Magazine* during 1817-18. About these Blackwood himself wrote to him : " Mr. Walter Scott is quite delighted with the Gipsies," and in *Blackwood* of March 1818 Scott, in an article on " Buckhaven," paid compliments to Simson for his " Anecdotes of the Fife Gipsies." As a result Scott and Simson communicated frequently, and conversed at Abbotsford, on the subject.

in this part of the country. I should like much to have asked you some questions about the Gipsies, and particularly that great mystery—their language. I cannot determine, in my own mind, whether it is likely to prove really a corrupt eastern dialect, or whether it has degenerated into mere jargon.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[1818]

[*Simson's History of the Gipsies*]

TO WALTER SIMSON

AN authentic list of Gipsy words, as used in Scotland, especially if in such numbers as may afford any reasonable or probable conjecture as to the structure of the language, is a desideratum in Scottish literature which would be very acceptable to the philologist, as well as an addition to general history. I am not aware that any such exists, though there is a German publication on the subject, which it would be very necessary to consult.<sup>1</sup> That the language exists, I have no doubt, though I should rather think the number to which it is known is somewhat exaggerated. I need not point out to you the difference between the *cant* language, or *slang*, used by thieves or flash men in general, and the peculiar dialect said to be spoken by the Gipsies.<sup>2</sup> The difference ought to be very carefully noticed, to ascertain what sort of language they exactly talk ; whether it is an original tongue, having its own mode of construction, or a speech made up of cant expressions, having an English or Scotch ground-work,

<sup>1</sup> Grellman. "I am not aware that he ever compared the words I sent him with those in this publication, as he wrote he would do."—Simson's Introduction to *History of the Gipsies*.

<sup>2</sup> "Throughout the whole of his works there does not appear, I believe, a single word of the proper Scottish Gipsy ; although slang and cant expressions are to be found in considerable numbers."—Simson's Introduction, *op. cit.*

and only patched up so as to be unintelligible to the common hearer. There is nothing else occurs to me by which I can be of service to your enquiry. My own opinion leads me to think that the Gipsies have a distinct and proper language, but I do not consider it is extensive enough to form any settled conclusion. If there occur any facts which I can be supposed to know, on which you desire information, I will be willing to give them, in illustration of so curious an enquiry. I have found them, in general, civil and amenable to reason ; I must, nevertheless, add that they are vindictive, and that, as the knowledge of their language is the secret which their habits and ignorance make them tenacious of, I think your researches, unless conducted with great prudence, may possibly expose you to personal danger. For the same reason, you ought to complete all the information you can collect, before alarming them by a premature publication, as, after you have published, there will be great obstructions to future communications on the subject.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[1818]

[*Simson's History of the Gipsies*]

TO WALTER SIMSON

THE inclosed letter has long been written. I only now send it to show that I have not been ungrateful, though late in expressing my thanks. The progress you have been able to make in the Gipsy language is most extremely interesting. My acquaintance with most European languages, and with slang words and expressions, enables me to say positively, that the Gipsy words you have collected have no reference to either, with the exception of three or four.<sup>1</sup> I have little doubt, from the sound

<sup>1</sup> Simson had sent him a specimen of forty-six words.

and appearance, that they are Oriental, probably Hindostanee. When I go to Edinburgh, I shall endeavour to find a copy of Grellmann, to compare the language of the German Gipsies with that of the Scottish tribes. As you have already done so much, I pray you to proceed in your enquiries, but by no means to make anything public, as it might spread a premature alarm, and obstruct your future enquiries. It would be important to get the same words from different individuals; and in order to verify the collection, I would recommend you to set down the names of the persons by whom they were communicated. It would be important to know whether they have a real language, with the usual parts of speech, or whether they have a collection of nouns, combined by our own language. I suspect the former to be the case, from the specimens I have had. I should like much to see the article you proposed for the magazine. I am not squeamish about delicacies, where knowledge is to be sifted out and acquired. I like Ebony's idea of a history of the Gipsies very much, and I wish you would undertake it.<sup>1</sup> I gave all my scraps to the magazine at its commencement, but I think myself entitled to say that you are welcome to the use of them, should you choose to incorporate them into such a work. Do not be in too great a hurry, but get as many materials as you can.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[April-May 1818] <sup>2</sup>

[*Simson's History of the Gipsies*]

<sup>1</sup> "Ebony" is, of course, Blackwood. Simson's *History of the Gipsies*, from which these letters are taken, did not appear till 1865. See Scott's allusion to Simson and his prospective History in the note on "Gipsies or Bohemians" in *Quentin Durward*.

<sup>2</sup> As Simson says in the Introduction to his *History of the Gipsies* that after he received this letter from Scott he discontinued his articles for *Blackwood's* on the Fifeshire Gipsies, and as the last instalment on that subject appeared in the number for April 1818, this letter must be about April-May 1818.



1819

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

[ABBOTSFORD, 1st January 1819]

MY DEAR FRIEND—Many thanks for your kind letter. Ten brace of Ptarmigan sailed from Inverness about the 24th directed for Dr. Baillie. If they should have reachd I hope you would seize some for yourself and friends as I learn the Dr is on duty at Windsor. I do not know the name of the vessell but they were addressd to Dr. Baillie London which I trust was enough for there are not *two*. The Dr has been exercizing his skill upon my dear friend and chief the Duke of Buccleuch to whom I am more attachd than to any person beyond the circle of my family and has advised him to do what by my earnest advice he ought to have done three years ago—namely to go to Lisbon. He left this vicinity with much reluctance to go to Tholouse but if he will be advised should not stop save in Portugal or the south of Spain. The Duke is one of those retired and high-spirited men who will never be known untill the world asks what became of the huge oak that grew on the brow of the hill and shelterd such an extent of ground. During the late [distress] though his own immense rents remaind in arrear and tho I know he was pinched for money as all men were but more especially the possessors of entailld estates he absented himself from London in order to pay (with ease to himself) the labourers employd on the various estates who amounted (for I have often seen the roll and helpd to cheque it) to nine hundred and from forty to fifty men working at days

wages, each of whom on a moderate average might maintain three persons since even the single men have mothers sisters and aged or very young relations to protect and assist. Indeed without his immense estates it is wonderful how much even a small sum comparatively will do in supporting the Scottish labourer who is in his natural state perhaps one of the best most intelligent and kind hearted [of human beings] and indeed I have limited my other habits of expence very much since I fell into the habit of employing mine honest people. I wish you could have seen about an hundred children being almost entirely supported by their fathers or brothers labour come down yesterday to dance to the pipes and get a piece of cake and bannock and pence apiece (no very deadly largess) in honour of *hogmanae*. I declare to you my dear friend that when I thought the poor fellows who kept these children so neat and well taught and well behaved were slaving the whole day for eighteenpence or twenty pence at the most I was ashamed of their gratitude and of their becks and bows. But after all one does what one can and it is better twenty families should be comfortable according to their wishes and habits than half that number should be raised above their situation. Besides like Fortunio in the fairy tale I have my gifted men <sup>1</sup>—the best wrestler and cudgel player—the best runner and leaper—the best shot in the little district—and as I am partial to all manly and athletic exercizes these are great favourites being otherwise decent persons and bearing their faculties meekly. All this smells of sad Egotism but what can I write to you about save what is uppermost in my own thoughts and here am I thinning old plantations and planting new ones here, undoing what has been done and there doing what I suppose no one would do but myself and accom-

<sup>1</sup> By the advice of her horse Comrade, endowed with human speech, Fortunio hired seven gifted servants, named Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Boisterer, Trinquet, and Grugeon. See Comtesse D'Aulnoy's *Fairy Tales* (1682).

plishing all my magical transformations by the arms and legs of the aforesaid *genii* conjured up to my aid at eighteenpence a day. There is no one with me but my wife to whom the change of scene and air with the facility of easy and uninterrupted exercise is of service. The young people remain at Edinburgh to look after their lessons and Walter although passionately fond of shooting only staid three days with us his mind running entirely on mathematics and fortification French and German.

One of the excellencies of Abbotsford is very bad pens and ink and besides this being new-years day and my writingroom above the servants hall the progress of my correspondence is a little interrupted by the piper singing Gaelic songs to the servants and their applause in consequence.

Charlotte joins in kindest and best compliments to the Dr. and his lady and particularly to Mrs A. Baillie and yourself. Adieu my good and indulgent friend, the best influences of the new year attend you and yours who so well deserve all that they can bring you of good. Most affectionately yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 1 *January* 1819

When you write will you have the goodness to say how Lady Byron is. We have unpleasant accounts of her health by the public papers.

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London and Lockhart*]

TO LORD MELVILLE

MY DEAR LORD,—I alway[s] intrude on you with regret and therefore with as little waste of words as possible.

I am just now apprized that our friend the Duke mentiond to your Lordship the undeserved interest he took in a wish some time since confided to the Chief Baron that time & circumstances serving my removal from my present situation to the court of Exchequer might

be an arrangement rendered possible by his influence and the great kindness & friendship that has so long subsisted betwixt your Lordship and me. Now I write only to say that our friend Sir William Rae being in the field I wish to be laid entirely out of consideration where his interest is concern'd. He has done a great deal to deserve any situation which can augment his income and it is of much more consequence to him than to me in a patrimonial point of view. Indeed circumstanced as I am I should gain but little in a change from the Clerks table to the Court of Exchequer though there would be a considerable saving to the public from the falling in of my annuities. But my time would be less broken in upon the Exchequer Vacations being so much longer and you may wish to give away a Sherifffdom & a Clerk of Sessions seat at some future period. In the mean time I wish to be considered as having drawn my card & being out of question. It would be a strange point that I would wish to struggle with whatever powerful backing that would either break your measures or interfere with the interest of so old & valued a friend & so meritorious a public character as Sir W. Rae.<sup>1</sup>

The great honour which the Prince Regent has resolved to confer upon an unworthy follower of literature will I am afraid subject him to be added to the list of distinguish'd authors whom his predecessors favoured with more credit to their general love of polite letters than to their individual taste.

<sup>1</sup> When in London the Duke of Buccleuch had heard that one of the Barons of Exchequer at Edinburgh intended to resign immediately. By his desire, Captain Adam Fergusson had written to urge Scott to renew his application for a seat on that bench. This, as we see, Scott refused to do. Among the reasons for the refusal, "he thought such a promotion at this time would interfere with a project which he had formed of joining 'the Chief and the Aid-de-camp' in the course of the spring" in a "tour of Portugal and Spain—perhaps of Italy also. . . . But the principal motive was . . . his reluctance to interfere with the claims of the then Sheriff of Mid-Lothian, his own and Fergusson's old friend and school-fellow, Sir William Rae—who, however, accepted the more ambitious post of Lord Advocate, in the course of the ensuing summer."—LOCKHART.

The heroic William and the martyr Charles  
One knighted Blackmore and one pensioned Quarles.<sup>1</sup>

But those who may dispute with justice the choice of the subject whom the prince has delighted to honour cannot but do credit to the motive by which his R. Highness has been actuated in shewing patronage to the liberal arts of Scotland. It will of course call for my testifying by every mark of personal respect in my power my gratitude for a favour so flattering in itself & conferr'd in a way to render it still more so. Of course I shall come up to town in March so soon as the Session rises to offer my respectful gratitude to His Royal Highness for so great a mark of distinction. I should like very much however now that the intention has got so far abroad & become very public rather to have to kiss hands for an honour conferr'd than to have the appearance of coming to court to whet like Hamlets ghost an almost blunted purpose. So that if your Lordship will have the kindness to apprize when the nomination is likely to take place I would regulate my measures according[ly]— Or if you think it would seem more grateful & proper that I should attend to receive the honor of course I will guide my motions entirely according to your Lordships ideas of what is most suitable a circumstance of which I cannot altogether be myself expected to be a proper judge.

Pray remember me kindly to Lady Mellville. I fear Lord Chief Barons health is very precarious—and there I shall lose one of the earliest kindest and most constant of my friends there is no remedy but to love those if possible better who still remain to us and your Lordship is entitled for your own sake & from recollection of your fathers distinguished kindness to the grateful affection of My dear Lord  
Your truly obliged & affectionate

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 14 January 1819

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

<sup>1</sup> Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. i. 386-7. "To Augustus." See p. 264.

## TO ADAM FERGUSSON

DEAR ADAM,—Many thanks for your kind letter this moment receivd. I would not for the world stand in Jackie (I beg his pardon, Sir John) Peartree's way.<sup>1</sup> He has merited the cushion *en haut* and besides he needs it—To me it would make little difference in point of income. The *Otium cum dignitate* if it ever came will come as well years after this as now. Besides I am afraid the opening will be soon made through the death of our dear friend the Chief Baron of whose health the accounts are unfavourable.<sup>2</sup> Immediate promotion would be inconvenient to me rather than otherwise because I have the desire like an old fool as I am *courir un peu le monde*. I am beginning to draw out from my literary commerce. Constable has offered me £10,000 for the copyrights of published works which have already produced more than twice the sum. I stand out for £12,000—Tell this to the Duke he knows how I managed to keep the hen till the rainy day was past.<sup>3</sup>

I will write to Lord Mellville just to make my bow for the present reserving any claims I have through the patronage of my kindest and best friend for I have no other till the next opportunity. I should have been truly vexd if the Duke had thought of writing about this. I dont wish to hear from him till I have his account of the lines of Torres Vedras. I care so little how or where I travel that I am not sure at all whether I shall not come to Lisbon and surprize you instead of going to Italy by Switzerland that is providing the state of Spain would

<sup>1</sup> “*Jackie Peartree* had, it seems, been Sir William Rae's nickname at the High School. He probably owed it to some exploit in an orchard.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> The Rt. Hon. Robert Dundas of Arniston died 17th June 1819.

<sup>3</sup> The old proverb is : “Never offer your hen for sale on a rainy day.” See Goldsmith, *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xii., and see letter to John Richardson, 22nd September 1829. Scott refers, of course, to the Duke's help in 1813.

allow me without any unreasonable danger of my throat *passer pour un peu* to get from Lisbon to Madrid and thence to Gibraltar. I am determined to roll a little about for I have lost much of my usual views of summer pleasure here. But I trust we will have one day the Maid of Lorn (recovered of her lameness) and Charlie Stuart (reconciled to bogs) and Sybill Grey (no longer retrograde)<sup>1</sup> and the Duke set up by a southern climate and his military and civil aids de camp with all the rout of youngers and dogs and a brown hill side introductory to a good dinner at Bowhill or Drumlanrick and a merry evening—Amen and God send it.

As to my mouth being stopd with the froth of the title that is as the learned Partridge says *A non sequitur*. You know the schoolboys expedient of first asking mustard for his beef and then beef for his mustard—Now as they put the mustard on my plate without my asking it I shall consider myself time and place serving as entitled to ask a slice of beef. That is to say I would do so if I cared much about it but as it is I trust it to time and chance which as you dear Adam know have (added to the exertions of kind friends) been wonderful allies of mine.

People usually wish their letters to come to hand but I hope you will not receive this in Britain. I am impatient to hear you have sailed. All here are well and hearty. The Bart<sup>2</sup> and I propose to go up to the castle tomorrow to fix on the most convenient floor of the Crown House for your mansion in hopes you will stand treat for your grog and Cheshire cheese on your return to reward our labour. The whole expence will fall within the Treasury order and it is important to see things made convenient. I will write a long letter to the Duke to Lisbon.

[Signature cut away]

EDINBURGH 15 January [1819]

<sup>1</sup> Various horses.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. William Clerk. This had been his nickname in early days. See Vol. I. p. 9.

No news here but the goodly hulk of conceit and tallow which was called Macculloch of the Royal Hotel Princes Street was put to bed dead drunk on Wednesday night and taken out the next morning dead-by-itself-dead. Mair Skaith<sup>1</sup> at Sheriffmoor.

[*Abbotsford Original*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

[*Sunday 16th Jan. 1819*]

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have *bespoke* Spence<sup>2</sup> but of late I have not been looking after my books so have not received him. Never suppose you want such books as I have while I am to the fore. I have always detested literary quarrels in which as in common gambling houses you stake your time and temper against those of very unworthy antagonists—but Pope was a fine fellow—His fault was he was quite literary & had neither the business nor the idleness of life to divide his mind from his Parnassian pursuits. Those who have not his genius may be so far compensated by avoiding his foibles & least of all ought they to be nourished by Your true & sincere friend

WALTER SCOTT

<sup>1</sup> This phrase was possibly current between 1715 (the date of the Sheriffmuir battle) and 1814 (the date of *Waverley*). Scott introduces it at the end of chap. 47 of *Waverley*, where “tint” is given instead of “skaith.” It was evidently applied jocularly when a person met with some trifling loss. “There was mair lost at Sherramuir, whaur the Hielandman lost his faither and his mither, and a gude buff belt worth baith o’ them.”—ALEXANDER HISLOP, *The Proverbs of Scotland, etc.* (1862), p. 193. There is an interesting analogy in the proverbial saying introduced into the old Hungarian folk song known as “Had a Horse.” The singer speaks of a horse, a farm house, and a sweetheart, all of them lost; and the end of each verse runs: “More was lost at Mohács Field.” The allusion is to the disastrous battle at Mohács on 29th August, 1526, when the Hungarian army of 25,000 men was defeated by 200,000 Turks.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Spence’s *Anecdotes, observations, and characters of books and men. Collected from the conversation of Mr. Pope, and other eminent persons of his time, etc.* (*Appendix. Letters to Mr. Spence.*) 8vo, London, 1820. La Belle Chuck was Sally Salisbury, a little book which Sharpe had lent to Scott. Sarah Pridden, *alias* Salisbury, died in Newgate, 1724. See Nolles’ “Continuation of Grainger,” vol. iii. p. 476.



I return with best thanks La belle Chuck.

[*Hornel*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR CONSTABLE,—I had your letter tonight I will call on you tomorrow as I leave the P[arliament] house. I think at present the proposed arrangement cannot go on nor indeed have I any desire it should. I mentiond the sum at which I might be disposed to sell my copy rights but without the least wish of pressing upon you a losing or even a doubtful bargain. I believe I shall make more of them in my own hands & the certainty of a large sum which could be the only great temptation in my case is overbalanced by distant dates during which so many changes of every kind may happen.

I am sure you would do all you could do—more I would not wish you to do—nor to speak honestly would I desire you to do *quite* so much for I should not feel happy at taking a guinea more from you than you could fairly afford with the necessary profit.

But I have many things to talk of with you in view of jogging on as formerly which I think though attended with some plague to myself is the preferable plan as securing [*sentence unfinished*]. I intend to do great things this summer as the pain in my breast seems quite gone—About one or two I shall probably look in on Mr. Cadell and you. Yours truly

W. S.

EDINR. 17th *Jany.* [1819]      Private.

[*Stevenson*]

TO J. RICHARDSON, FLUDYER STREET, WESTMINSTER

EDINBURGH, 18th *January* 1819

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I own I did mystify Mrs. \* \* \* \* a little about the report you mention ; and I am glad to hear the

finesse succeeded.<sup>1</sup> She came up to me with a great overflow of gratitude for the delight and pleasure, and so forth, which she owed to me on account of these books. Now, as she knew very well that I had never owned myself the author, this was not *polite* politeness, and she had no right to force me up into a corner and compel me to tell her a word more than I chose, upon a subject which concerned no one but myself—and I have no notion of being pumped by any old dowager Lady of Session, male or female. So I gave in dilatory defences, under protestation to add and eik ; for I trust, in learning a new slang, you have not forgot the old. In plain words, I denied the charge, and as she insisted to know who else *could* write these novels, I suggested Adam Fergusson as a person having all the information and capacity necessary for that purpose. But the inference that he *was* the author was of her own deducing ; and thus ended her attempt, notwithstanding her having primed the pump with a good dose of flattery. It is remarkable, that among all my real friends to whom I did not choose to communicate this matter, not one ever thought it proper or delicate to tease me about it.<sup>2</sup> Respecting the knighthood, I can only say,

<sup>1</sup> The wife of one of the Edinburgh judges is alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> In Richardson's reply of the 19th he states how amused he has been by "the humbugging of Mrs. T." "It would be monstrously hard to be compelled to disclose by the efforts of impudence what one has concealed from kindred & friends of less forwardness." He is delighted to hear Scott intends to come to London "to be dubbed." "At the Secretary of States you must—before your Patent issues—produce a certificate from the Heralds College, that your Arms are there registered. On the registration of your Arms you produce your pedigree to what extent you chuse. . . . Your fees at the Heralds College . . . are no great things. The main charge is the deposit at the Secretary of States office. They will there ask from you £380 of which you will receive back probably from £10 to £15. In all I should think £400 would clear you every where." He then says he agrees in thinking highly of Sir Humphrey Davy's deserts—"but I deny their superiority—for Sir Hs discoveries in the physical world are in my opinion more than equalled by your operations on the moral—the record of the manners & morals of Scotland specially—& the portraitures of human nature & character generally which we owe you—are of inestimable price." He hopes Walter "will always take enough after his father

that coming as it does, and I finding myself and my family in circumstances which will not render the *petit titre* ridiculous, I think there would be more vanity in declining than in accepting what is offered to me by the express wish of the Sovereign as a mark of favour and distinction. Will you be so kind as to inquire and let me know what the fees, &c. of a baronetcy amount to—for I must provide myself accordingly, not knowing exactly when this same title may descend upon me. I am afraid the sauce is rather smart. I should like also to know what is to be done respecting registration of arms and so forth. Will you make these inquiries for me *sotto voce*? I should not suppose, from the persons who sometimes receive this honour, that there is any inquiry about descent or genealogy; mine were decent enough folks, and enjoyed the honour in the seventeenth century, so I shall not be first of the title; and it will sound like that of a Christian knight, as Sir Sidney Smith said.

I had a letter from our immortal Joanna<sup>1</sup> some fortnight since, when I was enjoying myself at Abbotsford. Never was there such a season, flowers springing, birds singing, grubs eating the wheat—as if it was the end of May. After all, nature had a grotesque and inconsistent appearance, and I could not help thinking she resembled a withered beauty who persists in looking youthful, and dressing conform thereto. I thought the loch should have had its blue frozen surface, and russet all about it, instead of an unnatural gaiety of green. So much are we the children of habit, that we cannot always enjoy thoroughly the alterations which are most for our advan-

as to add the grace of literature to his life—it is the ornament of all ranks—but above all it tends, as it has always struck me, to make a perfect gentleman of a soldier.” Among other topics he remarks on Campbell’s declining the Historical chair at Edinburgh. “Mrs. C opposed the removal to Edinr. . . . I hope they will never have cause to regret the declining so eligible a station. Sir William Hamilton I have never chanced to see but from all I hear he is a scholar & I hope will do credit to the University.”

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* the letter of 7th January.

tage.—They have filled up the historical chair here.<sup>1</sup> I own I wish it had been with our friend Campbell, whose genius is such an honour to his country. But he has cast anchor I suppose in the south. Your friend, Mrs. Scott, was much cast down with her brother's death. His bequest to my family leaves my own property much at my own disposal, which is pleasant enough. I was foolish enough sometimes to be vexed at the prospect of my library being sold *sub hasta*, which is now less likely to happen. I always am, most truly yours,

[Lockhart]

WALTER SCOTT

TO MRS. SCOTT OF HARDEN

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,—I owe your kindness for a letter too long unanswered so I send a piece of good news to make amends for my ungracious delay. I have just conversed [with] the Advocate on the subject of the Polwarth title upon which he has not the slightest doubt and intends to consent to its going through the House of Lords so I shall soon have to wish you joy of a step of honour higher than you had—& I am very happy to think that when I am to get a petit titre myself the due distance & proportion will still continue in appearance as it must always have done in reality between my chief

<sup>1</sup> But Sir William Hamilton, Bart. (1788-1856), metaphysician, was not elected Professor of Civil History at Edinburgh University till 1821. He was educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford, where he became intimate with Lockhart. John Wilson ("Christopher North") was the means of introducing him to De Quincey in Edinburgh in 1814. His articles in the *Edinburgh Review* (1829-36) established his philosophical reputation, and he was elected to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh in 1836. His brother, Thomas Hamilton (1789-1842), was one of the "Blackwood" group. For several summers he and his wife lived at Lockhart's cottage of Chiefswood. When John Galt's play, *The Appeal*, was performed at the Edinburgh Theatre, the prologue Galt believed to have been the joint production of Lockhart and Thomas Hamilton, whose novel *Cyril Thornton* appeared in 1827. See letter to Galt and note, Vol. III, p. 146.

& myself. How do you do my Lady Polwarth?—thank you Sir Walter—it is right to accustom ones self to dignities by times.

I sincerely hope your residence in the South will be attended with all the advantages of confirming my young friends health. At her age it is very prudent to let the constitution get complete strength before exposing it to such a climate as ours. After all however the weather has this year been most extraordinary and I have envied the country men whom I saw without their coats whenever I have been working among the plantations with them—and this on Tweedside in the month of January. Roses and other flowers are still blooming unless last nights frost has killd them & we have had no snow save on the tops of distant hills. And yet I am not sure that I quite like so mild a season—it looks unnatural & flowers & leaves in January puts us rather in mind of some antiquated beauty who continues in old age to display the remnants of finery which had adorn'd her better days.

We are just begun to get the workmen clear of the house & I think it will be one while before I am tempted to engage with them again although I have half of my house to build when I have leisure—that is—time & money. I am sorry to say the Chief Baron continues in a very precarious state of health though of late he has been something better. It is whisperd they will give the appointment to Lord Chief Commissioner & thus œconomize upon the establishment. Sir W. Rae will be the baron if there is a vacancy.<sup>1</sup> I could have given him a course for it but upon consideration as my present appointments come within £300 a year of a Barons gown & as I can at present employ my time in various advantageous studies which might no[t] so well suit a judge of a Supreme court I believe I shall be better as I am & move at my liberty in many respects not to mention my purpose

<sup>1</sup> See note to letter to Lord Melville above, p. 289.

*courir un peu le monde* before I die or get as we say in Teviotdale tyke-auld.

I certainly will attend to your request in favour of the poor Count. I think of coming up to London by sea if I get there in Spring : but should I change my mind I will see Mons Borulawski <sup>1</sup> as I go through Durham. I beg my best compliments to the Laird & the young Ladies and am always Dear Mrs. Scott Your truly attachd friend

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 20 *Jany* [1819]

[*Polwarth*]

TO HANS BUSK <sup>2</sup>

SIR,—I beg your acceptance of my best thanks for the copies of the *Banquet* with which you have favoured me and for the pleasure which I have received from the perusal. You have followd your theme with so much gaiety of fancy and ease of diction and the art of trifling gracefully is so very difficult as to entitle you to much higher praise than your modesty is desirous to claim or perhaps may be pleased to receive. You have been so good as to number me (which from you I feel to be a high honour) among the persons whose approbation you are desirous of obtaining and I assure you I write this letter with as much pleasure as I often feel pain in replying to

<sup>1</sup> Count Borowlaski. See note to letter to Morritt, 28th July 1814, Vol. III, p. 478.

<sup>2</sup> Hans Busk, the elder (1772-1862), descended from the Norman family of Du Busc, was the youngest son of Sir Wordsworth Busk and Alice, daughter and co-heiress of Edward Parish of Ipswich and Walthamstow. The owner of an estate in Radnorshire, he occupied himself with county business and devoted his leisure to classical studies and general literature. In this year [1819] he published two works—*The Vestriad or the Opera, a Mock Epic Poem* and *The Banquet : a poem in three cantos* [by H. B.], 8vo. A second edition of *The Banquet* came out in 1820. Other works are *The Dessert, to which is added the Tea* (1820) and *The Lay of Life* (1834). Busk used the pseudonym of “Beaujolais.” The 1819 edition of *The Banquet* appeared anonymously. The *Banquet* with *The Dessert and the Tea*, 8vo, are listed in the *Abbotsford Catalogue* as of 1829, and so the *Vestriad*.

similar communications where candour must give pain and where it is impossible to give sincere praise. If you should at any time be inclined to withdraw the veil from your title-page I should be happy of an opportunity of testifying to the Author of the Banquet how much I am in all sincerity his sincere admirer and indebted Servant

EDINBURGH 29 *January* 1819.

WALTER SCOTT

I cannot withhold my note of approbation from the beautiful decorations for which I perceive you have been indebted to a fair artist. The figures in the frontispiece brought Saint Simon's memoirs at once into my recollection.

[*Owen D. Young*]

TO WILLIAM LAIDLAW

[*February ?* 1819]

DEAR WILLIE,—I have been worse and better since I wrote you and am now tolerable again. Your letter arrived a sad paste with wet. We must have some bit of a book to keep them in when they pass to and from the farm. I inclose a cheque on Edinburgh for £50 to help on the book. I greatly fear the fir plants are too few ; it appears to me there should be 150,000 at the very least.

You do not mention if Tom has filled in the odd pieces about which I wrote you.

The mistake or whatever it is about the rent I shall never dispute. I know too well what *legal* war costs ever to enter it. So Mr Usher will have the making of his own rent—only I will take care to have the next bargain (if we should have any) in black and white—indeed writing should always pass on a bargain by way of memorandum.

I am afraid you will make no more of Blackwood. Betwixt damages incurred and the greed of the body,

the other parties have got nothing whatever—as Lockhart and Wilson assure me. He must be pigeoning them to purpose, but that is their affair. The whole concern is broke up betwixt Murray and him, and he is off post haste to London to try what he can do to solder matters.<sup>1</sup> He is a poor devil.

I trust to be with you on or about the 12 March. Would to God I were, for my lungs require the fresh air and my feet the green sod very much.

I will look for your letter to me about Usher's rent, but of course it is no evidence in my favour. I don't care two pence about it, but if he does not agree to a reasonable rent we must stock the farm, for I would not be worried with the letting it to another farmer while Usher has the portion of Huntley Wood.

Do not let Tom have odd prices if it be possible. Yours truly,

W. S.

I shall be quite content to pay Shillinglaw upon discount. Perhaps a few good plants might be picked up from here for ready. I would have Tom buy, but he is rather soft at making that sort of bargain. Perhaps you could take up Sybill yourself and make a haul. I shall pay him on the 15 current.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MISS C. RUTHERFORD

[*February, 1819 ?*]

DEAR MISS CHRITTY,—Charlotte busied in the cares of Mother Eve deposes me to request your company today as the Scotts of Harden Lord Romney & his daughters

<sup>1</sup> This letter clearly belongs to 1819, probably February. Murray, in a letter to Thomas Blackwood of that year, writes: "When your brother was in London on the occasion of my secession from his Magazine," and Mrs. Oliphant who prints this letter—she had a lady's indifference to dates—says, "In January 1819, however, matters came to a crisis. Murray's name disappeared from the Magazine, and the bond was broken."



dine with us on a few hours notice. We rely on Erskine & you as a principal part of their intellectual entertainment & on certain non descript dishes furnishd for the nonce by Mr. Oman for their grosser senses. We fear the day will prevent Jane or any of her fair sisters <sup>1</sup> from accompanying you. Ever yours truly W. S.

[*Watson Collection*]

TO THE RIGHT HONBLE LORD MONTAGU, DITTON PARK,  
LONDON

MY DEAR LORD,—I have to return you my best thanks for the acorns and the lime seed which arrived safe and are most acceptable to me. I will take as much care as I can that the lime seeds be raised with care and protected from frost—they are a real treasure for it is a noble tree highly ornamental in the neighbourhood of a residence and those we get here never rise above a very ordinary height. I wonder how they managed in Scotland many years ago. The immense lime avenue at Taymouth (cut down by the present Lady Breadalbane) was one of the most magnificent I ever saw and in the island Portmahom in the Lough of Menteith <sup>2</sup> there are most splendid Spanish chesnuts yet modern planters in Scotland find it very difficult to train these trees beyond the character of shrubs.

I do hope and trust that the Duke is by this time embarked. I was surprized by a letter from him some days since upon some business of Hardens but I did not

<sup>1</sup> “Jane or any of her fair sisters,” *i.e.* I presume Miss Christian Rutherford’s nieces Jane, Anne and Elizabeth Jane, daughters of Colonel William Russell of Ashestiel, and Jean Rutherford, the eldest daughter of Professor John Rutherford and his second wife, Anne Mackay. The professor’s only child by his first wife Jean Swinton was Sir Walter’s mother. The Elizabeth Jane mentioned above died in 1819. Whether this letter was actually written that year I cannot say.

<sup>2</sup> “Inchmahome” and the “Lake of Menteith” are meant.

answer it lest his habitual punctuality should make him write again which I consider as the worst way in which he can employ himself.<sup>1</sup> I now devoutly wish that he was on the seas and as the winds have of late been more favourable I trust this may be the case. His Grace gives me the pleasure to learn that his general health is better and I have myself great confidence in the high character and extended experience of Dr. Baillie fortified also as it is by the opinion of Lincoln who has had so many opportunities to know the peculiarities of the Dukes constitution.

I think I shall have the honour of waiting upon your Lordship and Lady Montagu in Spring as I propose being in town in the month of April. I bring up Walter with me to shew him the great City for the first time. He is desirous of following the army as a profession to which I have no great objection excepting the difficulty of getting him into a good corps at present. Believe me with respectful regards to Lady Montagu & the Buccleuch young ladies My dear Lord Your truly obliged & faithful

WALTER SCOTT

.EDINR. 3d. feby. [PM. 1819]

Did I tell your Lordship that the acorns with a quantity which I got from the Duke are to plant the hill over which Buccleuch came with his clan to the field at Melrose. The *charge-law* on which he drew up his forces is immediately below this bank and I intend to call the future plantation Chief'swood.<sup>2</sup>

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> "I wish you would, when you happen to be writing to Walter Scott, mention the subject," Hugh Scott had written to the Duke on 31st December 1818. The Duke replied on 8th January 1819 that he would do so.

<sup>2</sup> The cottage here became the residence of the Lockharts after their marriage at the end of April 1820.

To JOHN RICHARDSON

[*Postmark : Feb. 9. 1819*]

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—I received your kind information anent the Heralds office &c. and I enclose you a sketch of my pedigree which is just as some one says of a cork-jacket good enough to swim with if one can swim without it. The Advocate tells me that I ought to take out my grant of arms in Scotland both because it is much cheaper and more easily proved by reference to those of my family who stand already matriculated and also to our records whereas it may be difficult to find proof of the same facts in Scotland and also because they grant Supporters as a matter of course to Baronets which is not the practise in England. Of course if I am to matriculate here I will make my register in England as brief as possible. Indeed it strikes me it would be very difficult to find proof in London. Your account of the fees is so moderate that I am much surprized and very agreeably. I thought they ran nearer £1200.<sup>1</sup> Are you quite sure you have not received your information as referring to simple knight-hood—I should like to know for I will follow Iagos rule and put money in my purse accordingly ; I look forward with great pleasure to a great day at Hampstead for which you are so kind as to promise me.

<sup>1</sup> Richardson points out in his reply of the 12th from London that Scott's informer regarding the expenses of a Patent of a Baronetcy probably had in view "some case where there were remainders over—a destination beyond the heirs male of the body of the Grantee. A patent of this nature might cost £800—1200 or 1600 aced to the extent of the creations—but yours, which I take to be to your own heirs male of the body, I will insure you for an *old song*—will not cost you £380. Lord Advocate is quite right as to your *taking out* your arms in Scotland but you *must* register them here before your Patent can issue. You *may* register your pedigree too at little expence if you will—and it may be worth while as Walter may marry some great landed heiress in England & infuse the blood of the Tutor of Raeburn into a new race of Anglo-Scoti." He concludes by saying if he had time he would look into Satchell and learn whether "the Hardens as chief of the name of Scott precede the Buccleughs—whether so or not yours is as good a pedigree as ever Hidalgo could desire—& I will not be the man to say *otra cosa* to your challenge."

I return your sketch and approve of your difference upon the crest which by the way would particularly suit the Duke of Roxburghs unicorn which though not so studiously employd bears the motto *Ora et Labora*. *For the truth* is rather a common motto. I should prefer "for the truth of God" as bringing old Rowlands principles more fully out. For the sword I saw a noble Cameronian basket-hilted broadsword once wielded by Ringan Oliver a champion of the Covenant in former days who fought his way out of the village of Queensferry when Henry Hall of Haughhead was taken and Donald Cargill mortally wounded.<sup>1</sup> It was an Andrew Ferrara little differing in fashion from the common highland broadsword which was the general shape of the weapon all through Scotland. The spear should be shaped supposing Rowlands to be meant [?] like a pike and without the grasp which appears in the tilting lance.

[*Here follows Genealogy and Claim of Arms.*]

[*Brotherton*]

TO CHARLES MACKAY,<sup>2</sup> THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINR.

[*Private*]

[*circa middle of February 1819*]

FRIEND MACKAY,—My lawful occasions having brought me from my residence at Gandercleuch to this great city, it

<sup>1</sup> See Wodrow's *History of Scotland*, iii. 206-7, and King Hewison's *Covenanters*, ii. 328, for this incident, and for Ringan Oliver see Lang, *Highways and Byways in the Border* (1913), pp. 136-141. See also Vol. IV, pp. 220-21.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Mackay (1787-1857) commenced his career as a tragedian at Greenock, but joining Murray's Edinburgh company he played the character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the production of *Rob Roy* in 1819. This part made his name famous in the annals of the stage. He also played with great humour the character of Meg Dods. *Rob Roy* was the most important play ever produced on the Edinburgh Theatre Royal stage. The first performance was on 15th February. "The house was crowded and the piece received with thunders of applause. Scott's entrance to his box was the signal for the first burst of enthusiasm." See Dibdin's *Annals of the Edinburgh Stage*, pp. 286-91. Mackay replied in the middle of March

was my lot to fall into company with certain friends, who impetrated from me a consent to behold the stage-play, which hath been framed forth of an history entitled Rob (*seu potius* Robert) Roy ; which history, although it existeth not in mine erudite work, entitled Tales of my Landlord, hath nathless a near relation in style and structure to those pleasant narrations. Wherefore, having surmounted those arguments whilk were founded upon the unseemliness of a personage in my place and profession appearing in an open stage-play house, and having buttoned the terminations of my cravat into my bosom, in order to preserve mine incognito, and indued an outer coat over mine usual garments, so that the hue thereof might not betray my calling, I did place myself (much elbowed by those who little knew whom they did incommode) in that place of the Theatre called the two-shilling gallery, and beheld the show with great delectation, even from the rising of the curtain to the fall thereof.

Chiefly, my facetious friend, was I enamoured of the very lively representation of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in so much that I became desirous to communicate to thee my great admiration thereof, nothing doubting that it will give thee satisfaction to be apprised of the same. Yet further, in case thou shouldst be of that numerous class of persons who set less store by good words than good deeds, and understanding that there is assigned unto each stage-player a special night, called a benefit (it will do thee no harm to know that the phrase cometh from two Latin words, *bene* and *facio*), on which their friends and patrons

assuring Scott that " I must entirely attribute any success my attempt has been attended with to an anxious and unremitted study of the illustrious Original. Accept my thanks for the Five-Ell-Web (My Conscience ! ! !). Be assured no piece of cloth of my own weaving or ' my worthy Father's the Deacon afore me ' did I ever set so high a value on, and I can no way ' mak ye amends ' but by implicit obedience to your kind caution, and an unceasing exertion to obtain a continuance of your approbation." Lockhart states that this letter from Jedediah Cleishbotham was, no doubt, written in the handwriting of one of the Ballantynes ; he also remarks that " between February 15, 1819, and March 14th, 1837, Rob Roy was played in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, 285 times."

show forth their benevolence, I now send thee mine in the form of a five-ell web (*hoc jocose*, to express a note for £5), as a meet present for the Bailie, himself a weaver, and the son of a worthy deacon of that craft. The which propine I send thee in token that it is my purpose, business and health permitting, to occupy the central place of the pit on the night of the said beneficiary or benefit.

Friend Mackay ! from one, whose profession it is to teach others, thou must excuse the freedom of a caution. I trust thou wilt remember that, as excellence in thine art cannot be attained without much labour, so neither can it be extended, or even maintained, without constant and unremitted exertion ; and farther, that the decorum of a performer's private character (and it gladdeth me to hear that thine is respectable) addeth not a little to the value of his public exertions.

Finally, in respect there is nothing perfect in this world, —at least I have never received a wholly faultless version from the very best of my pupils—I pray thee not to let Rob Roy twirl thee around in the ecstasy of thy joy, in regard it oversteps the limits of nature, which otherwise thou so sedulously preservest in thine admirable national portraiture of Bailie Nicol Jarvie.—I remain thy sincere friend and well-wisher,

[*Lockhart*]

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I write in great haste anxious to take the chance however remote that this letter may find you still wind-bound.<sup>1</sup> I do not a moment hesitate

<sup>1</sup> Scott had just received the last letter the Duke sent him before his death. It is dated 15 Feby. from Portsmouth, and in Scott's hand on the verso is written : " The last letter I received from my dear friend the Duke of Buccleuch. Alas ! Alas ! " The Duke says they are held up by the wind ; he wishes Scott to fulfil his promise to sit to Raeburn for his picture " for me " ; it is to be hung above the chimneypiece of the library in the new wing at Bowhill. " In this warm situation I intend to place

to assure you on the part of Adam Fergusson that he will find both pride and pleasure in standing with your Grace on the confidential footing to which you allude & if forty years intimacy can entitle one man to speak of another I do not know a person in whom confidence can be more safely reposed or by whom the duties attachd to it will be more willingly & effectively discharged. I believe he never doubted that your Grace would make use of his assistance in any way in which you might find it useful and I am positive he will find more pleasure in being your secretary than holding the same situation either to General or Plenipo. As to all other matters connected with this arrangement and to which Your Graces delicacy attaches difficulty I entreat nothing of this sort may prevent your immediatly acting upon the footing of principal & secretary with Captain Fergusson. You must have many things to talk of and to explain which will at once be a relief to your own reflections and to the ennui of a voyage. Captain John came in just now who is quite of my opinion. I therefore send your Graces letter inclosed to Adam and I have no doubt you will find him both ready & anxious to enter on his duties so soon as ever you please. When you return in summer which I am glad makes part of your plan he will have ample time to look after the *Jowls*.<sup>1</sup>

I will arrange with Raeburn about the portrait. I only know one claim the original has to that distinction Your Grace proposes which is that the resemblance can be placed in no house where he has been happier or which is

the guardian of Literature . . . I shall be happy to have my friend Maida appear. It is now almost proverbial 'Walter Scott & his Dog.' He will not, however, take a *half* finished picture from Raeburn. "Many of his works are shamefully finished—the face is studied, but every thing else is neglected. . . . Besides Raeburn has really a fair opportunity of producing something worthy of his skill & talents." The MS. breaks off abruptly. For further details about the Raeburn portrait see *Scott Centenary Exhibition Catalogue* (1872), pp. 69-70, and letter to the Duke on 15th April 1819.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *Jewels*, as Keeper of the Regalia. "Jowls" is Tabitha Bramble's pronunciation. See Vol. I, p. 130.

connected with so long a train of kind and affectionate recollections.

I only write at present for the needful so adieu & God bless you. Expect a long letter *de omni predicabili* from  
Ever your truly faithful  
WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 19 feby. [1819]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT <sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR SIR,—I return with best thanks your Indian book & letter. I am afraid the well-meaning author is not aware that before the evils of life are practised in any nation there must be a demand for the accomodation & luxuries which they produce. And I am still more apprehensive that his success to the utmost which can be hoped will only convert very fine savages into a very inferior class of civilized beings. But his zeal is not the less admirable. I hope he will proceed by milder measures

<sup>1</sup> The name of the addressee is not given in this letter. But in the *Walpole Collection* the only "Indian letter" about this date is one from Sir John Macdonald Kinneir, addressed from Madras on 17th February. There is no mention of a book. He is glad that Scott has safely received "the old Indian Armour. . . . I can only lament that this collection which I made in Koordistan and Armenia should have been plundered by the Pirates in the Persian Gulf." He also sends him "the Lance of a Pindarry Chief." He has received a letter from Scott brought by "our friend Hector Macdonald," and his concluding remark is: "when you see Hector Macdonald, tell him that his son is getting on famously & that his nephew is now residing with us." Sir John Macdonald Kinneir (1782-1830) was born at Carnden, Linlithgow. He attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Madras infantry. Later he became attached to Sir John Malcolm's mission in Persia in 1808-9. He travelled extensively in the East, but in 1813 he was unexpectedly ordered to rejoin his regiment. With Colonel Neil Campbell he went to Stockholm, and then proposed reaching India through Russia and Persia, but the French retreat from Moscow altered his route. After visiting Asia Minor and Constantinople, he travelled through Armenia and Kurdistan to Bagdad and Bombay. A few years later he published his *Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Koordistan in the years 1813 and 1814, etc.*, 8vo, London, 1818. From its title-page "it appears Macdonald had at this time taken his mother's surname of Kinneir, although there is no record in the India office of his change of name." After 1813 he continued for several years to be town-major of Fort St. George, Madras. Latterly he was in Persia, where he remained



than my friend Colonel Norton the last of whom which I have heard was that he had killd one of his friends who had proved rather intractable in the course by which the Colonel proposed to civilize his countrymen the Six Nations. Always Dear Sir Most truly Yours

WALTER SCOTT

CASTLE STREET 2d March [1819]

[*Herries*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

private

Thursday [4th March 1819]

DEAR JOHN,—I cannot answer the inclosed without some chat with you. Will you look up the Minute of bargain & I will call as I come from Mr Keiths<sup>1</sup> funeral

as envoy until his death at Tabreez in 1830. He married Amelia Harriet, third daughter, by his first wife, of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart. Her elder sister married Sir John Malcolm. But the Indians here seem to be Red Indians.

For Colonel Norton see Tom Scott's letter to his brother in *F.L.*, vol. i. p. 345: "Yesterday morning Captain Norton, the chief of the Five Nations, left. I had the pleasure to be his intimate acquaintance, and he is a man who makes you almost wish to be an Indian chief. What do you think of a man speaking the language of about twelve Indian nations, English, French, German, and Spanish, all well, being in possession of all modern literature—having read with delight your *Lady of the Lake*, and translated the same, together with the Scriptures, into Mohawk—having written a history of the five nations, and a journal of his own travels, now in London ready for publication, and being at the same time an Indian chief, living as they do and following all their fashions. For, brother, you ask doth he paint himself, scalp, &c. &c.? I ans[w]er yea, he doth; and with the most polished manner of civilised life, he would not disdain to partake of the blood of his enemy at the banquet of sacrifice. Yet I admire and love the man &c."

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Keith, founder of the Keith prize, son of Alexander Keith, by Joanna, third daughter of John Swinton of Swinton, died at Dunnottar on 26th February 1819. This places the letter doubtless on 4th March. On Monday, 1st March, John Ballantyne notes in his Diary: "Sales began: health as bad as Sales, China, disagreeable," and after stating that the same applies to the whole week, which was cold and frosty, adds: "Friday 5th somewhat better—Mrs Robertson visited for fourteen days." But on 27th he writes: "Going to Town tomorrow at 1/2 past 2 to the Sale Room first time these 8 wks I think." Scott must have ridden down to Trinity. See later letter, 28th April.

probably about three o'clock. It appears to me Mr Constable is extending the idea of credit a little too much & I cannot recollect that it was to be at my expence. Moreover I do not see why (except as an accomodation) he expects renewal of bills for goods actually sold—his loss upon them is no more to me than his profit under other branches of the arrangement which so overbalanced it as to make him unwilling to have admitted any partner in the bargain. Moreover I do not intend to dam up the old Bank<sup>1</sup> with his renewals but will manage them as most convenient for my own matters. But of course I will use all liberality in settling the matter. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO LORD MELVILLE

MY DEAR LORD,—Perhaps I ought not to plague you again about this foolish Knight Marshalship but I think it better to run the risk of intrusion than to leave you unaware of how things stand. Mr. Keith Senior is no more. He calld on me on Friday much gratified with a letter from your Lordship in consequence of which he told me he or his nephew had written passing from every wish excepting that of having the honorary appointment of Knight Marshal with a remainder to his Nephew—On Saturday he was beyond all earthly honours & solicitations—This day his Nephew who succeeds to his large estate calld on me excessively anxious about this same honorary appointment & full of protestations of the most faithful attachment & so forth if it were granted. Of course he departs from any idea of a hereditary grant or of any remainder & limits his wishes to being Knight Marshal with the rank of a knight bachelor. He pressd me so much to mention the matter to your Lordship that I cannot decline doing so without giving him offence which improved as it would doubtless be by some of the

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Bank of Scotland.

Mid Lothian Whigs who have been long nibbling at him might be prejudicial. I told him that if I was to mention his wishes I hoped he would authorize me to say that he meant to keep up his family interest in the County by giving his brother a vote to which he readily agreed.

I heard a rumour that Lord Errol<sup>1</sup> wished to have the situation but as the £400<sup>0</sup> is no longer annexd to it I conceive either that the report is unfounded or that Lord Errol is mistaken as to the nature of the appointment. As *Hereditary High Constable* it is quite beneath him to be *Deputy* of the Earl Marischal and the Knight Marischal is nothing more. It is idle to talk of the duties of such an office but were upon any contingency the officers of the Crown to be calld upon duty the services of the High Constable & Knight Marshal are totally inconsistent with each other & holding the later subordinate situation would expose Lord Errol to be placed under the authority of the High Marischal of whom he ought to have precedence as High Constable. Any Scotch Herald can explain this fully. It is as if Pharaohs high Butler should have wished to be created Journeyman to Pharaohs Chief Baker.

I mention these as things not fully understood now & belonging rather to the antiquities of the Scottish crown than to modern politics. When you great ministers are limited as to the loaves & fishes it is lucky if you can find dignities to gratify your friends with instead. A knight bachelorship should go with the place for it does not give precedence of any kind otherwise. Young Keith will be puissamment riche. Ever my dear Lord Yours truly & faithfully

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 4 March 1819.

Never trouble yourself with answering *me*. I only write

<sup>1</sup> William George Hay, eighteenth Earl of Erroll (1801-1846), officiated as Lord High Constable at the state procession of King George IV from Holyrood Palace to Edinburgh Castle in August 1822. He was appointed Knight Marischal of Scotland in 1832.

that you may know how the land lies with this new applicant. I will do all I can to keep him right whatever your Lordships answer may be but I have great fears he will *jibb* if it is unfavourable. Your Lordship is accustomed to deal with unreasonable people of this description. But he is a young man of honour & principle though a little hot & vain & I will engage for his keeping good faith on all occasions if you find yourself at liberty to gratify him.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—Nothing can be more obliging than your Lordships kindness in letting me know how the Dukes voyage was likely to proceed. Lord Beresford of course had my good wishes for his accuracy in keeping appointments. I really think that every thing considered he ought to have been a little more attentive. The Lord President tells me he has just received a letter from his son who had just taken leave of our high Chief upon the deck of the *Liffey*.<sup>1</sup> He had not seen the Duke for a fortnight and was pleasingly surprized to find his health and general appearance so very much improved. For my part having watchd him with such unremitting attention I feel very confident in the effect of a change of air and of climate. It is with great pleasure that I find the Duke has received an answer from me<sup>2</sup> respecting a matter about which he was anxious and on which I could make his mind quite easy. His Grace wishd Adam Fergusson to assist him as his confidential freind and

<sup>1</sup> “Ld. Melville was here [at Ditton] yesterday and all is I trust happily settled as to the passage in the *Liffey*,” Lord Montagu had written on 2nd January; and on the 22nd January the Duke added in a postscript to his letter [also from Ditton]: “We are still wind bound. I am anxious to be off. My health has evidently improved.” Before this letter of Scott’s reached Lord Montagu, his brother had sailed for Lisbon.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to the Duke above, 19th February.

secretary and with all the scrupulous delicacy that belongs to his character he did not like to propose this except through my medium as a common freind. Now I can answer for Adam as I can for myself that he will have the highest pleasure in giving assistance in every possible way the Duke can desire & if forty years intimacy can entitle one man to speak for another I believe the Duke can find no where a person so highly qualified for such a confidential situation. He was educated for business & understands it well, was long a military secretary, his temper and manners your Lordship can judge as well as I can and his worth & honour are of [the] very first order. I confess I should not be surprized if the Duke should wish to continue the connection even afterwards for I have often thought that two hours letterwriting which is his Graces daily allowance is rather worse than the duty of a Clerk of Session because there is no vacation. Much of this might surely be saved by an intelligent freind in whose stile of expression prudence and secrecy his Grace could put perfect reliance. Two words marked on any letter by his own hand would enable such a person to refuse more or less positively—to grant directly or conditionally—or in short to maintain the exterior forms of the very troublesome and extensive correspondence which his Graces high situation entails upon him. I think it is Monsr. Le Duc de Saint Simon who tells us of one of Louis XIVth's ministers *qui avoit la plume* which he explains by saying it was his duty to imitate the Kings handwriting so closely as to be almost undistinguishable & making him on all occasions *parler tres noblement*.<sup>1</sup> I wonder how the Duke gets on without such a friend.—In the mean while however I am glad I can assure him of Fergussons willing & ready assistance while abroad and I am happy to find still further he has got that assurance before they

<sup>1</sup> From a different motive—that of idolatry—Daniel Terry contrived so to imitate Scott's handwriting that the novelist used to say, "If he were called on to swear to any document, the utmost he could venture to attest would be, that it was either in his own hand or in Terry's."—LOCKHART.

said for tedious moments occur on board of ship when it will serve as a relief to talk over any of the private affairs which the Duke wishes to intrust to him. Or at any rate as the Duke wrote anxiously about it he will be glad to have it placed on the footing he desired.

I have been very unwell by a visitation of my old enemy the cramp in my stomach which much resembles as I can conceive the process by which the Di'el would make ones king's-hood into a spleuchan according to the anathema of Burns.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately the opiates which the medical people think indispensable to relieve spasms bring on a habit of body which has to be counteracted by medicines of a different tendency so as to produce a most disagreeable See-saw—a kind of pull-devil-pull-baker contention the field of battle being my unfortunate *praecordia*. Or to say truth it reminds me of a certain Indian King I have read of in an old voyage to whom a Captain of an European ship generously presented a lock and a key with which the Sable potentate was so much delighted that to the great neglect both of his household duties and his affairs of state he spent a whole month in repeated operation of locking and unlocking his back-door.

I am better today & I trust shall be able to dispense with those alternations which are much less agreeable in my case than in that of the Sachem aforesaid & I hope to be in London in April. This court rises on the 12th. and I trust a mouthful of fresh air on Tweedside will do

<sup>1</sup> "King's-Hood," *i.e.* "the second of the four stomachs of ruminating animals" (Jamieson). "Spleuchan," *i.e.* the Gaelic name of the Highlander's tobacco-pouch :

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan ?  
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !  
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan  
And ither chaps,  
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'  
An' pouk my hips."

So Death in Burns's poem referred to, *Death and Doctor Hornbook*.

me more good. I will not fail to acquaint your Lordship of my motions townward.

I will write the Duke regularly for distance of place acts in a contrary ratio on the mind & on the eye. Trifles instead of being diminishd as in prospect become important and interesting and therefore he shall have a budget of them. Hogg is here busy with his jacobite songs. I wish he may get handsomely through for he is profoundly ignorant of history and it is an awkward thing to read in order that you may write.<sup>1</sup> I give him all the help I can but he sometimes poses me. For instance he came yesterday open mouth enquiring what Great dignified Clergyman had distinguishd himself at Killiecrankie—not exactly the scene where one would have expected a churchman to shine—and I found with great difficulty that he had mistaken Major General Canon calld in Kennedy's latin song *Canonicus Gallovidiensis* for the Canon of a Cathedral. *Ex ungue leonem*. Ever my dear Lord your truly obliged & faithful

EDINR. 4 March 1819

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—The sort of *non valentia agendi* to speak in the terms of the law-shop which the state of my unfortunate bowels brings along with it prevented my writing you any epistle which I have for some time meditated. Your kind letter of enquiry reachd me this morning and I am glad to reply that I am on the whole very much better. For about a fortnight I have

<sup>1</sup> "I am sure I produced two volumes of Jacobite Relics such as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself." So said Hogg. See his *Autobiography* (1832), p. 88. Lockhart says he never saw Hogg so elated as he was over "a very severe article on this book in the *Edinburgh Review*" wherein the hostile critic chose for *exceptive* encomium an "old Jacobite strain" which Hogg had fabricated the year before. Scott also enjoyed the joke.

been very indifferent but the complaint is of a much more mild character than on former visitations & unaccompanied with its former ugly features of fever and vomiting. On the other hand though far less acute it has been most disagreeably adhesive and tenacious and the opiates which were used to prevent or remove pain have had the uniform effect of constipation (like the Bath diet upon Chowder<sup>1</sup>) & consequently required the use of counter-acting medicines. So that I have been employd (with reverence) as the American Sachem to whom an English Captain presented a lock and key with which he was so much delighted that neglecting all other business he spent a whole week in locking and unlocking his back-door. After all I cannot complain. I was told to expect a return of the complaint : it has kept away for a twelve-month and now appears with mitigated features. And after so many years of the most robust health how can I expect to go down hill without slipping now and then. I had a curious instance of health and strength enduring to the last within these few days. My very old friend & relation Mr. Keith of Dunnottar Castle<sup>2</sup> came to take a farewell visit of me for such it proved and so he seemd to think it on friday last. He was about 84 and told me he had been a young man all his life in point of health and constitution and though he felt internal symptoms of decay yet he had no objections to drink half a bottle of claret with a friend and was otherwise in full possession of his mental and corporeal faculties and only deprecated

<sup>1</sup> "Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viols with the easings of Dr Hill's dock-water, and poor Chowder's lacksitiff. The poor creature has been terribly constuprated ever since we left huom" (Tabitha Bramble in *Humphrey Clinker*) ; but she writes from "Glostar," not Bath. The "constupration" was probably, as so often, due to change of diet rather than any defect in that of Bath.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Keith, son of Alexander Keith (1705-1792), had died on 26th February 1819. See pp. 84-85. His son Alexander (b. 1780), who acted in the office of Knight Marshal when George IV visited Edinburgh in 1822, had married in April 1811 Margaret, youngest daughter of Laurence Oliphant of Gask, and he died in 1833.



long illness and decay of mind. He took an unusually kind leave of me went home and died next day.

I am not the less obliged by your kind offer of quarters that I do not feel myself able to accept it on the present occasion. There is no occasion for my saying what you will readily believe that I could be no where so happy or so much at home as with *you*. But I am chiefly in town to see if I can get Walter stuck into the army and distance occasions such loss of time in your monstrous city that I must keep somewhere about Piccadilly or Pallmall where I will easily get accommodated in some quiet hotel or in lodgings where I shall be near the agents and public offices for I have a notion I shall need some solicitation. I hope to see you and two or three old friends very often and I care not how little I see of the Beau monde. I go to the country on the 12 to shake off the reliques of my complaint & see the progress of my plantations and I will write to you the course of my movements.

I see that the aristocratic Whig is carrying it upon the Democratic Whig & the absolute Democrat. I think the candidates differ like the degrees of comparaison *Malus Pejor Pessimus*.

I think I did not say that I brought Walter up with me—and no other member of my family. Ever my dear Morritt most affectionately yours

EDINR. 5 *March* 1819.

WALTER SCOTT

Pray let Dove be the carrier pigeon on my behalf & leave this inclosed note at poor Bullocks establishment. Pray let me hear what fun is going on with you. Here we are as dead as ditch water except a meeting of Burns' admirers which I should have been at but the state of my stomach threw it into the hands of the Whigs entirely. Their newspaper claims it of course as a party triumph. I think I could have had bit about with them.

[*Law*]

## TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR SIR,—However little apology I may have had some time since for being a very negligent correspondent I have at present the very unpleasant excuse of a severe and most obstinate malady, which has hung about me for two months, and may for aught I can see, abide for as much longer— It is a succession of severe cramps in the stomach, alternated with violent fits of sickness, which have latterly brought on a most brilliant jaundice, so that in the specie hunting times I might stand some chance of being coined into deniers (like Bardolph's nose)<sup>1</sup> should I approach the Bank of England, or the Bullion Committee. These reiterated attacks are the more unlucky that the medicines which relieve the Cramp, are the worst possible for the bilious complaint, and vice versa, so the disorders play into each others hands, with the regularity of a see-saw—betwixt two partners at whist—I have crawled out here, in hopes that the air might renew appetite and strength, but as yet I have found no benefit, and have been so much worse as to alarm my daughters, (Mrs. Scott not yet having joined me,) so that I begin to think I shall return to Castle St. as the better quarters for an invalid.

I went to the Register office before I left Town, and examined the Instrument of Sasine ; sure enough Samuel is therein named as Son of the first Lord Carmichael. The other Brother John is less accurately pointed out, and I think sufficiently to ascertain his propinquity ; he is called John Carmichael Brother german of Sir William Carmichael, who is also a witness ; Sir William Car-

<sup>1</sup> "Denier," an old small French silver coin, latterly worth one-fifth of a sou, hence a trifling sum.

*Fal.* How ! poor ? look upon his [Bardolph's] face ; what call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier.  
—*I Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. iii.

michael I have no doubt (altho' the Instrument is silent on the point) was the same with William Eldest Son and Heir of the first Lord. There are therefore two sons of the Family unknown to Genealogists, unless Samuel and John should prove to be the same persons with Daniel and James—mentioned in Douglas's peerage, and whose descendants are accounted for—There will be no difficulty in ascertaining this point, when I return to Edinr. and get stout enough to resume my investigation, which was interrupted by a cruel fit of giddyness. I have an imperfect recollection of a celebrated Covenanter called Carmichael, but I doubt his being so near the main stock of the Family, as to be the Grandson of the first Lord—This also however I can ascertain with no great trouble, but the connecting your Friend with the said champion of the Covenant, or with Samuel or John Carmichael, of the Sasine, will be a difficult matter, without more hints than your letter furnishes— At all events I may succeed so far as to enable your Friend to ascertain whether it will be worth his while to put the investigation into professional hands, and worth claiming kindred to—<sup>1</sup>

Harden's affair is still in dependance but neither he nor I have forgot your kind perquisitions in his behalf, which ascertained the fate of Poor Capt. Jock Home—But I assure you it did not need that act of special service to entitle you to call upon my best assistance whenever I can gratify you or your Friend, for I hope and trust there is a great difference betwixt being a very lazy letter writer, and the want of a kind recollection of an old Friend—so that when you are so good as to tire for lack of my valuable communications, you have only to give me for theme some circumstance in which I can be of use to you—That is so long as I can be of use to any one, which as things stand with me at present, seems a term of uncertain duration— Not that I apprehend any thing like an

<sup>1</sup> Hartstonge's letter which Scott is answering is neither in the Walpole Collection nor among those in the National Library.

immediate cause of danger, but because the reiterated severity of my Complaint, cannot but undermine the system, especially as it is hereditary, and in its effects cut off my Father before the usual span of existence. If you think I write out of spirits, please be informed the pain was so great within these four hours, as to darken my eyes, so that I could not tell my Daughters from each other. Were you a Scotchman, I should say I conceive it to be exactly the process by which the Deil converts a Man's Kinghood into a Spleuchan ;<sup>1</sup> there is a Shibboleth to set you to the Glossary to Burns—I intend to go to London so soon as I can travel to put Walter into the Cavalry—When you were here not very long ago, he was sailing a Boy's ship—he is now upwards of six feet high, and a beautiful horseman. I mean however to transfer him to the Infantry hereafter—Believe me very Truly Yrs.

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 14<sup>th</sup> March, 1819

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ADVOCATE, EDINBURGH

MY DEAR SIR,—I am but just on my feet after a fourth very severe spasmodic affection which held me from half past six last night to half past three this morning in a state little short of the extreme agony during which time to the infinite consternation of my terrified family I *waltzed* with Madam Cramp to my own sad music

I sighd and howld  
And groand and growld  
A wild and wonderous sound

incapable of lying in one posture yet unable to find any possible means of changing it. I thought of you amid all

<sup>1</sup> See note to letter to Lord Montagu (4<sup>th</sup> March), p. 315.

this agony and of the great game which with your parts and principles lies before you in Scotland and having been for very many years the only man of letters who at least stood by if he could not support the banner of ancient faith and loyalty I was mentally bequeathing to you my batton like old Douglas

Take *thou* the vanguard of the three  
And bury me by the braken bush  
That grows upon yon lily lea.

I believe the women thought I was growing light-headed as they heard me repeat a rhyme apparently so little connected with my situation. I have much to say to you on these subjects for which I hope we shall have a fit time for like old Sir Anthony Absolute I hope still to live long and be very troublesome to you. Indeed the Surgeon could not help expressing his astonishment at the great strength of my temperament and I think had an eye to my ribs as glorious hoops for a skeleton. And this morning I am once more astonishingly well and enjoying the exquisite Dr. Morris<sup>1</sup> and his compeers.

I am delighted with your plan for poor Allan.<sup>2</sup> It

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart's pseudonym of "Peter Morris," under which he wrote *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk*. There is no first edition of this work, but the second (*i.e.* the first) was published in 3 vols. in October 1819, but extracts from the Letters had just been appearing in the 23rd and 24th Nos. of *Blackwood's Magazine* (for February and March 1819), and it is these Scott has been reading. See Mrs. Oliphant's *William Blackwood and His Sons*, i. 219-221.

<sup>2</sup> After his return, in 1814, from extensive travels in Russia, the Ukraine, Turkey, and Tartary, William Allan (1782-1850), the painter, became something of a "lion" in Edinburgh. In 1815 his picture of "Circassian Captives" had attracted attention at the Royal Academy, though it did not find a purchaser. Scott, John and James Wilson, Lockhart, and others got up a lottery for it, with 100 subscribers at ten guineas each, and the picture was won by the Earl of Wemyss. Lockhart's letter of 3rd April informs Scott of the result of the "little lottery for Allan's pictures. The only two Peers on our list were Lord Wemyss and Lord Fife the former of whom got the Circassian slaves—the latter the next prize the Jewish family. . . . I intended to try my luck for you, but as I understood that the hint you dropped and which I hinted secondhand to the powers (Bridges, &c.) would have been acted upon—I mean the exchanging of the wheel for the dice—I was a little afraid of my inexperienced hand and

would be a shame to us all were we not to make an exertion for so wonderful a little fellow. Pray put me down for *three* shares. I think I shall get two names—D[uke of] Buccleugh and Lord Montagu for two more—indeed I am almost sure of the former. Could not something be eked to the plan in the way of engraving so as to make it still further productive? I hope to be so well as to go up to London and trust I shall get Allan an order to paint ArchBp. Sharpes murder of which he has made a superb sketch. If my stomach would let me exert my energies as usual I should hope to be able to treat myself to some of his productions. But at present my nose is held to the grindstone in every way. The Duke wants me to sit for him for a picture in his fine new library and names Raeburn—I should like much better to sit to Allan. But it is a sin to take up his time with Chowder-pates.

Adieu my veins have been sluiced so often that they give me pain in writing. Kindest Compliments to Wilson—the Maga is charming manly liberal and spirited. Such principles and such talents must at once atone for errors or extravagancies and command respect

asked your son whom I met by accident close to the scene of action to be your deputy. I am glad after all of the luck of the two great men first because the Pictures will be seen to advantage in their possession & secondly because I shd. think both will look on themselves as under some kind of obligation to procure some of the works of the same pencil in a way more exactly suited to the character of their purses. Lord Wemyss and all his family have been particularly attentive to Allan and indeed appear to have a sincere affection for him therefore the fate of the Captives cannot be otherwise than according to his own mind.” He then describes Allan’s delightful facial expression “when three individuals of whom I was one dropped in successively after the fashion of Job’s messengers but with very different sorts of errands. We told him . . . how the thing stood . . . it was clear it cd not be long kept concealed . . . he seemed to desire anything rather than a diminution of his pleasure from the intelligence. . . . I hope I did not act wrong in putting you down for one share only—I understood your mention of *three* merely as a permission in case the list cd not otherwise be filled up.” He concludes with the news of the sudden death of Joseph Hume, the only son of David Hume, the judge—see, later, letter to Adam Fergusson, 16th April 1819, p. 355. For reference to Allan’s picture of Arch-bishop Sharpe’s murder see letter to the Duke of Buccleuch, 15th April.

where it will not be readily yielded. The pleaders<sup>1</sup> portraits are about the best I ever read and will preserve these three very remarkable and original men for all of whom however differing in points whereon I wish we had agreed I entertain not only deep respect but sincere friendship and regard. Unquestionably Cranstoun in the days of our Stove-hood which I take to be a good phrase for the journeyman days of young Scottish lawyers was far the more likely of the two to have risen by literature and made more than one imperfect attempt that way. His extreme diffidence—the narrowness of the family circumstances—and a proud shyness which recoiled from the idea of a direct appeal to the public have been I am convinced the sole obstacles to his embracing the primrose path of poetry for a poet he is *intus et in cute*. Ever my dear Sir Most truly and affectionately yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 23 *March* [*postmarked* 1819]

[*Law*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

private

DEAR CONSTABLE,—You will probably hear rumours of my backslidings which may be greatly exaggerated. I have had since Ballantyne and Ross were here two relapses into my *conundrums* both very severe and lasting several hours. Yet strange to tell I think I am better today upon the whole than I was while they were here. Last night was a cruelly painful trial the spasms lasting from  $\frac{1}{2}$  six till half-past four in the morning without a moment's intermission. Yet after all this agony and much bleeding and blistering and dosing with laudanum here I am sitting quietly in my own room

<sup>1</sup> The pleaders were John Clerk, Cranstoun, and Jeffrey, all later Lords of Session.

in hopes two days will restore me the use of my arms—sorely mangled with lancets—and the free exercise of my faculties. On looking through a copy of the Lay (terribly imperfect by the way) I see nothing to add or correct so you may send it to press when you chuse. We think we understand this disorder now and though we may be long of conquering it yet with the help of my excellent constitution I have every hope of maintaining a successful war and being victor at last. Imagine that while I had screamd and yelld for eight hours through very agony my pulse never rose above the usual temperature of health. I have written to Baillie whose prescriptions were so successful two years since and hope to hear from him. If the worst come to the worst I am putting my things into such order that you my good friend may not have inconvenient loss added to the necessary close of a very long and most friendly correspondence. But notwithstanding this little hint I assure you I intend like Sir Anthony Absolute to live a long while and pigeon you of a great deal more cash and I trust within ten days to be well enough to receive David and you at this place agreeably to your promise.

I beg to put you in mind of the last vol. of my State trials. Also of the Scots Magazine and the Swift of which I have no copy. If you have any entertaining book to send me it will be charity. I am Dear Constable  
Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

23 March 1819 ABBOTSFORD

As I cannot write two letters please let Jas. B. know how I stand.

[*Kilpatrick*]



## TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—As the Patriarch said of old, “The voice is the voice of Jacob but the hand is the hand of Esau,” not but what I am more like Esau of the two having been unshaved for four days while my amanuensis is a young medical friend; the truth is, my jokes are cruelly serious at the bottom and here I lie on my back betwixt the Devil & the deep sea which according to the present Abbotsford interpretation between the Cramp & the Water Closet.

But I must be a great deal worse than all this did I not write or cause to be written the contents of Adam Ferguson’s letter to me<sup>1</sup> as they implied rather comfortable news of the Duke—indeed I think the best way is to inclose it as it contains no secrets. I think you will infer with me from the contents that the Duke has suffered something from so boisterous a passage & I should have been surprised had it been otherwise—They will be surprised at not hearing from me at Lisbon but for many days I have been altogether incapable of writing—what betwixt bleeding & opiates & all the medical etceteras with which we are bothered from the head to the Tail I trust soon to get better & even yet to visit Ditton in the spring & have a proper rumage of the old Tracts—I will apprise you so soon as I hear from Adam Ferguson & I trust to your Lordship’s kindness to transmit the earliest

<sup>1</sup> Of 5th March from H.M. Ship *Liffey* in the Tagus off Lisbon. “Our good Duke has held out during the voyage as well as could have been expected tho’ we had a glorious toss of it thro’ the Bay of Biscay with a heavy swell setting in from the N.W. which made our gallant Frigate roll considerably. . . . All this rolling . . . interfered a little with the quiet repose of our Leader. . . . Curious to tell the Duke was not once during the whole voyage in the least qualmish . . . his gallant spirit roughed it thro’ & I have no doubt that a few days quiet . . . will restore him to what he was previous to [our] leaving the George Inn at Portsmouth, which I could not help flattering myself was all for the better.” He adds a postscript that when this letter reaches Scott he is to write “a few lines under cover to our friend Lord Montague mentioning what the state of your Spring Motions is likely to be, also any thing interesting relating to Regalia Concerns.”—*Walpole Collection*.

news of the Duke's health and am always with great regard  
Most affectionately yours

WALTER SCOTT

Given from my bed at Abbotsford 25 *March*<sup>1</sup> [1819].

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

MY DEAR MRS. BAILLIE,—I am sorry to be obliged to give you a very poor account of Papa's health the spasms never leaving him for more than twenty four hours at a time. We took the liberty of making Doctor Clarkson who attends him here write his case to your brother<sup>2</sup> to request his advice, Papa would have wrote himself but he has not been able to write for some time for he has really been dangerously ill and is still very very weak and is so very much disheartened with the constant return of the spasms that it is quite miserable, but we are in great hopes that the spasms are not so dreadfully violent these two last days that is the only thing that comforts us.

He sends you a letter from Mrs. Siddons he ought to have sent you long ago but he has been so ill that he quite forgot it. Dear Miss Baillie I hope soon to be able to write you a better account of Papa than I can do at present and I hope that you will excuse the shortness of this letter but I have so few minutes to spare from attending Papa and so tired from being up almost every night that I must conclude with subscribing myself in haste Very Affectionately Yours

CHARLOTTE SOPHIA SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, *Friday 26th [Postmark : March]* 1819.

DEAREST FRIEND,—I cannot let Sophia's dolorous epistle go without adding two lines to say that I think I am now getting really better. The contest betwixt the medicines and the disease having been carried on entirely at the expence of my body corporate I feel after so long

<sup>1</sup> The postscript, date, and signature are in Scott's hand, but the remainder of the letter is written by the amanuensis mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> See Scott's letter to Dr. Matthew Baillie of 17th April, p. 360.

and obstinate a conflict as I suppose the town of Saragossa did when it had been so desperately attackd and defended. I have no apprehension of any great danger but till of late the agony was intolerable and lasted six seven and eight hours without intermission. The pain is now much milder. I have reason to thank God for placing me in circumstances so much above my deserts in every respect and am much too grateful for the blessings which have attachd themselves to me in every respect than disposed to murmur under the natural evils of humanity. Kind love my dear friend to your sister Mrs Baillie the Dr. and believe me always well or ill most affectionately yours  
W. S.

I got once as far as your intended bower, the Evergreens are flourishing as they should do and next year I hope to build my little rustic seat. This letter from Mrs. Siddons should have reachd you long since but my hours have been divided betwixt pain and stupidity.

*[Royal College of Surgeons, London]*

TO J. B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I use Sophia's hand for the purpose of relieving any anxiety on account of the reports which may have reached you concerning the state of my health it has been to say truth excessively unpleasant and now is only mending very slowly for a weary length of time the spasmodic affections have returned with great violence every thirty hours or thereabouts and have sometimes held me in great agony for seven eight and ten hours together giving very reluctant way to opium and bleeding. The decay of my strength which has in consequence taken place has been so far favourable to my health that the features of my disease have grown proportionately milder and so quoth

Maria<sup>1</sup> God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb or to use a simile more appropriate to the case of an old literary pack horse like myself thus the burden is fitted to the back. We have also found of late considerable advantage from immersion in the warm bath &c.<sup>2</sup>

Thus far Sophia when I was interrupted yesterday with an irresistible propensity to doze since which I have been better for though the cramp returnd today it was not untill morning and was then of a mild character. The jaundice I think are going off. Like a complete mountaineer I am returnd to whey and oatmeal porridge taken in spoonfuls at a time which thrives better with me than the vain imaginations of soups and jellies with which they tried to cram me. The Doctor pays me the compliment of having the strongest constitution he ever witnessd to bear so much pain and so many exhausting remedies and yet retain the degree of strength I have left. I am now sitting up for an hour or twain. If I can once shake off the habit of having the cramp once a day I shall soon gather strength & I still think of getting to London in Spring. A voyage would do me much good.

Adieu my dear Morritt. This is but a poor account of myself but I am always intus et in cute well or ill Yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *friday* [*postmarked 30th March 1819*]

Look at the last Blackwoods Magazine for an admirable sketch of some of our popular lawyers here.<sup>3</sup>

[*Law*]

<sup>1</sup> "She had since that, she told me, stray'd as far as Rome, and walk'd round St Peter's once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travell'd over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb*."—STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey* : Maria.

<sup>2</sup> All this first paragraph is in Sophia's hand. The remainder of the letter and the address are in Scott's hand.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk*. See note 1 to letter to Lockhart, 23rd March, p. 322.

*To UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT*<sup>1</sup>

SIR,—Your modest and sensible letter would not have remained so long without an answer, had it not reached me at a time of severe indisposition : even at present I must employ another hand than my own.

I have long been under the necessity of laying down a positive and general rule, never to offer an opinion on the manuscript poetry of unknown correspondents. Besides being a most burdensome tax upon my time (for I frequently received two or three large packets in one week), I had generally the very unpleasant task of returning such answers as were disagreeable to my correspondents. In fact, sir, although nothing can be so rare as that high degree of poetical talent which arrests, in a strong degree, the attention of the public, yet nothing is more general among admirers of poetry, and men of imagination, than the art of putting together tolerable, and even good verses. In some cases (and I am disposed to reckon my own among the number), either from novelty of subject or style, or peculiarity of information, even this subordinate degree of talent leads to considerable literary distinction : but nothing can be more precarious than the attempt to raise one-self from obscurity, and place empty and tantalising objects in the view, diverting the poet from those which, fairly and manfully followed out, seldom fail to conduct worth and industry to comfort and independence.

I by no means advise you to lay aside your taste for literature ; it does you credit as a man, and very possibly as a man of talents. But those powers which can make verses are applicable to the more useful and ordinary purposes of life. Your situation is at present dependent ; but there is none so low from which patience, industry

<sup>1</sup> I conjecture the name of this correspondent is Daniel Banfield Hickie, who, with his letter of 10th March, sends Scott a prospectus of Translations of Anacreon and Sappho, and asks him if he will subscribe. This letter is in the Walpole Collection.

and perseverance cannot raise the possessor of those excellent qualities. I would only advise you to publish in such a shape as to insure a return of profit, as some compensation for adopting the thriftless occupation of a poet. If you should resort to subscription, you are at liberty to put down my name ; for I scarce think that a man who writes so sensible a letter can be guilty of the folly of publishing very bad verses. I am, sir, with sincere good will, your humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, 31st March 1819.

P.S.—As you have given me no direction, I can only use the general one pointed out by your letter.

[*Highland Note-Book*]

TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ADVOCATE, EDINR.

DEAR SIR,—I have been dreadfully ill since I wrote you but I think I have now got the turn fairly. It was quite time for [though] the Doctors say the disease is not dangerous yet I could not have endured six days more agony. These two last days I have had no return of my cramp whatsoever and begin to gain a very little strength.

I have a summons from the ingenious Mr. Bridges<sup>1</sup> to attend to my interest at his shop on the next saturday or send some qualified person to act in my behalf. I suppose this mysterious missive alludes to the plan about Allans picture and at any rate I hope you will take the trouble to act for me. I should think a raffle with dice would give more general satisfaction than a lottery. You would be astonishd what mean and unhandsome suspicions well-educated and sensible persons will take

<sup>1</sup> “The jokers in Blackwood made him [Mr. David Bridges] happy by dubbing him ‘The Director-General of the Fine Arts for Scotland.’—He says the subscribers for the Allan-Raffle were not so numerous as Scott had supposed. [Mr. Bridges died in November 1840, in his 64th year.] ”  
—LOCKHART.

into their heads when a selfish competition awakens the evil and mean passions of our nature. Let each subscriber throw the dice in person or by proxy leaving out all who throw under a certain number and let this be repeated till the number is so far reduced that the three who throw highest may hold the prizes.

I have much to say to you about Dr. Morris being delighted with his proposal of publishing his tour. Should you spare me a day as you promised about the end of next week I trust you will find me pretty *bobbish*. The Blucher brings you out and takes you back with the utmost convenience possible being almost as convenient to Abbotsford as the Field Marshal to Europe. I want to give you the advantages of some of my experience respecting the state of our Scotch literature about twenty five years since. Always yours affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 1st April [*postmarked* 1819]

[*Law*]

TO THOMAS THOMSON

[*c. April 1819*]

DEAR TOM,—I am told you are with Mr. Kennedy & cannot send a letter to the Chief Commissr. whose precise address I do not know (& the letter is of consequence) without adding a scrap merely to say that I have endured since the Session rose almost nightly the agonies of a tortured Indian & have been for these three days only unloosed from the stake. But I have got the turn & hope to keep it.

I wish you would look into the shop of Rodwell & Martin & see how the engravings come on & whether my elucidations have been satisfactory—I will write you a longer letter one day sooner but I am still terribly feeble. For ten days on end I could not swallow any thing but

toast & water & a tea spoonful of boiled rice—this is literal

“But shall we go mourn for that  
My dear?”

Ifackins no we'll live to cherish our tabernacles together as of yore & doff the world aside and bid it pass. My love to Heber—eight days since my greeting might have been classical *Moriturus te salutat*. The Doctors deny there is any direct danger in this cruel disorder & I believe they are right but inflammation was thrice boxd off by profuse bleeding & many other trapdoors lay too near me considering the rapid pace at which I was running. Yours affectionately

W. S.

Make the proper excuse to Mr. Kennedy for giving him this trouble.

[*Stevenson*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I was never less able to write for I have been so exhausted by the continued torture of nearly three weeks that they lift me out & into the carriage like a child. The pain is however gone and I trust the disease for the present though Dr. Baillie suspects gallstones & says I will probably be free for life if I can get safely deliverd of them. For more than a fortnight I lived on as much boiled rice as the abstemious Miss in the Arabian tales. But the Cramp in the stomach which acted as my nocturnal goule<sup>1</sup> supplied deficiencies at the cost of no other carcase but my own.

Thank you for the kind verses for no cross gartering of the initials can disguise the kind partiality and the talent of the author.<sup>2</sup> I am only so far worthy of your praise

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* ghoul.

<sup>2</sup> Sharpe wrote back on 7th April: “I must tell you that I wrote not one word of the verses which occasioned your most acceptable letter. . . . I am not the author of the poem in question, neither do I know any thing concerning it, but what you write.” He intends shortly to set to work



that I know how to value it as clearly as if I really were all your friendship supposes. In the course of an uncommonly prosperous life I have to thank God particularly for the friendship, which I have formd with men of worth & genious & I need not tell you how much I value yours. If there are any persons who have been at the trouble to entertain a serious dislike at me it is a circumstance I have long taught myself to consider very philosophically. I know no offence I can receive from any one unless it affects my property or honour and both can be well enough protected. I own I do not look with much favour on the enemies of my country or of those old fashioned maxims of honour faith and principle which her happiness must stand or fall bye.

I meant but to thank you & say how I feel your kindness and behold I have turnd a page & my nurse Sophia holds up her finger : pray let me know what you are to do about Fountainhall's Diary & how matters fadge in the great city of Edinr. Ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 1st *April* 1819 (no bad day to receive too flattering a complimt. I hope no Hunt the gowk<sup>1</sup> is to follow.)

[*Hornel*]

To [UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT]

MY D[EAR] SIR,—I have an high value for the Genius of Burns & beg of you to put me down for (£5.) five pounds. I wish I could give more with propriety. I heartily subscribe to the opinion that such a notice should be taken of departed Genius, but why should not the thing go farther ? We might annually & at no great expence offer a similar tribute of respect to a countryman distinguished upon Fountainhall—"for which I am to have 50 Pounds from Constable—I trust better paid than what Ballantyne promised, for from that varlet I cannot get 35 Pounds which he still owes me."—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. make an April fool of.

for Speculation or Action. There are many who have such a claim on us not only for the Genius they have displayed but for the beneficial & widely extended benefits they have conferred on Mankind. I might mention Smith the Author of the *Wealth of Nations*, Robertson our Classical Historian, Robinson<sup>1</sup> whose talents were of an high order & very many others. A classical Memorial of such men would do us honour—A monument, a statue or even a head, would be sufficient. Let me add that while we offer this tribute to the Poet his son should not be forgotten for I am told he is poor, moral & industrious—But I have already said much more than I intended. I remain D[ear] Sir truly yours

*April 3d 1819*

W SCOTT

[*Miss Howell*]

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

ABBOTSFORD, 4th April 1819

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—Tidings from you must be always acceptable, even were the bowl in the act of breaking at the fountain—and my health is at present very *totterish*. I have gone through a cruel succession of spasms and sickness, which have terminated in a special fit of the jaundice, so that I might sit for the image of Plutus, the god of specie, so far as complexion goes. I shall like our American acquaintance<sup>2</sup> the better that he has sharpened your remembrance of me, but he is also a wondrous

<sup>1</sup> Probably John Robison (1739-1805), the great scientific writer; Professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh, 1773; first Gen. Secy. Royal Society of Edinburgh. William Erskine (Lord Kinnedder) married his daughter, Euphemia. See note to letter to Wordsworth, c. 24th September.

<sup>2</sup> Professor George Ticknor of Boston (1791-1871), a friend of Washington Irving. He travelled much in Europe—London, Gottingen, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Madrid, and Lisbon. He was Professor of French and Spanish and Belles Lettres at Harvard (1819-35). He wrote a *History of Spanish Literature* (1849) and lives of Lafayette (1824) and Prescott (1864). Southey had said in his letter of 11th March: "You would have heard from me ere long, even if Mr. Ticknor had not given a spur to my tardy

fellow for romantic lore and antiquarian research, considering his country. I have now seen four or five well-lettered Americans, ardent in pursuit of knowledge, and free from the ignorance and forward presumption which distinguish many of their countrymen. I hope they will inoculate their country with a love of letters, so nearly allied to a desire of peace and a sense of public justice—virtues to which the great Transatlantic community is more strange than could be wished. Accept my best and most sincere wishes for the health and strength of your latest pledge of affection. When I think what you have already suffered, I can imagine with what mixture of feelings this event must necessarily affect you ; but you need not be told that we are in better guidance than our own. I trust in God this late blessing will be permanent, and inherit your talents and virtues. When I

intentions.” The “ latest pledge of affection ” is the recent birth of a son. Scott’s remarks about writing for the theatre are with reference to Southey’s citation of Elliott, the author of “ a little volume called Night ”—he is “ in business (the iron-trade, I believe) at Rotherham.” This is Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849), the corn-law rhymers, who was born at Masborough in Rotherham parish. His “ Night, or the Legend of Wharnccliffe,” was described by the *Monthly Review* as the “ *Ne plus ultra* of German horror and bombast.” He has sent play after play to the London theatres, and Southey has given him good advice. Southey then proceeds to say : “ It was reported that you were about to bring forth a play & I was greatly in hopes it might be true ;—for I am verily persuaded that in this course you would run as brilliant a career as you have already done in narrative both in prose & rhyme ;—for as for believing that you have a double in the field—not I ! Those same powers would be equally certain of success in the drama, & were you to give them a dramatic direction, & reign for a third seven years upon the stage, you would stand alone in literary history. Indeed already I believe that no man ever afforded so much delight to so great a number of his contemporaries in this, or in any other country.” Among other things, he mentions he is now drawing fast toward the close of “ that long labour,” the *History of Brazil*. “ When I think . . . how completely during great part of my course I have been without either chart or pilot to direct me, I look back with wonder upon what I have accomplished. I go to London in about seven weeks from this time, & as soon as I return the peninsular war will be sent to press. In the course of the summer also I shall have to send you my *Life of Wesley*—of which one volume is printed. . . . It is indeed a history of the Rise & Progress of Methodism, & contains oddities of all kinds & facts from which a psychologist may learn more than from all the metaphysical treatises that ever spoilt white paper.”—*Walpole Collection*.

look around me, and see how many men seem to make it their pride to misuse high qualifications, can I be less interested than I truly am, in the fate of one who has uniformly dedicated his splendid powers to maintaining the best interests of humanity? I am very angry at the time you are to be in London, as I must be there in about a fortnight, or so soon as I can shake off this depressing complaint, and it would add not a little that I should meet you there. My chief purpose is to put my eldest son into the army. I could have wished he had chosen another profession, but have no title to combat a choice which would have been my own had my lameness permitted. Walter has apparently the dispositions and habits fitted for the military profession, a very quiet and steady temper, an attachment to mathematics and their application, good sense, and uncommon personal strength and activity, with address in most exercises, particularly horsemanship.

— I had written thus far last week when I was interrupted, first by the arrival of our friend Ticknor with Mr. Cogswell,<sup>1</sup> another well-accomplished Yankee—(by the by, we have them of all sorts, *e.g.* one Mr. \* \* \* \* \* rather a fine man, whom the girls have christened, with some humour, the Yankee Doodle *Dandie*.) They have had Tom Drum's entertainment,<sup>2</sup> for I have been seized

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Green Cogswell, LL.D. (1786-1871), bibliographer, was born at Ipswich, Mass. He studied at Harvard and Gottingen, and was Professor of Geology at Harvard from 1820 to 1823. He then edited *The New York Review* (1836-42), and, with Halleck and Washington Irving, helped to plan the Astor Library, of which from 1848 he was superintendent.

<sup>2</sup> "Jack Drum's entertainment" is giving a guest the cold shoulder. Shakespeare calls it "John Drum's entertainment"—

*First Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act III. sc. vi.

Holinshed speaks of "Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." "In faith, good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right John Drum's entertainment."—Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).

with one or two successive *crises* of my cruel malady, lasting in the utmost anguish from eight to ten hours. If I had not the strength of a team of horses, I could never have fought through it, and through the heavy fire of medical artillery, scarce less exhausting—for bleeding, blistering, calomel, and ipecacuanha have gone on without intermission—while, during the agony of the spasms, laudanum became necessary in the most liberal doses, though inconsistent with the general treatment. I did not lose my senses, because I resolved to keep them, but I thought once or twice they would have gone overboard, top and top-gallant. I should be a great fool, and a most ungrateful wretch, to complain of such inflictions as these. My life has been, in all its private and public relations, as fortunate perhaps as was ever lived, up to this period ; and whether pain or misfortune may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it. Fear is an evil<sup>1</sup> that has never mixed with my nature, nor has even unwonted good fortune rendered my love of life tenacious ; and so I can look forward to the possible conclusion of these scenes of agony with reasonable equanimity, and suffer chiefly through the sympathetic distress of my family.

— Other ten days have passed away, for I would not send this Jeremiad to tease you, while its termination seemed doubtful. For the present,

“ The game is done—I’ve won, I’ve won,  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.”

I am this day, for the first time, free from the relics of my disorder, and, except in point of weakness, perfectly well. But no broken-down hunter had ever so many sprung sinews, welks, and bruises. I am like Sancho after the doughty affair of the Yanguesian Carriers, and all through

<sup>1</sup> A happy temperament, yet one could wish that Scott had been a little more prone to fear about money complications and a little less of political revolutions.

the unnatural twisting of the muscles under the influence of that *Goule* the cramp. I must be swathed in Goulard and Rosemary spirits—*probatum est*.

I shall not fine and renew a lease of popularity upon the theatre. To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please, for your success is necessarily at their mercy, I cannot away with. How would you, or how do you think I should, relish being the object of such a letter as Kean<sup>1</sup> wrote t'other day to a poor author, who, though a pedantic blockhead, had at least the right to be treated as a gentleman by a copper-laced, twopenny tearmouth, rendered mad by conceit and success? Besides, if this objection were out of the way, I do not think the character of the audience in London is such that one could have the least pleasure in pleasing them. One half come to prosecute their debaucheries, so openly that it would degrade a bagnio. Another set to snooze off their beef-steaks and port wine; a third are critics of the fourth column of the newspaper; fashion, wit, or literature, there is not; and, on the whole, I would far rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience. The only thing that could tempt me to be so silly, would be to assist a friend in such a degrading task who was to have the whole profit and shame of it.

Have you seen decidedly the most full and methodized collection of Spanish romances (ballads) published by the industry of Depping (Altenburgh and Leipsic), 1817?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The reader will find something about this actor's quarrel with Mr. Buckie, author of "The Italians," in Barry Cornwall's *Life of Kean*, vol. ii. p. 178.

<sup>2</sup> Georg Bernhard Depping's *Sammlung der besten alten Spanischen historischen, Ritter- und Maurischen Romanzen. Mit Anmerkungen und einer Einleitung versehen*. Altenburg and Leipzig [Rudolstadt printed,] 1817. 12°. See Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 55, and letter which follows to Constable. Lockhart recounts a visit to Abbotsford with John Ballantyne in the spring of this year when Scott was recovering from his illness. "He desired his daughter Sophia to fetch the MS. of *The Noble Moringer*, as it had been taken down from his dictation, partly by her and partly by Mr. Laidlaw, during one long and painful day while he lay in bed. He read

It is quite delightful. Ticknor had set me agog to see it, without affording me any hope it could be had in London, when by one of these fortunate chances which have often marked my life, a friend, who had been lately on the Continent, came unexpectedly to inquire for me, and plucked it forth *par manière de cadeau*. God prosper you, my dear Southey, in your labours ; but do not work too hard—*experto crede*. This conclusion, as well as the confusion of my letter, like the Bishop of Grenada's sermon, savours of the apoplexy. My most respectful compliments attend Mrs. S. Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

P.S.—I shall long to see the conclusion of the Brazil history, which, as the interest comes nearer, must rise even above the last noble volume. Wesley you alone can touch : but will you not have the hive about you ? When I was about twelve years old, I heard him preach more than once, standing on a chair, in Kelso churchyard.<sup>1</sup> He

it to us as it stood, and seeing that both Ballantyne and I were much pleased with the verses, he said he should copy them out . . . and give me them to be printed in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1816." The translation of this long German ballad did appear in the *Register* for 1816 (published in 1819), and it also appears in the *Poetical Works*, p. 618. Scott introduces the work into his Introduction (1832) to *The Betrothed* where he says the tale "exists in a collection of German popular songs, entitled 'Sammlung Deutscher Volkslieder' (Berlin 1807 ; published by Messrs. Buseling and Von der Hagen). The song is supposed to be extracted from a manuscript chronicle of Nicholas Thomann, chaplain to St. Leonard in Wissenhorn, and dated 1533. The ballad, which is popular in Germany, is supposed, from the language, to have been composed in the fifteenth century. . . . There is also . . . another edition of this story, which has been converted by M. Tieck . . . into the subject of one of his romantic dramas." The B.M. Catalogue has Anton Dietrich's *Braga. Vollständige Sammlung . . . deutscher Gedichte aus dem 18. und 19. Jahrhundert. . . . Mit einer Einleitung von L. Tieck*. 12°. Dresden, 1827-8.

<sup>1</sup> In 1784. On Friday, 23rd April, Wesley travelled from Longtown to Selkirk, and on the evening of the 24th he preached in Edinburgh : "I am amazed at this people. Use the most cutting words and apply them in the most pointed manner ; still they hear, but feel no more than the seats they sit upon." Like other orators he found Glasgow audiences more responsive. He went as far north as Elgin, and on his way back reached Kelso on 27th May. "We travelled through a delightful country to Kelso (from Berwick on Tweed). Here the two Seceding Ministers have

was a most venerable figure, but his sermons were vastly too colloquial for the taste of Saunders. He told many excellent stories. One I remember, which he said had happened to him at Edinburgh. "A drunken dragoon," said Wesley, "was commencing an assertion in military fashion, G—d eternally d—n me, just as I was passing. I touched the poor man on the shoulder, and when he turned round fiercely, said calmly, you mean *God bless you*." In the mode of telling the story he failed not to make us sensible how much his patriarchal appearance, and mild yet bold rebuke, overawed the soldier, who touched his hat, thanked him, and, I think, came to chapel that evening.

[*Lockhart*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

[Extract]

DEAR SIR,— . . . I began to dictate yesterday & did it easily & with comfort. This is a great point. But I must work by little & little. Last night I had a slight return of the enemy but easily baffled him. I should like much to see Turner—Tell Mr. David his Romances are truly admirable.<sup>1</sup> . . . Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Thursday* [8th April 1819]

[*Stevenson*]

taken true pains to frighten the people from hearing us by retailing all the ribaldry of Mr Cudworth, Toplady, and Rowland Hill : but God has called one of them to his account already, and in a fearful manner. As no house could contain the congregation I preached in the church-yard ; and a more decent behaviour I have scarce ever seen."—Rev. John Wesley's *Journal*. Walter Scott was in the churchyard.

<sup>1</sup> David Constable, son of the publisher, who had been travelling in Germany and Italy throughout 1817, and looking out among other things for old and valuable books. He was a cultured young man but with a disposition which, after his father's death in 1827, led to a complete breakdown. He recovered, married, and retired to Brussels, but on the death of his wife in 1835 he succumbed again. The romances referred to are probably those mentioned in the preceding letter to Southey, 4th April.



## To JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I had lost sight of £200,, paid to James. By the by—he has plaid me a fine trick. On Tuesday I received a letter from him stating provision was to be made for £1200 on which I [was] instantly satisfied. Yesterday I learned that from some advances of his own & wages etc which he had not mentiond the balance is £700 [more] than his letter made me expect. I can provide him one half of this without discount by pinching myself but I am obliged to discount one £350,, I beg you to assist James in this. There are very few of thes[e] bills in the market.

Your doubts of my plan makes me lean to yours. I will therefore tomorrow get stamps & send you two acceptces for money advanced as you proposed in your last & I can get cash for Constables at my leisure so his name is not pledged beyond the sum it is all he needs to care about. My two notes might be backed if necessary with one of Constables London Bills for £1100,, but it might be wrong to offer too much security. I will writc fully tomorrow & hope to hear from you by return of post (i.e. before one) which I will receive on Tuesday otherwise not till thursday.

I will send (if I can get stamps so early) my own acceptances those of Constable & the long one (you not using but returning what is not necessary to raise the £900 & odd) & they will be in Hanover street before post time on tuesday as Mrs. Scott will carry them in tomorrow evening—if then in town you will get them. Yours truly

W. S.

*Sunday [11 April 1819]* <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sunday was the 11th and the letter bears the postmark of 12th April 1819. On the 9th John Ballantyne notes: "Sent to Scott in terms of his letter to James my note at 3 mos. for £360 without value." On the 13th he notes: "Went to Abbotsford on Sunday and returned yesterday; the pain in my side returnd. Lockhart was at Abbotsford and Mr Scott recovered." Details of bills follow.

As I rely intirely upon your freindship & discretion (for from James[']s stile he is on his back like a tortoise)<sup>1</sup> so I will have a due eye on your concerns.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

private

[Extract]

DEAR SIR,—I return you with best thanks Turners Heraldry which referring chiefly to French and foreign ceremonies has no great degree of interest. Also four stitcd books of the transcript of his Memoirs which I think extremely curious.<sup>2</sup> The conclusion was not sent to me. I can see it when I come to town.

John Ballantyne is here and returns with copy<sup>3</sup> which my increasing strength permits me to hope I may now furnish regularly. He has my directions to furnish your cash as speedily as possible. Unquestionably there are inconveniences attachd to such long accounts as ours exclusively formd with each other which were greatly removed by giving a share of these things to London. But you must balance these inconveniences against great contingent advantages received and to be received. . . . Believe me dear Sir Very truly yours WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 11 April [1819]

[*Stevenson*]

<sup>1</sup> I have inserted brackets here to make the sense clearer.

<sup>2</sup> I cannot discover a book on Heraldry by anyone Turner. Probably this was one of several pieces by Sir James Turner which were privately printed about 1819. Sir James Turner (1615-1686 ?), soldier and author, published *Pallas Armata* in 1683. His *Memoirs of His Own Life and Times*, from the original MS., was published by the Bannatyne Club in 1829. Turner is said to divide with Major-General Robert Monro the honour of being the original of Dugald Dalgetty in *A Legend of Montrose*, and no doubt Scott had been reading these productions of Turner's while embarking upon that novel. Turner's life also provided material for certain incidents in *Old Mortality*. See chap. xi. and note in *Old Mortality*, and Introduction to *A Legend of Montrose*.

<sup>3</sup> The "copy" was that of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, which Scott was dictating to his amanuenses, William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne. See *Lockhart*.

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I got your letter yesterday a melancholy contrast to that received on tuesday in which you state there was only £1200,, to provide after you got your reinforcements from me. How much more than £1400,, you expected out of £1500 I do not know but I think in reason it could only be the odd £100 which I send for you. Of wages &c not a word did I hear till yesterday. My dear friend I request once for all your states may be weekly & precise stating always *what you are in advance & what you need leaving nothing to be supplied by calculation of mine* which is very difficult unless you have the actual books before you which you have & I cannot have. This is some trouble & some repetition of labour but without it you will put yourself & me to most perilous plunges.

If I [had known]<sup>1</sup> on Wednesday the real state of this balance I should have been under no difficulty because I would have enlarged my bill to Bank of Scotland & that which I propose to discount tomorrow at Jedburgh & supplied the deficiency without further discount, *now* there is no time for this & it is what I complain of that I am driven on measures destructive of credit merely for want of time to look about me. As it is I must do the best I can.

I reinclose the bill accepted for £350 which with Johns assistance you can get discounted at some private Banker avoiding the B. of S. Send me by return of post (that is on Monday before one) another drat. for £450 which may go to the old Bank. If I do not get this by return of post that is on tuesday morning I cannot receive it till *thursday—mind that*—I inclose a cheque for £100,, on Sir William Forbes which makes £550,, & I will supply the remaining £150,, by £50 a week. This makes £700—the last acknowledged balance. I hope to hear there is no more behind us & April.

<sup>1</sup> The word here is indecipherable. It might read “done” or “known,” which suits the context, supposing, as often, a word has been dropped.

I will write by Mr Lockhart with the proof-sheets. I am very desirous to have the rest of Carey to finish the notes. There is money on his head which as matters stand with me I cannot want so I beg it may be put through the press & the engraver hastend. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

*Sunday [postmarked 12 April 1819]*

John has had so little to do in these matters for some time and by far the greater part of my bills are now clear of Edinburgh & indeed of the market entirely that I think there should be no puzzle about this. I know were I in town I could easily get it done. Tell John I have a scheme to set his funds at liberty.

I dare hardly hope these operations will settle you for April. Yet to my eye they MUST. At worst you have Sir William Forbes on your lee but I would not have them tried if possible.

[*Glen*]

TO ROBERT SHORTREED, SHERIFF-SUBSTITUTE, ETC.,  
JEDBURGH

ABBOTSFORD, 13th April 1819

DEAR BOB,—I am very desirous to procure, and as soon as possible, Mrs. Shortreed's excellent receipt for making yeast. The Duke of Buccleuch complains extremely of the sour yeast at Lisbon as disagreeing with his stomach, and I never tasted half such good bread as Mrs. Shortreed has baked at home. I am sure you will be as anxious as I am that the receipt should be forwarded to his Grace as soon as possible. I remember Mrs. Shortreed giving a most distinct account of the whole affair. It should be copied over in a very distinct hand, lest Mons. Florence<sup>1</sup> makes blunders.

I am recovering from my late indisposition, but as weak as water. To write these lines is a fatigue. I scarce

<sup>1</sup> For whom see note, p. 354.

think I can be at the circuit at all—certainly only for an hour or two. So on this occasion I will give Mrs. Shortreed's kind hospitality a little breathing time. I am tired even with writing these few lines. Yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I inclose a long letter for the Duke the first fruits of my convalescence if I ought yet to consider myself as a convalescent for I get every two or three days a cruel attack of my old enemy. Still however it is milder and last night gave way for the first time to the warm bath without use of anodynes for which God be praised for laudanum opium hyasymus & all that tribe of poisons disagree with me extremely. My letter has been written as a bankrupt pays his creditors by installments. But I gradually gain strength and crawl about on a white poney to affright people with a spectre as horrid as the vision in the Revelations. I do not think your Lordship would know me at first glimpse. Still as Tom Pipes<sup>1</sup> says I am heart-whole as a biscuit & certainly getting the better of this odd complaint. I have succeeded to the Dukes old treatment of the Muriatic acid bath—for which so far as I can discover I am neither better nor worse. I might as well scrub myself with a brick-bat.

I will inclose another letter for Adam Fergusson but am unwilling to delay the Dukes. With best respects to Lady Montagu I ever am My dear Lord Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 15 April [1819]

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> Tom Pipes of Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*. He was a retired boatswain's mate who lived with Commodore Trunnion to supervise the servants.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY,  
LISBON <sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—How very strange it seems that this should be the first letter I address your Grace and you so long absent from Scotland & looking for all the news & nonsense of which I am in general such a faithful reporter. Alas ! I have been ill—very—very ill—only Dr. Baillie says there is nothing of consequence about my malady *except the pain*—a pretty exception—said pain being intense enough to keep me roaring as loud as your Graces ci-divant John of Lorne and of generally speaking from six to eight hours incessant duration only varied by intervals of deadly sickness. Poor Sophia was alone with me for some time and managed a half-distracted pack of servants with spirit and sense & presence of mind far beyond her years never suffering her terror at seeing me in a state so new to her and so alarming to divert her mind an instant from what was fit and proper to be done. Pardon this side compliment to your Graces little Jacobite to whom you have always been so kind.

· If sympathy could have cured me I should not have been long ill. Gentle as they & simple were all equally kind & even old Tom Hutson <sup>2</sup> crept down twice from Falshope to see how I was coming on and to ejaculate if any aild the Shirra it would be sair on the Duke. The only unwellcome resurrection was that of old Camie <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This letter met with the same fate as the one Scott wrote to Leyden on 25th August 1811, Vol. II, pp. 533-35. It never reached the Duke, who died on 20th April of this year.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke's favourite keeper. See letter to the Duke (22nd January 1817), Vol. IV, p. 374.

<sup>3</sup> Riddell of Camieston : see Vol. I, pp. 94-5 and note. In a letter to Tom of 29th May 1816, which has recently come into my hands, Walter writes : " One or two extraordinary things have happened this season. Camieston's total break-up was the most wonderful—he has contrived to run in debt with all the world to the tune of £70,000. Among others he has raised [?] & spent all Sir Archibald Dicksons money about £10,000 without having any commission to do so. I remember Riddell was very harsh upon a former occasion but thus the whirligig of time brings about

whose feud with me (or rather dryness) I had well hoped was immortal but he came jinking over Bowden moor with daughters & ponies & god knows what to look after my precious health. I cannot tolerate that man it seems to me as if I hated him for things not only past & present but for some future offence which is as yet in the womb of fate.

I have had as many remedies sent me for cramp & jaundice as would set up a quack Doctor—three from Mrs. Plummer—each better than the other—one at least from every gardner in the neighbourhood besides all sort of recommendations to go to Cheltenham to Harrogate to Jericho for aught I know. Now if there is one thing I detest more than another it is a watering-place unless a very pleasant party be previously formed when as Tony Lumpkin says a gentleman may be in a concatenation. The most extraordinary recipe was that of my highland piper John Bruce who spent a whole Sunday in selecting twelve stones from twelve south running streams with the purpose that I should sleep upon them and be whole. I caused him to be told that the recipe was infallible but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again upon which the piper renounced all hope of completing the charm. I had need of a softer couch than Bruce had destined me for so general was the tension of the nerves all over the body although the pain of the spasms in the stomach did not suffer the others to be felt that my whole left leg was covered with swelling & inflammation arising from the unnatural action of the muscles & I had to be carried about like a child. My right leg escaped better the muscles

his revenges." This serves to correct a suggestion made in an earlier note (see Vol. IV, pp. 251-52) that Scott had confounded Camie with another Riddell. The former occasion was Tom's failure in 1807. In August of that year Scott writes to his sister-in-law that Tom's affairs are nearly settled: "Old William Riddell is I think our only bar in the way but from his absolute silence I can expect no good & therefore dare not advise Tom's return."

there having less irritability owing to its lame state. Your Grace may imagine the energy of pain in the nobler parts when cramps in the extremities sufficient to produce such effects were unnoticed by me during their existence. But enough of so disagreeable a subject.

Respecting the portrait <sup>1</sup> I shall be equally proud and happy to sit for it & hope it may be executed in some degree worthy of the preferment to which it is destined. But neither my late golden hue for I was covered with jaundice nor my present silver complexion looking much more like a spectre than a man will present any idea of my quondam beef-eating physiognomy. I must wait till the *age of brass* the true juridical bronze of my profession shall again appear on my frontal. I hesitate a little about Raeburn unless your Grace is quite determined. He has very much to do works just now chiefly for cash poor fellow as he can have but a few years to make money and has twice made a very chowderheaded <sup>2</sup> person of me. I should like much (always with your approbation) to try Allan who is a man of real genius and has made one or two glorious portraits though his predilection is to the historical branch of the art. We did rather a handsome thing for him considering that in Edinburgh we are neither very wealthy nor great amateurs. A hundred persons subscribed ten guineas a piece to raffle for his fine picture of the Circassian Chief selling slaves to a Turkish Pacha—a beautiful & highly poetical picture. There was another small picture added by way of second prize and what is curious enough the only two peers on the list Lord Wemyss & Lord Fife <sup>3</sup> got both prizes. Nobody grudged Lord Wemyss who had really been most exceedingly kind to the artist but I own I could have

<sup>1</sup> See note to letter to the Duke (19th February 1819), pp. 307-8.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Jolter-headed.

<sup>3</sup> Francis, eighth Earl of Wemyss (1772-1853) and James Duff, fourth Earl Fife (1776-1857). Lord Fife formed a large collection of paintings, and latterly he lived a retired life at Duff House, Banffshire. See note to letter to Lockhart, 23rd March, pp. 322-23.



wishd the descendant of Creelie Duff had been less successful. Lord W. got the Circassians however—Allan has made a sketch which I shall take to town with me when I can go in hopes Lord Stafford or some picture buyer may fancy it and order a picture. The subject is the murder of Bishop Sharpe on Magus Moor prodigiously well treated—The savage ferocity of the assassins crowding one on another to strike at the prelate on his knees contrasted with the old mans figure and that of his daughter endeavouring to interpose for his protection & withheld by a ruffian of milder mood than his fellows—the dogged fanatical severity of Rathillets countenance who remaind on horseback witnessing with stern fanaticism the murder he did not chuse to be active in lest it should be said that he struck out of private revenge are all amazingly well combined in the sketch. I question if the artist can bring them out with equal spirit in the painting which he meditates—sketches give a sort of fire to the imagination of the spectator who is apt to fancy a great deal more for himself than the pencil in the finishd picture can possibly present to his eye afterwards. Constable has offerd Allan three hundred pounds to make sketches for an edition of the Tales of my Landlord and other novels of that cycle & says he will give him the same sum next year. So from being pinchd enough this very deserving artist suddenly finds himself at his ease. He was long at Odessa with the Duke of Richelieu and is a very entertaining person.

I saw with great pleasure Wilkies sketch of your grace <sup>1</sup> & I think when I get to town I shall coax him out of a copy to me invaluable. I hope however when you return you will sit to Lawrence. We should have at least one

<sup>1</sup> Executed on 25th January of this year. Under that date in Wilkie's Journal he records: "Went by coach to Ditton, to make a sketch of the Duke of Buccleuch for Geddes. Saw Captain A. Ferguson, whom I was glad to see again. Made a drawing of the Duke in black, red, and white chalk; and also of his mother, the Dowager Duchess, a very fine old lady." —CUNNINGHAM's *Life of Wilkie*, ii. 16.

picture of your Grace from a real good hand. Sooth to speak I cannot say much for the juvenile representations at Bowhill & in the Library at Dalkeith. Return however with the original features in good health and we will not worry you about portraits. The Library at Bowhill will be a delightful room and will be some consolation to me who must I fear lose for some time the comforts of the eating room and substitute panada and toast & water for the bonny haunch and buxome bottle of claret. Truth is I must make great restrictions on my creature-comforts at least till my stomach recovers its tone & ostrich-like capacity of digestion.

Our spring here is slow but not unfavourable : the country looking very well and my plantings for the season quite completed. I have planted quite up two little glens leading from the Aid-de-Camps habitation up to the little loch and expect the blessings of posterity for the shade & shelter I shall leave where God knows I found none.

It is doomed this letter is not to close without a request. I conclude your Grace has already learnd from fifty applicants that the Kirk of Middlebie<sup>1</sup> is vacant & I come forward as the fifty first (always barring prior engagements & better claims) in behalf of George Thompson a son of the Minister of Melrose long the grinder of my boys & therefore deeply entitled to my gratitude & my good offices as far as they can go. He is nearer parson Abraham Adams than any living creature I ever saw very learnd very religious very simple & extremely absent. His father till very lately had but a sort of half stipend during the incumbency of a certain notorious Mr. MacLagan to whom he acted only as assistant. The poor devil was brought to the grindstone (having had the want of precaution to beget a large family) and became the very figure of a fellow who used to come upon the stage to sing Let us all be unhappy together. This poor lad George was his saving angel not only educating himself

<sup>1</sup> A parish in S.E. Dumfriesshire.

but taking on him the education of two of his young brothers & maintaining them out of his own scanty pittances. He is a sensible lad and by no means a bad preacher a staunch Antigallican & orthodox in his principles. Should your Grace find yourself at liberty to give countenance to this very innocent & deserving creature I need not say it will add to the many favours you have conferrd on me but I hope the parishioners will have also occasion to say Weel bobbit George of Middlebie. Your Graces Aid de camp who knows young Thomson well will give you a better idea of him than I can do. He lost a leg by an accident in his boyhood which spoild as bold and fine looking a grenadier as ever charged bayonet against a French Mans throat. I think your Grace will not like him the worse of having a spice of military & loyal spirit about him his morals being strictly irreproachable. If you knew the poor fellow your Grace would take uncommon interest in him were it but for the odd mixture of sense and simplicity and spirit and good morals. Somewhat too much of him.

I conclude you will go to Mafra, Cintra, or some of those places which Baretti<sup>1</sup> describes so delightfully to avoid the great heats when the palace de las Necessidades must become rather oppressive. By the bye though it were only for the credit of the name I am happy to learn it has that useful English comfort a Water closet. I suppose the armourer of the Liffey<sup>2</sup> has already put it in complete repair. Your Grace sees the most secret passages respecting great men cannot be hidden from their friends. There is little here but death in the clan.

<sup>1</sup> Giuseppe Marc Antonio Baretti (1719-1789), published a book of travels when revisiting the Continent during 1760-66, and in Venice started the *Frusta Letteraria*, or "literary scourge." In 1769 he was tried for murder but acquitted—Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Garrick testifying to his character.

<sup>2</sup> The "Liffey" was the name of the frigate on which the Duke sailed. Scott is having a sly dig at Adam Ferguson in his rôle as Keeper of the Regalia.

Hardens sister<sup>1</sup> is dead—a cruel blow to Lady Die who is upwards of eighty five & accustomed to no other society. Again Mrs. Frank Scott his uncles widow is dead unable to survive the loss of two fine young men in India her sons whose death closely followed each other. All this is sad work but it is a wicked & melancholy world we live in. God bless you my dear dear Lord. Take great care of your health for the sake of all of us. You are the breath of our nostrils useful to thousands & to many of these thousands totally indispensable. I will write again very soon when I can keep my breast longer to the desk without pain for I am not yet without frequent relapses when they souse me into scalding water without a moments delay where I lie as my old grieve Tom Purdie said last night being called to assist at the operation “like a hauled saumon.” I write a few lines to the Aid de Camp but I am afraid of putting this letter beyond the bounds of Lord Montagus franchise. When I can do any thing for your Grace here you know I am most pleased & happy. Ever most respectfully & affectionately Your Graces truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

·ABBOTSFORD 15 *April* [1819]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO CAPTAIN FERGUSSON, CARE OF LORD MONTAGU<sup>2</sup>

[*April* 16, 1819]

MY DEAR ADAM,—Having only been able last night to finish a long letter to the Chief I now add a few lines for the Aid de Camp. I have had the pleasure to hear of you regularly from Jack who is very regularly [*sic*] in

<sup>1</sup> Harden's sister is Anne (b. 1755), who died unmarried on 15th March 1819. “Lady Die” is his mother, Lady Diana Hume Campbell, married to Walter Scott, eleventh of Harden, in 1754. “Mrs. Frank Scott” is Mary, daughter of Sir Alexander Don, Bart., of Newton, who married Francis Scott (1732-1803) of Beechwood in 1776. She died 8th April 1819.

<sup>2</sup> This letter appears in *Lockhart*.

steering this way when packets arrive & I observe with great satisfaction that you think our good Dukes health is on the mending hand. Climate must operate as an alterative & much cannot perhaps be expected from it at first. Besides the great heat must be a serious drawback. But I hope you will by & bye get away to Cintra or some of those sequestered retreats where there are shades & cascades to cool the air. I have an idea the country there is eminently beautiful. I am afraid the Duke has not yet been able to visit Torres Vedras but you must be meeting with things every where to put you in mind of former scenes. As for the Senhoras I have little doubt that the difference of food betwixt your military *Buffa rossa* and Florences<sup>1</sup> high sauces & jellies will make them think that time has rather improved an old friend than deprived him of any of his powers of pleasing. Apropos of these ticklish subjects. I am a suitor to the Duke with little expectation of success (for I know his engagements) for the Kirk of Middlebie to George Thompson the very Abraham Adams of Presbytery. If the Duke mentions him to you (not otherwise) pray lend him a lift were it but for his simple choice of a confidant when he confided to you his temptations & his means of quelling them. With a Kirk & a Manse the poor fellow might get a good farmers daughter and beget grenadiers for his Majesties

<sup>1</sup> Capt. Ferguson had added a postscript to his letter of 5th March to the effect that "Our friend Florence was worth his weight in gold on board, & having a store of well preserved bouillons ready at a call, comforted the inward Man in a stile that I was never comforted before at sea." For Monsieur Florence see Scott's note in chap. xlv. of *Guy Mannering*. He refers to a contribution in *Blackwood's Magazine* (April 1817) which runs thus: "To the admirers of good eating, gipsy cookery seems to have little to recommend it. I can assure you, however, that the cook of a nobleman of high distinction, a person who never reads even a novel without an eye to the enlargement of the culinary science, has added to the *Almanach des Gourmands*, a certain *Potage à la Meg Merrilies de Derncleugh*, consisting of game and poultry of all kinds, stewed with vegetables into a soup, which rivals in savour and richness the gallant messes of Camacho's wedding; and which the Baron of Bradwardine would certainly have reckoned among the *Epulae lautiores*." Scott adds: "The artist alluded to in this passage is Mons. Florence, cook to Henry and Charles, late Dukes of Buccleuch, and of high distinction in his profession."

service. But as I said before I dare say all Saint Hubert's<sup>1</sup> black pack are in full cry upon the living & that he has little or no chance. It is something however to have tabled him as better may come of it another day.

All at Huntley Burn are well and hearty & most kind in their attentions during our late turmoils. Babie<sup>2</sup> came over to offer her services as sick nurse and I have drunk scarce any thing but delicious ginger-beer of Miss Bell's brewing since my troubles commenced. They have been to say the least damnable & I think you would hardly know me. When I crawl out on Sybil Grey I am the very image of Death on the pale horse, lanthorn-jawd, decayd in flesh, stooping as if I meant to eat the poney's ears & unable to go above a foot-pace. But although I have had and must expect frequent relapses yet the attacks are more slight and begin to give way to the hot bath where I lie as Tom Purdie says like a *haulded salmon* till the spasms go off. Meantime I trust I shall mend with the good weather. Spring sets in very pleasantly & in a settled fashion. I have planted a number of shrubs &c at Huntley Burn & am snodding up the drive of the old farm house enclosing the Toftfield and making a good road from the parish road to your gate. This I tell you to animate you to pick up a few seeds both of forest trees shrubs and vegetables we will rear them in the hot house and divide honorably. Avis au lecteur.

I have been a good deal entrusted to the care of Sophia who is an admirable sick nurse. Mamma has been calld to town by two important avocations to get a cook—no joking matter—& to see Charles who was but indifferent but has recoverd.

You must have heard of the death of Joseph Hume,<sup>3</sup> Davids only son—Christ what a calamity—just entering

<sup>1</sup> Saint Hubert (*circa* 656-727), patron saint of huntsmen. He was so fond of the chase that he neglected his religious duties, till one day a stag bearing a crucifix threatened him with eternal perdition unless he reformed. He is introduced into *Quentin Durward*, Chap. II and note; Chap. IX.

<sup>2</sup> Lockhart has this "Bauby."

<sup>3</sup> See note to letter to Lockhart (23rd March), p. 323.

life with the fairest prospects—full of talent the heir of an old & considerable family—a fine career before him and as we now learn engaged to a daughter of Sir John Hay—the estate of Ninewells to be settled by his whimsical uncle in the marriage contract—All this he was one day or rather one hour or rather in the course of five minutes so sudden was the death & then a heap of earth—His disease is unknown something about the heart I believe but it had no alarming appearance nothing worse than a cold and sore throat when convulsions came on and death ensued. It is a complete smash to poor David who [had] just begun to hold his head up after his wifes death. But he bears it stoutly & goes about his business as usual. A woeful case.

London is now out of the question with me. I have no prospect of being soon able to stand the journey by sea or land but the best is I have no pressing business there. The Comis<sup>1</sup> takes charge of Walters matters—cannot you know be in better hands & Lord M. talks of gazetting *quam primum*. I will write a long letter very soon but my back fingers & eyes ache with these three pages. All here send love & fraternity. Yours ever most truly

WALTER SCOTT

By the bye Old Kennedy the Tinker swam for his life at Jedburgh and was only by the sophisticated & timid evidence of a seceding Doctor who differd from all his brethren saved from a well deserved gibbet. He goes to Botanize<sup>2</sup> for fourteen years. Pray tell this to the Duke for he was

An old soldier of the Dukes  
And the Dukes old soldier.

Six of his brethren I am told were in court & kith & kin without end. I am sorry so many of the clan are left.

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart has this "Commie." Scott means the Commissioner of Scottish Jury Courts, William Adam of Blairadam.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* to Botany Bay.

The cause of quarrel with the murdered man was an old feud between two gipsie clans the Kennedies & Irvings which about forty years since gave rise to a desperate quarrel & battle on Hawick green in which the grand-fathers of both Kennedy & Irving whom he murdered were engaged.

[*Bayley*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

[ABBOTSFORD, 17th April 1819]

MY DEAR FRIEND—Many thanks for your kind letter which I would not answer till I could report myself a real convalescent. I now sleep a-nights (now and then) instead of counting the hours by assistance of a clock which never by any accident strikes right. Moreover I get abroad on my poney (Sybil Grey by name) and astonish the world by the spectre of Death on the pale horse for I am thin exhausted and ghastly to the last degree. But the Cramp has so far mitigated its rigours as to return very seldom and what is much better it gives way to immersion in the hot-bath where I lie as my Grieve said who is a great fisher “like a hauled salmon” till the pain be gone. Do you remember enough of Clyde-side to understand the simile which took my fancy hugely. The salmon when frightend hide themselves under stones and in clefts of the rocks where you may strike them with a spear they lie so quiet and this is called *hauling* or taking their strong hold.

I am glad you are to do something for little Mrs. Harry Siddons. They have a fellow in Edinburgh who plays Baillie Nicol Jarvie in Rob Roy<sup>1</sup> with such truth and excellence that I never saw a part better scarce so well performd. He mixes the self-consequence, the vulgarity, the generosity, the irritability and the goodnature of the Glasgow citizen in the most delightful jumble and

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Charles Mackay (*circa* middle of February), p. 305.



in his conferences with Rob Roy there was something exquisite in his fear for the free-booter, his pride in being related to him and his extreme desire to intermeddle with predominate over and advise him which I thought would have made me expire with laughing. His despairing exclamation of "Ah Rab! Rab!" after the other had been provoked into a tirade of highland wrath was quite irresistible. Would you think it—without a single performer out of their own troop this picture of nature has from its absolute reality filld the house sixty times and produced it is said above £3000 to the family. So that people will go to the theatre at Edinr. if they have what they like to look at. To be sure national predilections were all in favour of the piece.

I am glad the Bartleys come on well and that you have a good opinion of the husband. I saw very little of him but it seemd to me that Miss Smith had let herself down by marrying him, he appeard to have too much of the mere hackd player about him<sup>1</sup> But I readily admit I might be prejudiced.—I hear a rumour that Mrs. Siddons means to be solicited out on the stage again. Surely she is not such an absolute jack-ass. She might return with as much credit after she had been a year in her winding sheet. I should like [if] it were possible to anatomize Mrs. Siddons intellects that we might discover in what her unrivald art consisted—she has not much sense and still less sound taste, no reading but in her profession and with a view to the boards and on the whole has always seemd to me a vain foolish woman spoild (and no wonder) by unbounded adulation to a degree that deserved praise tasted faint on her palate. And yet take her altogether and where shall we see I do not say her match but any thing within a hundred degrees of what she was in her zenith.

But it is against all my rules to write long letters. I enclose one of grateful thanks to your kind brother who

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I, p. 372 and note ; Vol. IV, p. 440, note 2.

took such care of me in my distress. His opinion gave me a confidence which I could have had in no other and which was very necessary considering the extreme pain as well as the bodily exhaustion which I sustained for several weeks. I wish you would all take a frisk down here this summer. We have plenty of room in Conundrum Castle for so this place should be calld and a thousand pretty things to show you some of them depending a good deal on the imagination. But you can make allowance for groves twelve inches high and colours which the hand of Time is to bring out on the landscape some twenty years hence. One of my great griefs indeed my greatest for not getting to town is that I shall not see Miss Edgeworth and I fear she will not visit Scotland. My kindest compliments attend Mrs. A. Baillie. Ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD—17 April 1819

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Familiar Letters*]

TO MATTHEW BAILLIE

DEAR SIR,—The Greeks were I believe allowd to consult Esculapius by proxy while they were patients but on their recovery were expected to pay their grateful thanks in person. I need not say<sup>1</sup> how much I was obliged by your kind attention to Mr. Clarksons letter<sup>2</sup> which gave us all much confidence which in the extremity of pain and subsequent exhaustion I really could not have drawn from less authority than yours.

The quantity of opium and anodynes of all kinds I was obliged to swallow during these paroxysms often with little effect was truly frightful. But thank God the last returns of the pain have been of a description so mild as to yield to the hot-bath alone. I begin to sleep at nights

<sup>1</sup> Scott has written "so" in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> See Sophia's letter of 26th March, p. 327.

and crawl out on my poney by day and my bowels seem to be regaining their natural state. I had hoped to have seen you Mrs. Baillie and my excellent friends your sisters this spring but that is now impossible. Some time in the year however I may come up for the purpose of getting my son settled in the army. Believe me my dear Sir very sincerely your obliged and grateful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 17 *April* [1819]

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

TO JOHN FORBES MITCHELL, 40 GLOUCESTER PLACE,  
LONDON

SIR,—I am favoured with your letter respecting the monument to be erected at Edinr. to the Memory of our distinguished countryman Burns. As I already paid my homage to the memory of that great poet by a considerable subscription to his Mausoleum at Dumfries (ten guineas if I recollect) I must be more limited on the present occasion than I could wish. I beg you to put down my name for two guineas to show my good will to the undertaking. My present indifferent health and my various avocations make me a bad member of public committees & I do not pretend to any skill in what is called [*blank*] *vertu*. If however you should continue to think it desirable I have no objection to have my name included among the managers of the undertaking. I remain Sir Your very respectful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE 18 *April* 1819

[*Miss Howell*]

TO DANIEL TERRY<sup>1</sup>

ABBOTSFORD, 18th April 1819

DEAR TERRY,—I am able (though very weak) to answer your kind inquiries. I have thought of you often, and been on the point of writing or dictating a letter, but till very lately I could have had little to tell you of but distress and agony, with constant relapses into my unhappy malady, so that for weeks I seemed to lose rather than gain ground, all food nauseating on my stomach, and my clothes hanging about me like a potato-bogle,<sup>2</sup> with from five or six to ten hours of mortal pain every third day; latterly the fits have been much milder, and have at last given way to the hot bath without any use of opiates—an immense point gained, as they hurt my general health extremely. Conceive my having taken, in the course of six or seven hours, six grains of opium, three of hyoscyamus, near 200 drops of laudanum—and all without any sensible relief of the agony under which I laboured. My stomach is now getting con-

<sup>1</sup> It was from Mr. Atkinson, as he says in his letter of 12th April, that Terry had heard of Scott's illness. He writes chiefly to say he has received from Morris, the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, "a proposal to be Stage Manager next Season." He has removed to "contiguous & convenient apartments in Gt. Marlbro' Street." Then follows an account of the progress of his stage adaptation of *The Heart of Midlothian*, the MS. of which he had sent to Abbotsford (see *Lockhart*). "I have made several alterations particularly in the 3d. Act of the play—selected the music for Miss Stephens & added to it the necessary quantity of lines. The *Airs* are *all* Scotch & well known. The Scenery is nearly all done. I felt however greatly at a loss for the original MS. there were a few alterations of connective importance which I could not remember and the copyist or some one had lost a sheet or two of my Copy—if you could make a parcel of it I should be much relieved & assisted. They talk of next Saturday for its appearance but I scarcely think it possible." The adaptation was produced at Covent Garden on 17th April when Terry appeared as the first interpreter of the part of David Deans. Terry then concludes by saying that his boy Walter has painted a view of Abbotsford, "which looks extremely well," and that he sends "a little black lead pencil copy which I have *myself* made of one of the Scenes [of the play], if you will be kind enough to put it in your portfolio I shall be gratified exceedingly."—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. a scarecrow.

firmed, and I have great hopes the bout is over ; it has been a dreadful set-to. I am sorry to hear Mrs. Terry is complaining ; you ought not to let her labour, neither at Abbotsford sketches nor at anything else, but to study to keep her mind amused as much as possible. As for Walter, he is a shoot of an *Aik*,<sup>1</sup> and I have no fear of him ; I hope he remembers Abbotsford and his soldier namesake.

I send the MS.—I wish you had written for it earlier. My touching, or even thinking of it, was out of the question ; my corrections would have smelled as cruelly of the cramp, as the Bishop of Grenada's homily did of the apoplexy. Indeed I hold myself inadequate to estimate those criticisms which rest on stage effect, having been of late very little of a play-going person. Would to Heaven these sheets could do for you what Rob Roy has done for Murray ; he has absolutely netted upwards of £3000 : to be sure, the man who played the Bailie made a piece of acting equal to whatever has been seen in the profession. For my own part, I was actually electrified by the truth, spirit, and humour which he threw into the part. It was the living Nicol Jarvie : conceited, pragmatical, cautious, generous, proud of his connexion with Rob Roy, frightened for him at the same time, and yet extremely desirous to interfere with him as an adviser : The tone in which he seemed to give him up for a lost man after having provoked him into some burst of Highland violence, " Ah Rab ! Rab ! " was quite inimitable. I do assure you I never saw a thing better played. It is like it may be his only part, for no doubt the Patavinity and knowledge of the provincial character may have aided him much ;—but still he must be a wonderful fellow ; and the houses he drew were tremendous.

I am truly glad you are settled in London—" a rolling stone"—" the proverb is something musty : " <sup>2</sup> it is

<sup>1</sup> i.e. an oak.

<sup>2</sup> *Ham.* Ay, sir, but " while the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.—*Hamlet*, Act III, sc. ii.

always difficult to begin a new profession ; I could have wished you quartered nearer us, but we shall always hear of you. The becoming stage-manager at the Haymarket, I look upon as a great step : well executed, it cannot but lead to something of the same kind elsewhere. You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from the habit of not having your time fully employed—I mean what the women very expressively call *dawdling*. Your motto must be *Hoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion : pray mind this—it is one of your few weak points—ask Mrs. Terry else. A habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution.

We wish much to have a plan of the great bed, that we may hang up the tester. Mr. Atkinson offered to have it altered or exchanged ; but with the expense of land-carriage and risk of damage, it is not to be thought of. I enclose a letter to thank him for all his kindness. I should like to have the invoice when the things are shipped. I hope they will send them to Leith, and not to Berwick. The plasterer has broke a pane in the

armoury. I enclose a sheet with the size, the black lines being traced within the lead ; and I add a rough drawing of the arms, which are those of my mother. I should like it replaced as soon as possible, for I will set the expense against the careless rascal's account.

I have got a beautiful scarlet paper, inlaid with gold (rather crimson than scarlet) in a present from India,<sup>1</sup> which will hang the parlour to a T : but we shall want some articles from town to enable us to take possession of the parlour—namely, a *carpet*—you mentioned a *wainscot pattern*, which would be delightful—item, *grates* for said parlour and armoury—a plain and unexpensive pattern, resembling that in my room (which vents most admirably), and suited by half-dogs for burning wood. The sideboard and chairs you have mentioned. I see Mr. Bullock (George's brother) advertises his museum for sale. I wonder if a good set of *real tilting* armour could be got cheap there. James Ballantyne got me one very handsome bright steel cuirassier of Queen Elizabeth's time, and two less perfect, for £20—dog cheap ; they make a great figure in the armoury. Hangings, curtains, &c. I believe we shall get as well in Edinburgh as in London ; it is in your joiner and cabinet work that your infinite superiority lies.

Write to me if I can do aught about the play—though I fear not ; much will depend on Dumbiedykes, in whom Liston will be strong. Sophia has been chiefly my nurse, as an indisposition of little Charles called Charlotte to town. She returned yesterday with him. All beg kind compliments to you and Mrs. Terry and little Walter. I remain your very feeble but convalescent to command,

WALTER SCOTT

P.S.—We must not forget the case for the leaves of the

<sup>1</sup> Major-General Sir Walter Maxwell Scott, Bart., of Abbotsford, informs me he has no knowledge of this paper, but suggests it may never have been put up, or it may have faded and been pulled off at a later period. The window curtains in the "Chinese" drawing-room and big library were scarlet silk, and it is probable these rooms had, at one time, paper of a similar colour.

table while out of use ; without something of the kind, I am afraid they will be liable to injury, which is a pity, as they are so very beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

[*Lockhart*]

TO UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT <sup>2</sup>

MADAM,—A long and serious illness has prevented my offering you my thanks for the trouble you have had in forwarding to me the letter intrusted to your care by the late poor Mrs Shedden. I am much concerned at the news of her unexpected death. She was sister to my old friend Matt Lewis for whose memory I have much regard owing to happy days spent together many years since. I hope you will pardon any inaccuracy in the address of this letter my long absence from the world must be my apology. I have the honour to be Madam Your most obedient and obliged friend

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 19 *April* 1819

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

<sup>1</sup> "The Duke of Buccleuch gave Scott some old oak-roots from Drumlanrig, out of which a very beautiful set of dinner-tables were manufactured by Messrs. Bullock."—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> I cannot discover who the forwarder of Mrs. Shedden's letter is. Sophia Shedden was the younger sister of "Monk" Lewis and was greatly admired by John Leyden, who addressed many of his earlier effusions to her. She became the wife of Colonel Shedden. Her letter to Scott, dated 24th January 1819, is in the Walpole Collection. It is chiefly devoted to criticism of a most scurrilous attack on the memory of her brother which appeared in *The Courier* and *The Weekly Dispatch* and was then copied into Galliani's Paris paper. She considers it ought to be answered in *The Courier*. She wishes Scott to insert a little memorial of her brother in *The Quarterly Review*. Two years ago she published a translation of *La Nuit Anglaise* under the title of *The Hero : or the Adeventures of a Night*. "We have some MS. of my Brother's worthy of publication. . . . Just before my Brother went to Jamaica, he offered the Journal of his former voyage thither to Murray for £2000 but had received no answer." "You will have read with surprise and regret an account of the death of your friend Monk Lewis on his return from a second voyage to the West Indies. He sent me his MS. notes upon the place to read, and very curious indeed they were, and I hope they will not be lost" (Murray to Byron, 7th July 1818).—SMILES's *Memoir*, i. 395-96.



To ROBERT SHORTREED, JEDBURGH

[*With a Basket Carriage Paid*]

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter and for Mrs. Shortreeds excellent bread which accompanied it. I am afraid we live too near the baker ever to profit by her excellent receipt which I was chiefly anxious to transmit to the Duke of Buccleuch, who suffers from the sour yeast of Lisbon. I heard of him to-day—he continues to mend slowly, but has taken a country house at Cintra to avoid the excessive heat and bad air of Lisbon.

I am truly happy to learn Roberts success. To gain a prize in *such a class* is not a mere feather in a lads cap : it is a pledge he has been minding his studies and is one of those circumstances which in his intended profession Engineers will consider as an argument for taking him under their wing. The next business will be to see to get him under an able preceptor and I will be very happy if I can be of use in that particular.

I am a living man after all my cramps & agonies, but for two or three weeks I could say little more. Now I am riding about on the Poney and picking up fast and digest our Selkirk loaf, which is really well baked—pretty well. Should my Stomach get disordered again I will avail myself of Mrs. Shortreeds most kind offer and beg a loaf of her excellent home-baked. Give my best compliments to my kind hostess and all the young people, and believe me Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD [23 April 1819]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

To ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

MY DEAR SIR—I omit other parts of your letter at this busy moment to notice one which gives me some surprise.

You tell me you have engaged with Messrs. Ramsay to execute an *ornamented edition of the Tales* and I do not find that you have previously asked Mr. Ballantyne whether he could undertake it within your time and I am sure you have not mentioned it to *me*. I think from what I know of the office that he *can* undertake, under a penalty if you will, to produce the book within your period. There are *sixteen* presses of which only *twelve* are at present employed ; and rather than these Tales go anywhere else I say to you as the man said to the queen of France : “ What is possible *shall* be done what is impossible *must* be done.” I need not recall to Messrs. Constable and Cadell what passed betwixt us in their shop and that there was an engagement as solemn as a pledge of honour could make it that the works with which I then parted should be printed as usual in Saint John Street. I should otherwise have given my own knife to cut my own throat and I hope my right to insist on this will not be held more precarious because it was trusted to their honour as gentlemen and not put into writing.

I therefore hope this arrangement too hastily adopted will be set aside unless Mr. Ballantyne on being possessed of the circumstances shall allow his inability to undertake the work—otherwise I cannot consider faith as kept with me—an impression which is likely to have its consequences on your interest as the present step would have on mine. I am very willing to hope that the arrangement was made under some impression occasioned by haste. But I venture to presage that if an edition of these Tales is printed in the way you propose your loss will be greater than mine.—I am dear Sir your faithful humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 26 April [1819]

I am always sorry to write cross letters but this is a very serious matter with me. I am getting my health

again perfectly and there is some work in me yet (as they say of an old horse). I hope you do not think otherwise.<sup>1</sup>

[*Constable and Kilpatrick*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, KIRKLANDS

MY DEAR JOHN,—I assure you my objections to your establishing yourself at Kelso are not capricious but arise out of the nature of our connection.<sup>2</sup> I asked you at Borough M.[uir] Head whether you had not some intentions of this kind and as you then disclaimed them adding it would

<sup>1</sup> "The edition was undertaken by Messrs. Ballantyne and Company, and Mr. Scott's good humour at once restored."—*Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, iii. p. 126.

<sup>2</sup> This letter, assigned to 1819 in the collection in the Writers to the Signet Library, should be placed in 1821 as John Ballantyne's Diary, which has come into my hands since this was set up, shows. In consequence of the ill-health of which he complains throughout 1819 John began to meditate retirement from business as auctioneer and settlement in the country. To the latter Scott objected at once as likely to put him at too great a distance from his agent. On 5th January, 1820, John records the receipt of "a letter of unwarranted harsh attack from Mr Scott," but this may have referred to his neglect of his health. On 13th November Scott "visited me at BM head" (i.e. Boroughmuir Head) where John was staying at the time and "disapproves of my retiring to the country. . . . Hard, but I cannot help it. I *must* go." By the end of 1820 he had taken temporarily Kirklands, near Earlston, and given up Trinity Grove. When in Edinburgh he seems to have resided at first with his brother in John Street, and in that street on 17th January he took the house of "No. 10 . . . and stables . . ." to reside at when in town. But his heart was set on Kelso and from Kirklands he rode over frequently and was on the outlook for a house. Finally, on 2nd April, 1821, he "settled for Walton-hall with Clerk." On the 16th he notes "W.S. dissatisfied with my building at Kelso" and again on the 22nd he "breakfasted at Abbotsford this morning and discussed my views on residence with Sir Walter, he being very unwilling I should make it at Kelso." Scott must have written the letter five days after this interview. On 1st June John began to spit blood, and on the 16th "he died at half past 8 in the morning," the Diary records in James's hand. Neither John nor his friends nor the doctors seem to have suspected that he was dying of a rapid consumption. He had been coursing hares as late as the 12th March. It is very difficult to harmonise the record of the Diary with the picturesque account given by Lockhart of his visit with Scott to Walton Hall in the autumn of 1820.

not suit your circumstances which would just do to carry you on comfortably but no more I said nothing farther. I would otherwise then have told you as I do now that to maintain the necessary confidence betwixt us frequent & personal intercourse was necessary for which cause your chief residence must be at or near Edinr. I am aware that while things are so easy in the money market this may be less necessary for immediate provision but we know by experience which I shall never forget how suddenly all this may change and it is not merely your interference in raising money that is wanted but your advice upon many points as well as explanations of accots. etc which I am slow in understanding by the pen. I am therefore under the necessity of repeating what I said to James that I consider this Kelso scheme as a virtual resignation of the agency <sup>1</sup> if persisted in.

I am besides certain I am doing you a good turn in stopping your proceedings if they are stopd. You have mortgaged one pretty place for the sake of buying & building elsewhere—this must be always imprudent in the eye[s] of the world and of monied men who know the movements of their customers full well ; and assure yourself it makes muttering even amongst such as wish you well.

It appears to me you go to the most unhealthy place in Scotland with a broken constitution for I never knew Kelso without rheumatic fevers. Besides it abounds with those temptations to too much exercise & too much society which a busy man may resist but an idle one seldom can.

All these however are circumstances for your own consideration but I have thought the matter over & over as it is likely to affect me & have been necessarily led to the conclusion I have mentiond.

I intended to have ridden down to Kirklands to day but find you will not be at home. Tomorrow if the day is

<sup>1</sup> John acted as Scott's literary agent for negotiations with publishers.

good I will hope to see you. I will not be able to wait upon you on friday being occupied with this infernal canvas and moreover having many things to set to rights here. But I hope to see you at Kirklands very soon.

I do assure you that I have your interests as much in my view as my own in the subject of this letter and that there are few in which I have ever made up my mind more satisfactorily. Yours very truly W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 28 April [1819]<sup>1</sup>

[*Signet Library*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I am so depressd with the bad news from Lisbon<sup>2</sup> and tired out in my present state with the necessity of exertion of various kinds that I inclose a letter from myself to Campbell of Kailzie which will explain why upon Tuesday last I was under the necessity of letting Chisholm proceed with his canvas or seeing Selkirk secured by Pringle. I have the pleasure to say that Mr Campbell approved entirely of what I had done in the very trying circumstances in which I was placed. If we carry Selkirk which I have great hopes of Campbell having secured Peebles & having every chance of Lanark will be the sitting member. Or if he loses Lanark Chisholm may come in for Peebles and Selkirk. He made a very manly declaration of ministerial politics—Anyway Pringle is kept out—And matters must in future be better & earlier looked to. I have had a scheme to propose to the Duke respecting these politics & others which he would find very useful but alas ! alas ! times have not been fit for canvassing such matters.

<sup>1</sup> On 3rd May John notes : "After getting almost well had a relapse last Thursday and am now worse than ever. Money extremely scarce and the engagements of Constable and Co. &c. &c. almost impossible to renew. Sent Sir W. F. and Co Myself on Constable from 30 April to renew 1/2 a 1612 bill—806-11 with great doubt of its being refused. It was taken."

<sup>2</sup> i.e. about the Duke of Buccleuch's declining health.

I could have taken my bed with all my heart on Fergussons communications from Adam & your Lordship. But I *will* hope and I will struggle for his interest while I can hold a finger up. He never refused me a request in his life reasonable or unreasonable and he might well think himself already forgotten in this country if his interest were suffered to fall into the hands of a silly Dandie without a struggle in his absence & during his sickness. The Burgh will turn on a vote or two & I am moving heaven & earth to secure them. I have great hopes I shall be successful—I have great assistance from Charles Erskine. Mr Riddell of Branksome has been ill a plea for which at present I have little patience. I shall send Patterson to such of the tenants as have influence to exert it on the voters. Elliots tenants & Pringles are doing wonders—not one of the Dukes starving for lack of instructions—

I see through the trick which Elliot has playd off on Pringle. By pretending to give up to him these Burghs (in which he has no interest) he means to found a future claim in case of his starving in Roxburghshire upon the support of Haining & his brother.

God grant that he whom these matters principally interest were well enough to take order with them. I cannot express with what anxiety I expect the next mail from Lisbon. I discourage any thing like bad reports which are current here—they do get abroad however I suppose through unfriendly persons. Ever my dear Lord  
Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 29 *April* [1819]

Chisholm behaved very well—immediatly stopd his canvas when I announced Mr Campbell & only resumed it as the best step for the general interest. I neither did nor could pledge him any support. But of course the ministerial counsellors went along with the only ministerial candidate who appeard.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 30th April [1819]

DEAR SIR—Your letter is perfectly satisfactory. The subject being a matter of some moment with me I am very glad it is so settled. You will observe that the quantity of the work in the Canongate arises entirely or nearly so from my own labours and so should in no case tell against me.

Your plan of the bills in the letter of 28th is quite agreeable to me. My health continues firm and well notwithstanding a good deal of fatigue owing to some bustle in the neighbourhood. I will write you about the works on Sunday. In general I think your plan excellent.—Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

[Constable]

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE

MY DEAR ERSKINE,—Your reason for not coming here is but too good and adds deeply to the dejection which I feel on several accounts. I do not augur well of my Lisbon news & my Aunt & Jane Russell are both very ill. In short while I am getting well myself it seems as if the world were breaking up around me. Poor Reston !<sup>1</sup> I had no intimacy with him but the remembrance of many joyous hours spent together makes his loss sit heavy on me. As no harm could come of it if no good came I put you strongly under Lord Mellvilles eye but fear I shall not be attended to.<sup>2</sup> And yet they owe me something just now for if the Selkirk Burghs are saved it will be *per hanc dextram*. I have been obliged to take a share in that matter very inconsistent with the state of my health & my other avocations. I get on fast however

<sup>1</sup> David Douglas, Lord Reston, who died at Gladsmuir this year.

<sup>2</sup> Scott's repeated exertions on Erskine's behalf which eventually resulted in Erskine's promotion to the bench as Lord Kinnedder in January 1822. See letter to Lord Melville and note, Vol. IV, p. 252.

and shall be finishd by the middle of this month. We will be in town by the 11th. God send we may find Mrs. Erskine better. I wish to God you could have brought her here. We could have sent our easy carriage & surely the firth ought to be avoided. She might so easily have staid as long as ever it was thought adviseable. You hear regularly. The house is perfectly furnishd & a maid residing so you would need but another. I wish seriously you would think of this. I need not tell you how much pleasure it would give us if Abbotsford could be useful to you. Ever my dear Erskine Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 30 *April* [1819]

[*Miss Erskine*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE <sup>1</sup>

[*May 2, 1819*]

DEAR JAMES,—These matters will need more than your usual carefulness. Look sharp—double sharp—my trust is constant in thee :—

“Tarry woo, tarry woo,<sup>2</sup>  
Tarry woo is ill to spin ;  
Card it weel, card it weel,  
Card it weel ere ye begin.

When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,  
Then the work is hafflins done :  
But when woven, drest, and clean,  
It may be cleading for a queen.”

[*Lockhart*]

So be it,—W. S.

<sup>1</sup> This note was written by Scott “on one of the envelopes in which a chapter of *The Bride of Lammermoor* reached the printer.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> This song of five stanzas occurs in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* (1762). Robert Chambers states that Scott “used to be pressed, at an annual agricultural dinner, to contribute his proper quota to the cantations of the evening ; on which occasions he would break forth with the song of *Tarry Woo*, in a strain of unmusical vehemence, which never failed . . . to put the company into good-humour.”—CHAMBERS, *Life of Scott*, p. 24. “The tune is old, and the well-known air Lewie Gordon is adapted from it.”—*The Songs of Scotland* (London : 1893), pp. 118-19.



TO LORD MONTAGU, DITTON PARK, WINDSOR

[Extract]

MY DEAR LORD,—I must report to you in my present circumstances the state of matters here which is more precarious than I could wish. . . .<sup>1</sup>

All this is trifling compared to the anxiety with which I expect the next Lisbon mail. But the present occasion shall at least show that all his freinds are not dead or asleep—I hate the idea of his interest sinking before that of a coxcomb with not half so much sense as my great dog Maida. But we owe it all to George Elliot whose head & exertions are keeping Pringle forward. If I can *diddle* him out of his brothers farm I shall think I have some vengeance. I understand they are very indignant at my interference & accuse me of have[ing] seduced Baillie Lang from his allegiance to his Employer and benefactor. I told the *good-natured Go-between* who brought me the information that my arguments should not have been wanting but that it was upon his own mature and deliberate reflection that Mr Lang had chosen to hazard his patrons favour rather than depart from the political principles he had always supported & avowd. This I said caring very little as may be supposed what they thought of me but desirous that this vain young man might put Langs vote upon the true footing—

4th May

. . . John Fergussons news<sup>2</sup> are not I fear calculated to relieve the distress which your Lordship must feel &

<sup>1</sup> Then follow tedious and unintelligible electioneering details.

<sup>2</sup> He had written from Huntly Burn (30th April) : “ I have received my orders to repair to London and I am sorry it will not be in my power to make my appearance at Abbotsford again being off this Evening in the Selkirk Mail.” On the same date Lord Montagu has had a letter from Capt. Ferguson “ by which I trust my Brother [the Duke] is not worse, I can hardly flatter myself better—he refers to a Letter of Mr. Lincoln’s which I have not yet received, & till I see that I can hardly judge of the state of the case.”—*Walpole Collection*.

of which I have God knows my share. Sometimes I fear the worst and at others think with such good spirits as the Dukes climate may do much for mere bodily weakness. I trust what I have done will meet your Lordships approbation. Who will sit ultimately seems doubtful. Monteith Provost of Glasgow has carried Lanark & it is said will also take Lithgow.<sup>1</sup> I doubt supposing we *do* get this burgh it will be impossible to transfer it to Campbell though Sir John Hay may if he please transfer Peebles to Chisholm. If both hold out and if Pringle get Lithgow then Selkirk will have the sitting member— If Monteith get Lithgow as he has Lanark then these two burghs will make him supposing Campbell & Chisholm do not coalesce. If they do Selkirk & Peebles make the return. It is a confused mess but all I can do is to labour to secure Selkirk. Yours most truly & in great haste

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 4th May [2nd to 4th May 1819]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I heard from Lord Mellville by yesterdays post the calamitous news <sup>2</sup> which your Lordships very kind letter this moment confirmd had it required confirmation. For this fortnight past my hopes have been very faint indeed and on Wednesday when I had occasion to go to Yarrow & my horse turnd from habit to go up the avenue at Bowhill I felt deeply impressd that it was a road I should seldom travel for a long time at least. To your Lordship—let me add to myself this is an irreparable loss for such a fund of excellent sense high principle and perfect honour have been rarely combined in the same individual. To the country the inestimable loss will be soon felt even by those who were insensible to his merits or wishd to detract from them when he was amongst us.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Linlithgow.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke had died at Lisbon on the 20th April.

In my opinion he never recovered his domestic calamity. He wrote to me within two days of that cruel event a most affectionate and remarkable letter explaining his own feelings & while he begged that I would come to him assuring me that I would find him the same [as] he would be for the future years of his life. He kept his word—but I could see a grief of that calm and concentrated kind which claimed the hours of solitude & of night for its empire & gradually wasted the springs of life.

Among the thousand painful feelings which this melancholy event had excited I have sometimes thought of his distance from home—Yet this was done on the best intention and with the best advice and was perhaps the sole chance which remained for reestablishment. It has pleased God that it has failed but the best means were used under the best direction and mere mortality can do no more.

I am very anxious about the dear young ladies whose lives were so much devoted to their father and shall be extremely desirous of knowing how they are. The Duchess has so much firmness of mind and Lady M. so much affectionate prudence that they will want no support that example and kindness can afford.

To me the world seems a sort of waste without him—we had many joint objects constant intercourse & unreserved communication so that through him & by him I took interest in many things altogether out of my own sphere and it seems to me as if the horizon were narrowed and lowered around me. But Gods will be done—it is all that Brother or friend can or dare say—

I have reluctance to mention the trash which is going on here. Indeed I think little is altered since I wrote your Lordship fully excepting that last night late Chisholm<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A letter from Lord Melville to Lord Montagu of 3rd May says: "I inclose another letter from Walter Scott, who appears to have done, under the puzzling circumstances of the case, all that mortal man could accomplish, and if you concur in that opinion, you had better send him that comforting draught to keep up his spirits."—*Bucleuch Collection*

arrived at Abbotsford from Lithgow recalld by the news which had some how reachd Edinburgh—as I suspect by some officiousness of MacConochie—He left Lithgow in such a state that there is no doubt he will carry that Burgh unless Pringle gets Selkirk—He is gone off this morning to try the possible & impossible to get the single vote which he wants or to prevail on one person to stand neuter. It is possible he may succeed though this event when it becomes generally known will be greatly against his efforts.

I should care little more about the matter were it not for young Walter & for the despite I feel at the success of speculations which were formd on the probability of the event which has happend. George Elliot & a son of Tulloch of Ellieston have been particularly active and insolent untill Chisholm frightend the last house from Selkirk by a very sharp personal expostulation.

Two sons of Sir James Hall<sup>1</sup> came here yesterday and with their fathers philosophical spirit of self-accomodation establishd themselves for the night. Betwixt them & Chisholms noise my head and my stomach sufferd so much (under the necessity of devouring feelings which I could not express) that I had a return of the spasms last night and I felt as if a phantasmagoria was going on around me. Quiet & some indulgence of natural & solitary sorrow have made me well. To day I will ride up to Selkirk & see the Magistrates or the Chief of them. It is necessary they should not think the cause deserted—If it is thought proper to suspend the works at Bowhill

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Hall of Dunglass (1761-1832), geologist and chemist. He took a prominent part in the controversy between the Huttonians and Wernerians (see Vol. III, p. 84, and note 1). He was interested in architecture, and was President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In 1786 he married Helen, second daughter of Dunbar Douglas, fourth Earl of Selkirk, and by her had three sons and three daughters—the eldest son, John (1787-1860), was the fifth baronet; the younger ones were Captain Basil Hall, who, as we shall see later, became one of Scott's close friends, and James. See *Lockhart and Scott's Journal* (26th January 1827).

perhaps the measure may be delayd till the decision of this matter.

At some future time I will have the satisfaction to mention to your Lordship a plan to which our dear freind listend seriously for the regular support of his political interest and also for the security of some important parts of this great property which are impairing for want of a little superintendence. He put off all these matters untill the Queensberry question was decided—I wonder what the Chancellor now thinks of his hesitation or rather procrastination. Here is one great calamity happend during his uncertainty.

I am sure my dear Lord you will command me in all I can do. I have only to regret it is so little. But to show my gratitude has survived my benefactor would be the pride & delight of my life. I never thought it was possible that a man could have loved another so much where the distance of rank was so very great. But why recur to things so painful to call to memory—I pity poor Adam Fergusson whose affections were so much engaged by the Dukes kindness and who has with his gay temper a generous & feeling heart. His brother John is much distressd. I should add he (John Fergusson) has been unremitting in his efforts to keep the Selkirk people together & from his known steadiness and courage has put a stop to the very improper tone which Pringles freinds had thought proper to assume. We thought it right distinctly to let them understand that this would not be submitted to quietly which has perfectly succeeded. It was a little too much to say that “if a black Kyloe were sent down from Bowhill it would receive the support of the Buccleuch Interest”—and this expression was used by the son of an Aberdeenshire pedlar (for such is young Tulloch) to one of our voters—but not without proper animadversion. The Election we may lose but not our own credit & that of the Family that you may rest assured of.

My best respects & warmest sympathy attend the dear young Ladies & Lady Montagu. I shall be anxious to know how the Duchess Dowager does under this great calamity. The poor boy—what a slippery world is before him & how early a dangerous because a splendid lot is presented to him. But he has your paternal protection and Mr Short I think has probity and good sense as well as good manners & learning—all most requisite in his situation.

Believe me ever my dear Lord with a deep participation in your present distress. My dear Lord Your Lordships most faithfully

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 6 May 1819

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—Our freind[s] at the Cross <sup>1</sup> have somewhat hastily sent me the inclosed bills which I return with a letter also inclosed. I greatly prefer your plan of placing the acceptances under Jas. B's name in Sir William Forbes's.

For the rest of your letter there is time enough to talk of it. I am not inclined to pledge myself to any work untill I have fullfilld my present engagements. The bills should be drawn at the full date of the credit they are entitled to save further renewals.

James tells me you have paid him £750 of which I approve. Our tales get on rapidly but my health has got a shake from the Lisbon news <sup>2</sup>—pray get yourself well I can not afford to lose more friends. I will see you on Wednesday at Trinity unless you are able to see me on tuesday evening.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Constable & Co.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Buccleuch's death, the news of which reached Scott on 5th May.

I agree with you in thinking Constable & Co/ are getting heavy on our hands. But a few months will pay much off. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

*Sunday [early May 1819]* ABBOTSFORD

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[*May 1819*]

DEAR JAMES,—I send you the two sheets.

Respecting Blackwoods epistles I cannot see that I have the least thing to do with them. Certainly the Editors would not have been changed unless you had experienced trouble in settling with them & if the sale in their hands had proved as satisfactory as elsewhere but this was quite optional to myself. Concerning Mr. Constables right of publishing a new edition of these tales before the old one is out I am neither a judge or a party. But I suppose the utmost they can demand is to have what remains of the edition taken off their hands.<sup>1</sup>

The answer therefore to be returned is that the Author for any right Mr. B claims to publish a new edition refers him to the terms of his bargain. Concerning the time when Mr. Blackwoods right determines & Mr. Constable begins it is a question in which the author cannot interfere having neither the power to compell Mr. Blackwood to sell his books or Mr. Constable from printing another edition. Thus far is certain that Mr. Constable having bought only the Authors right in these tales can do nothing the author himself could not have done since the rights of third parties could not be affected by the transaction. Perhaps the matter had best lie over till I come to town & consult with Mr. Constable. Yours truly

W. S.

<sup>1</sup> For details of this see Vol. IV, p. 430, note 2.

I send you a few pages in which I have attempted for the papers a character of my late dear friend. I undertook it at [the] request of Lord Montagu. If you will have it set up when I come to town I will correct it.

I am very sorry for John's illness. With death and disease among my friends this is a woeful year to me. John & I agree in thinking it will be best to get Constables renewals done at Sir William Forbes's rather than hack about at other banks. I have sent John a note on this subject.

[*Signet Library*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

[Extract]

MY DEAR LORD,—I have attempted what you wishd because you wishd it. But I have much doubt of satisfying either myself or any one else. I will let you know the result when I get it set in proof. . . .<sup>1</sup>

. . . I have to mention that among other candidates for the vacant church of Middlebie is the tutor of my boys an excellent & single-hearted young man of good talent.<sup>2</sup> I wrote in his behalf to our lost & lamented freind and I only wish your Lordship to be aware of the circumstance that you may delay any appointment untill you shall learn whether there is any previous promise or preferable candidate in the field.

My best and kindest respects attend the ladies and I am ever my dear Lord Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 10 May [1819]

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> See note 1 to next letter.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* the Rev. George Thomson.



## TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I send you the newspaper article under a different cover.<sup>1</sup> I have studied so much to suppress my own feelings and to give a just calm and temperate view of the excellent subject of our present sorrow such as I conceive might be drawn by one less partially devoted to him that it has to my own eye a cold and lifeless resemblance of an original so dear to me. But I was writing to the public and to a public less acquainted with him than a few years' experience would have made them. Even his tenantry were but just arrived at the true estimation of his character. I wrote therefore to ensure credit & belief in a tone greatly under my own feelings. I have ordered twenty five copies to be put in a different shape of which I will send your Lordship twenty. It has been a painful task but I feel it was due from me.

I am just favoured with your letter of the 9th. I beg your Lordship will not write more frequently than you find quite convenient for you must have now more than enough upon [you]. The arrangement respecting Boughton is what I expected—the lifeless remains will be laid where the living thoughts had long been.<sup>2</sup> I grieve that I shall not see the last honours yet I hardly know how I could have gone through the scene.

Nothing in the circumstances could have given me the

<sup>1</sup> An obituary article on the Duke's character which Scott had prepared for Ballantyne's newspaper, *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. It appeared in the issue of 12th May 1819. Later it was included in the *Prose Miscellanies*, vol. iv.

<sup>2</sup> "We have been kept in suspense," Lord Montagu wrote, "as to the place where the last sad duties are to be performed, and have found *positive* directions for Warkton in Northamptonshire. I mention this in case you might suppose Scotland was the destination." He concludes by trusting he will visit Scotland this next month, "and should nothing unforeseen occur, Ladies Anne & Isabella will come with me. . . . We are all equally anxious it should appear that we still take a warm interest in that country. You once talked of coming to London—I shall be glad to know your plans."—*Walpole Collection*.

satisfaction which I receive from your Lordships purpose of visiting Scotland and bringing down the dear young ladies who unite so many & such affecting ties upon the regard and affection of every freind of the family. It will be a measure of the highest necessity for the political interest of the family & your Lordship will have an opportunity of hearing much information of importance which really could not be made subject of writing. The extinction of fire on the hearths of this great family would be putting out a public light and a public beacon in the time of darkness & storms.

I find the late melancholy event has made a deep sensation here as a matter of public calamity. My respectful compliments attend Lady Montagu and the young ladies and I always am My dear Lord Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 14 *May* [1819]

I dare hardly as yet venture myself on so long a journey as up to town but I will be as much at your Lordships command when you come down as occasion may require. I fear the interest of the younger children will be found to have been materially affected by the manner in which the Queensberry cases have been conducted—in case that is that the Chancellor adheres to his opinion & reverses the sentence. A large claim of damages ought to have arisen on these iniquitous proceedings, but if my information be correct it will be cut short respecting those tenants who have not been brought into court till last year since it may be construed only to draw back to the date of citation. This is rumour however but it should be looked into.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

[Extract]

MY DEAR LORD,—I had the melancholy satisfaction of learning by Adam Fergussons letter to John how the last awful scene closed at Lisbon. It was *euthanasia* and prepared as our dear freind had been for years to meet this last close nothing more could be wishd by those freinds whose vain regrets and tears could not retard the inevitable hour than that it should pass as it has done. . . .  
—Yours truly my dear Lord

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 15 May [1819]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

EDINR., 21st May 1819

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to the gentlemen of the Shipping Company for their very flattering intention of giving one of their new vessels the name subscribed to this letter.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps I should act more prudently to

<sup>1</sup> On the 19th Constable informs Scott he has just received “a formal application from Captn. Gourley the Manager of the London & Leith Old Shipping [Co.] to apply to you in name of himself and the other Directors of the Company to solicit the honour of your permitting a Smack now building for them at Bridport & soon to be launched to be named the ‘Walter Scott.’ . . . I understand the Smack which they propose honouring with your name is to be one of the very best Vessells yet in the trade.” He then adds the names of the company’s six vessels—*King George*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lord Wellington*, *Lord Melville*, *Queen* and *Caledonia*. Constable received Scott’s reply on the day it was written and wrote to Gourley on that date, adding, “I am desired by Mr. Scott to say, that he is anxious to furnish the Colours or Flag necessary for the Vessel.” In Gourley’s letter of thanks (27th May) he says the Directors are sensible of Scott’s kindness “in so handsomely bestowing upon *The Walter Scott* her first Colours the *British Flag*.” There follows on a separate sheet, addressed to Mr. Fyffe of Constable & Co., a note probably written by someone in the shipping office for the press. It concludes thus: “If this be complimentary to the great Poet of Scotland, it is scarcely less honourable to the respectable Comml. Body who have paid this tribute to genius and worth; and we believe it is the very first instance of such a tribute having been paid to any living man of letters. This seems to me quite enough to be said upon the subject; and I darsay it is quite as much as Mr. Scott himself would approve.”

decline a compliment which is much above my merits. But as it is the first compliment of the kind which has been paid to any living man of literature in his own country, and by so respectable a body of his fellow citizens, it would not become me to appear insensible to such a favour. I can only add my sincere hope that the name which the proprietors have chosen will bring no bad luck to the vessel, and that its successful voyages will in every respect answer the views of the proprietors as well as serve the purposes of the public. I beg you will assure the gentlemen how much I feel myself their as well as your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Kilpatrick and Rosebery*]

TO CAPT. ADAM FERGUSSON

DEAR ADAM,—I write to bid you wellcome home after your sad melancholy expedition. The poor Duke with high qualities and a spirit of patriotism matchd with his fortune and situation was too good to be left among us while the wretched selfish old Queensberry lived to the extreme verge of human existence. Death has made breaches in our club at once—poor Reston was calld away at a moments notice—and another contemporary James Bruce perishd yesterday in the firth by the upsetting of his boat you remember how daring Burnet and he used to be in their voyages. There have been more deaths among neighbours & friends of more [? mine] than I ever remember.

Sir John Riddell who bored every body to death when alive contrived by his departure to bless us with a contested election at Selkirk which [in] spite of Jacks endeavours & mine went to leeward by a single vote. We wanted you much.

I have got stout again after suffering as much pain as a man need do and live under it—but I *am* well and thats a

great matter. I suppose you will come down to Scotland almost immediately.<sup>1</sup> You will find all friends well. Jack is in town but leaves.

Charlotte the boys & girls desire kindest Compliments & long to see you once more. I had settled to be at Lisbon in July but God has orderd it otherwise. Pray let me know by a single line how you are & when we may hope to see you Ever most truly yours

EDINR. 23 May 1819

WALTER SCOTT

[*Bayley*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

[Extract]

MY DEAR LORD,— . . . The young man for whom I askd church preferment is in no sort of hurry. Under the circumstances Murraythwate is entitled to every preference as also all on the list.

I shall be glad when the will is found— I have heard our lost freind more than once regret that the Queensberry appeal kept him from settling his affairs meaning as I then supposed that definitive settlement which would depend upon his possessing or not possessing the property & sums in dispute. I can scarce be persuaded but what I am right about the citations & that upwards of a

<sup>1</sup> From Bedford Fergusson replies on the 27th. He has been extremely anxious about Scott's health. "Dr. Lincoln administered comfort to me by daily exclaiming when we met in the morning 'I know well Mr. Scotts sufferings must be great, but I have never known an instance of Gall-Stones terminating fatally!!' & no small comfort this was I assure you in the state of uncertainty in which we all were in regard to your actual state. I sincerely trust for the future you will never be without your Mast-head Man (as Jack would say) looking sharp out for squalls. We are here on our way down to Boughton (vizt Lord Montague, Willm Home the Dr above mentioned & your humble servt) to perform the last duties to our dear lamented friend. The interment takes place to-day at Noon. I am happy to say that all the poor things at Ditton are bearing up against their heavy loss with wonderful composure & resignation. . . . I return to town with Lord M. & have sundry pieces of business to transact which may consume 8 days after which I shall point my long nez northwards."—*Walpole Collection*.

hundred of the tenants were only very lately (within eighteen months) call'd in the reduction.<sup>1</sup>

I am glad the Honours of Lieutenancy &c remain in the family—it is besides being most highly proper in itself a piece of respect due to the Dukes memory.<sup>2</sup>

I take the liberty to inclose a letter to Adam Fergusson under your Lordships cover and am ever My Dear Lord  
Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 23 May [1819]

The name of my candidate is George Thomson son of the revd. W Thompson minister of Melrose. He is an excellent creature but I never teased the Duke about him—knowing he had many applicants.<sup>3</sup>

[*Buccleuch*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I am not able to thank you as I should do for your most valuable present—most valuable in itself, but much more so as a *gage d'amour* from you. I have been miserably ill since I saw you ; but I cannot complain, since I have had so many years of uninterrupted health. Perhaps I am foolish to let anything like presentiment get the better of me. But every new shake tells me the tree will fall early—Amen ! I have the applause and friendship of the best, the worthiest, and the most distinguished of my contemporaries ; and that gain'd—we

<sup>1</sup> “ The rumour about the *citations* is not correct. There is not a Tenant who has not been brought into Court at least 4 years ago, in the most important cases much longer. We hope to be able to get the appeal on foot again in a day or two, we are only waiting to *know* what we have no reason to doubt, that Chas. Douglas and myself are appointed Tutors etc. The document was not found among other papers we received ” (Lord Montagu's letter of 19th May).—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>2</sup> “ Did I tell you that Lord Lothian has accepted the Lieutenancy of Mid Lothian,” Lord Montagu concludes, “ in a manner most gratifying to my feelings. Dumfries-shire too is settled as well as it could be under the circumstances. Ld. L. will be Lieutenant.”—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Richard Nivison, son of a former minister of the parish of Middlebie, was appointed.

must die when our day comes. What I fear more than death is the gradual declension of intellect which I have seen in others, particularly in my poor father. I most hope and wish to leave my friends in full recollection of the slight part I have contributed to social pleasure and social happiness.

My dear Sharpe, I am not able to write longer nor later, as I am just going to my bed most reluctantly. I think the pain of finding myself obliged to give way to my malady is worse almost than the evil itself. "There is not only dishonour in it bully monster, but an infinite loss."<sup>1</sup> Excuse all this nonsense, *carmina cum melius*. I will make one when I can. I saw B[lackwoo]d to-day. I think you may make yourself quiet on his score.—Once more, your truly faithful and obliged

W. S.

EDINR., *Monday* [May 1819]

*Postscript.*

### HUNTING SONG

Taken down from Mrs Laidlaw of Glenrath's recitation. The last lines of the chorus seem much corrupted. Perhaps they may mean the cheer of the huntsman to hounds to "lie over," in which case the penult line may be read thus—

"Hey Innocent, Countess, Bonnie Lass, over"—  
but Jowler Ann defies amendment.

Joseph said to vex him,<sup>2</sup>  
Will you go hunt the fox?  
With all my hounds and harriers  
I'll follow him through the rocks.

*Chorus.*

With a hark, hark, hark, and a loo, loo,  
Says the huntsman to his hounds:

<sup>1</sup> Stephano in *The Tempest*, Act IV, sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Vixen," perhaps.

With a quin quin quivie, quin quin quivie,  
All the woods resound.  
With a hengling and a bengling,  
All my hounds go round ;  
I'll innocent count this bonny lass o'er,  
Jowler Ann.<sup>1</sup>

The first they met was a farmer  
A-tilling of his land ;  
He said he had seen bold Reynard  
Among his ewes and lambs.  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

The next they met was an old woman  
A-combing of her locks ;  
She said she had seen bold Reynard  
Amongst her hens and cocks.  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

The next they met was a lawyer,—  
He was both bold and gay ;  
He was bold Reynard's uncle,  
Most eager for his prey.  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

Says Reynard to his uncle :  
“ You have a brazen face ;  
The Devil will soon get hold of you,  
As the huntsman does me chase.”  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

And now my song is over,  
Bold Reynard he must die.  
And now he's dead and buried,  
And under the earth does lie.  
With a hark, hark, hark, &c.

The tune is a very good one, and apparently very old.

<sup>1</sup> Or “ and.”



THE FARRIER'S GARLAND,  
BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, SHOWING HOW THE DEVIL  
WAS SHOD AND WHO SHOED HIM

"Quatit ungula campum."

I.

The devil would be shod,  
For foul was the road,  
But one leg did not match with its brother ;  
So he cased his five-toed foot  
In a Wellington boot,  
And he went to a farrier's with t'other.

II.

But knowing what belongs  
To a smith's red-hot tongs,  
As was taught him by Dunstan's adventure,  
He saw the smith to be an elf,  
Swarth and sinful as himself,  
Before he took courage to enter.

III.

The smith stood aloof  
When the devil held up his hoof,  
For he guess'd with whom he had to do ;  
Then to work with his fellows,  
With anvil and with bellows,  
And turned off a handsome shoe.

IV.

He made it with a caulker—  
For the devil was a walker  
That loved to ramble his fill ;  
And he turned up the tip,  
That his foot might not slip,  
As his road lay chiefly down-hill.

V.

But the parson still rails  
On this man of tongs and nails  
For shoeing the devil so well ;

Had he pricked his hoof as bad  
As he pricked my good grey pad,  
He had sent him dead-foundered to hell !

On seeing a print of a devil with horse-shoes on.

29th May 1819.—Composed by W. Scott, on a print in a book which I sent him.<sup>1</sup>—C. K. S.

[*Sharpe's Letters*]

TO LORD MELVILLE

MY DEAR LORD,—Allow me to introduce to your Lordships acquaintance the worthy successor of your old friend Mr. Keith late of Ravelstone<sup>2</sup> who is desirous to offer his personal thanks for the honour you have done him in complying with his wishes on a very late occasion. I am sure your Lordship will have satisfaction in making his acquaintance and always am My dear Lord Most faithfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 1st June 1819

I think it likely Mr Keith will wish to be presented on his appointment to a national office. As he has not been much in town I daresay your Lordship will have the kindness to mention to him the proper steps to be taken for this purpose & give him by yourself or some friend a little countenance on the occasion.

Favourd by Alexr. Keith Esq

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the present to which Scott refers.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Keith, "late of Ravelstone," had died at Dunnottar on 26th February 1819. This "worthy successor" is probably his son, who later exercised the office of Knight Marshal during King George IV's visit to Edinburgh in 1822. See note, pp. 84-85.

## TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I had your satisfactory intelligence but I should like to have a more particular return in figures of the sums raised & funds upon which they arise to prevent blunders & misapplications in thes[e] ticklish times. You seem to have managed admirably. Give a look in upon James in his present malagrug[r]ous<sup>1</sup> condition & see he commits no more *bevues*. If he does not take care he will entail on himself low spirits which are worse than cramp in the stomach & that is bad enough. I send him more copy. My next parcel finishes the Bride.<sup>2</sup> All goes on capitally & yesterday a threat of my disorder was parried by the hot bath *without* anodynes which shows the disease grows weaker. Keep the £500 in readiness as it will be soon wanted. Yours truly W. S.

ABBOTSFORD. *Thursday* [c. May-June 1819]<sup>3</sup>

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

## TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

CASTLE STREET, *Wednesday, 2d June 1819*

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose the manuscript play.<sup>4</sup> I dare say with cutting and paring and the assistance of some person understanding the stage-effect, it might be acted and certainly does credit to the young author's ingenuity. But I question if the circumstance of personal deformity in the principal character would not be fatal.

A dwarf would always have something too ludicrous

<sup>1</sup> Malagrugrous or malagrugorous = dismal, gloomy. It is quite likely this word suggested to Scott the name for the character, Sir Mungo Malagrowth in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, published on 10th June 1819.

<sup>3</sup> From 16th May to 8th June John was in or on the way to or from Strathpeffer. He visited Dingwall, and also Lady Hood, now Mrs. Mackenzie, at Brahan Castle. He was ill all the time.

<sup>4</sup> "This letter from Mr. Scott refers to 'Elshender, or the Wise Wight of Mucklestone Moor. A comedy in five acts' by Erskine Neale."—A. C.

for pathetic effect when actually presented to our eye. After all, a sensible player, such as my friend Terry, is by far the best counsellor on these occasions.—Yours truly,

W. S.

[*Rosebery*]

TO CAPTAIN ADAM FERGUSSON, 75 SO: AUDLEY STREET,  
LONDON

MY DEAR ADAM,—I am sorry to say that I have had an eight days visit of my disorder which has confined me chiefly to my bed. It is not attended with so much acute pain as in spring but with much sickness and weakness. It will perhaps shade off into a mild chronic complaint. If it returns frequently with the same violence, I shall break up by degrees and follow my dear Chief.<sup>1</sup> I do not mean that there is the least cause for immediate apprehension but only that the constitution must be injured at last as well by the modes of cure or rather relief as by the pain. My digestion as well as my appetite are for the present quite gone—a change from former days of Leith & Newhaven parties. I thank God I can look at this possibility without much anxiety and without a shadow of fear.

Will you if your time serves undertake two little commissions for me. One respects a kind promise of Lord Montagu to put George Thomsons name upon a list for Kirk preferment time & engagements permitting. I do not like to trouble him with letters he must be overwhelmed with business & has his dear brothers punctuality in replying even to those which require none. He asked me to send the name which you can give him. I would fain have that Scottish Abraham Adams provided for if possible.

My other request is that you will if you can see Terry and ask him what is doing about my dining room chairs

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Duke of Buccleuch.

& especially about the carpet for I shall not without them have the use of what Slender calls "mine own great parlour"<sup>1</sup> this season. He lives very near the theatre. You will learn his special direction at the Box office Covent Garden. I should write to him but am really unable. I hope you will come soon down—a sight of you would do me good, at the worst turn I have yet had—The Baront. is very kind & comes & sits by me. Every body likes the regalia and I have heard of no one grudging their *hog*—but you must get something better. I have been writing the Commie about this. He has been inexpressibly kind in Walters matter & the D. of G. has promised an early commission. When you see our friend you can talk over this with him & perhaps may save him the trouble of writing particular directions what farther is to be done—Iago's rule I suppose—"put money in thy purse"—I wish in passing you would ask how the ladies are in Piccadilly—Would we were met on Tweedside, I am as tired of looking at these dead walls as ever schoolboy was weary of his dog's-eard Cordery.<sup>2</sup> John leaves town this morning. I took care to put under Lord Mellvilles view his anxiety to be useful in the late Selkirk bustle. Yours ever

W SCOTT

All here send love to you. I should like much to know how the young ladies & the old [are].

EDINBURGH 3 June<sup>3</sup> [PM. 1819]

[*Edin. Univ. Lib.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Fal.* Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

*Slén.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, sc. i.

<sup>2</sup> Cordery or Corderius, *i.e.* Mathurin Cordier (1478-1564), the grammarian, author of many grammatical works, the best known being his *Colloquia Scholastica* (1564). "I no longer stand in the outer shop of our bibliopolists, bargaining for the objects of my curiosity with an unrespective shop-lad, hustled among boys who come to buy Corderies and copy-books."—Captain Cuthbert Clutterbuck to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust in the Introductory Epistle to *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

<sup>3</sup> Lockhart has erroneously ascribed this letter to another date—"the 13th" of May or June.

## TO DANIEL TERRY

## [Extract]

EDINBURGH, *June 15th*, 1819

MY DEAR TERRY,—I ought to have written to you long since, but no good news had I to send, and what signified telling you what I verily believed on my second relapse, that the timbers of the raft were hard strained and liable to part company after a little more tossing? The fact is, that though I know there was no immediate danger, yet the total derangement of all the functions of nature was such as must soon have worn out the strength of a Hercules. Fortunately a very intelligent man, Dr. Dick, late physician to the East India Company, has put me on a very simple regimen by which I am already so very much benefited that I doubt not by perseverance I shall recover completely. The origin of the complaint, it seems, is some derangement in the gall leading to the formation of obstructions in the biliary ducts, whence arise cramps, fits of sickness, spasms, jaundice, and all the evils that have undone me. Calomel, not used in doses—which I had already employed in vain but in such very small quantities and so constantly as to maintain the effect of the mineral on the constitution, but not to bring on salivation—is, Lord love its heart, an absolute specific. Ten days' rigid attention to his directions have restored me to action and to appetite and to healthy digestion. I am now under the doom which Elbow denounces to Pompey: "Thou shalt continue, thou knave thou, thou shalt continue,"<sup>1</sup> and continue I will till I get quite round again. I am very greatly obliged to you for your kind attention about the armour,<sup>2</sup> which I have no doubt is a great

<sup>1</sup> *Elb.* Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. i.

<sup>2</sup> Terry's letter of 7th June tells him he has made an excellent bargain in the purchase of armoury, etc. "It seemed to me as if Bullock to whom

pennyworth. The catalogue you sent me contained no temptation except to naturalists. I enclose a draft for £50 (for there will be packing, discount, etc.,) to keep me out of debt to Mr. Bullock. If Addison's slippers and wig-box will serve you in your professional dress, pray accept them from me, for my curiosity leads chiefly to articles of armour; and Addison, I know not why, is personally no such favourite of mine as Sir Roger de Coverley should make him. I will send the measures

I mentioned the destination of my purchases was pleased at the prospect of their becoming yours and knocked them down the faster for that purpose." He then describes the various items—"two very superb Back and Breast polished Pouldrons and Arms of the blue and gold Armour worn in the time of Louis 14th.; one richly embossed Breastplate having the order of the golden Fleece chased upon it; three Breastplates & Close Helmets of the Time of Henry 7th, one belonged to a warrior who had fought in the Holy Land as there is the red Maltese Cross engraven on it; two Venetian Morions; one most admirable & genuine Andrea Ferrara with about a dozen to 18 different Swords—British and foreign; an East Indian Hooker; a large dish of persian wares very magnificently gilt . . . & a very curious Tea Kettle of brown Ware fitting the Centre of the Dish. . . . It is a singular proof that these *Persian Dishes* were of European Manufacture for among the devices on it is a Cardinals Hat; the foul weather Jacket of the Esquimaux made of the Intestines of a Whale; a large South Sea fish Hook & part of a funeral Dress; two very curious ancient reading Desks and a Ladys Head Dress of Elizabeth's Time; a pair of Velvet Slippers which belonged to Addison & his Wig Case, these I felt a strong itching to retain for professional use but wd. not deprive you of possessing so genuine a relic of so high a literary character—Bullock can give the most undoubted Authority of their being the property of Addison; two ancient & veritable '*Leathern Bottles*' such as have been famed in Song—a Lochaber Axe, a Sling Rope & small Basket & Bottle of the Otaheitans & a pair of Esquimaux Boots." Terry then goes into great detail with his suggestions about house decoration for Abbotsford. His appointment as Stage Manager for the Haymarket Theatre is fixed, the immediate emolument being an additional £100. "The Heart of Mid Lothian goes on but I cannot say with that vigor of effect & power of Attraction that could have been wished—but it comes in once a week or so. I am waiting for the Book Binders (a very uncertain dilatory people) to send you a proper copy." A meeting with Capt. Adam Ferguson has reassured him about Scott's health. "Pray pray Dear Sir refrain as much as possible from all such intellectual exertions as may retard the recovery of your health—this is perhaps impertinent prattle from me, but I know well the disorder is an attendant upon bilious habits & subservient to mental anxiety & agitation—and sure I am there is no human being to whom the preservation of your health & comfort is an object of more serious & heartfelt daily thought and interest. . . . Walter is very stout & healthy indeed & as kind & good as ever."—*Walpole Collection*.

correctly taken so soon as I get into the country. . . . I intended to be at Abbotsford to-day, but finding myself a little fagged with some previous business (the grasshopper being at present a burthen to me), I have put it off till to-morrow ; on Wednesday I shall send the measurements, etc. I am sorry, not surprised, that the *H. of M. L.* has done but so so,—better luck another time ; if it does anything to do you good the end will be answered : the present set<sup>1</sup> (I hope you have your copy) will not dramatise, but something else will by-and-by. I am delighted to hear that Mrs. Terry is mending in health : let her take great care of herself—that is the principal matter. As for Walter, he is the sprout of an oak. I subjoin an order for two copies of the Scottish scenery<sup>2</sup> (I have four at my disposal), one for yourself, one for Mr. Atkinson, to whom remember me gratefully and kindly. I must not write more at one brush, but remain, truly yours,

W. SCOTT

[*Familiar Letters*]

TO ABEL MOYSEY, CHURCH HOUSE, BROMLEY, KENT

MR. WALTER SCOTT is at a loss whether to address his anonymous correspondent as serious or in jest. Many of his compliments are to be considered as a little hyperbolic and what is much worse his congratulations upon Mr Scott's restoration to health are unhappily premature. He is however recovering from a painful disease under a severe and unpleasing medical treatment. So that at no time could he be more grateful for the present of a good novel & such he ventures to pronounce *Forman*.<sup>3</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *Tales of my Landlord*, Third Series, comprising *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose*.

<sup>2</sup> *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland* (1818).

<sup>3</sup> Sir Walter Scott's copy of *Forman, a Tale*, 3 vols. (1819), is listed in the Abbotsford Catalogue, p. 335. The British Museum catalogue betrays no knowledge of the authorship of the work. The new edition of the *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature* (vol. ii. 1926) gives "*Forman* : a



supernatural part is very well managed & much more satisfactory that there is no attempt to explain it away by natural causes. A tale of witchcraft was once to be received with as little doubt as a passage of scripture and therefore is a species of machinery of which the author of a work of fiction is entitled by all the rules of composition to avail himself. But these lame explanations are more improbable than the existence of the black art itself and always disgust the reader. Mr S. is not sure that the comic passages are managed with the same [*illegible*]. Jas. vi (your Jas. i) is represented as a drunken driveller. The "wisest fool in Christendom" ought to have had a more marked character. I have sometimes thought his wit, his shrewdness, his pedantry, his self-importance & vanity, his greed & his prodigality, his love of minions & his pretensions to wisdom made him one of the richest characters for comedy who ever existed in real history. The author will pardon Mr S. the frankness of his criticism and judge by it of the sincerity of his praise. He is not able to write more at present the use of the pen having been in great measure prohibited.

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE, 15 *June* 1819.

[*Moysey*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

private

To be forwarded to Trinity—

DEAR JOHN,—I have this day the inclosed letter transmitted by the Chief commissioner respecting Walters commission. It requires immediate attention having been long in reaching me and regularly the deposit should be made by return of post.

tale [By Henry Lord Brougham?] 3 vols. London: 1819." The above letter proves that the author was Abel Moysey (1773-1839), Barrister, Church House, Bromley, Kent. The novel deals with the same period as the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

I am therefore to request you to present the inclosed order on Mr. Marshall register House for £250,, Also to accept the two inclosed Bills for £375,, each upon the late transaction. I did not intend to have drawn so early because the circumstances of the times are unfavourable to discount but I think in the circumstances of the case Sir William Forbes & Co/ with their usual kindness will oblige me with £500,, on these bills to make up the price of Walters commission. I inclose an order on them to that amount but you must first take the trouble to explain to Mr. Anderson or Sir John Hay the cause of my troubling them—With this £500 & £250,, on the receipt inclosed you will be so kind as to get a Bill on London at a days sight for £735,, as mentiond in the letter & without returning it to me inclose it to Messrs. Coxe & Greenwood army Agents London on my Accot. referring to Sir Henry Torrens's letter inclosed. Dont lose a post if possible. Ten days have somehow elapsed betwixt my getting the necessary intimation & its date and I am most anxious to secure what is so difficult to be had as a commission on these terms. I had no idea I should have been able to get one before Winter.

As for you my good friend your profits being assured will easily mature [?] this brief anticipation of a part of our settlement. Pray give your immediate attention to this & believe me Dear Mr John Ballantyne Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 21 *June* [PM. 1819]

I am in bed and was bled yesterday otherwise I would have written myself to the P. Square. I am getting better however. Pray lose no time about this matter as it makes me anxious like a papa.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

To [JAMES SKENE]

MY DEAR SKENE,—I have been miserably ill since I saw you but that is over and I am now getting better. Will you call on Lizzars (engraver) for me and look at your beautiful drawing of my *Domus ultimus*<sup>1</sup> and direct said Lizzars how to make an etching or engraving thereof in a light stile, to go with the old account of the family to whom the aisle anciently belonged. I would like to know the expence also, perhaps a reduced scale would be necessary, but I would not chuse to sacrifice the effect to absolute parsimony. In a week or ten days I shall hope you may look our way with more chance of pleasure than I could give you on former occasions.

I hope the account of the Regalia<sup>2</sup> was satisfactory.  
I am most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

26 June 1819

James Ballantyne undertook to give the drawing to Lizzars. Love to Mrs Skene.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I will be most happy if you will give your understanding a rest here for a day or two which I am sure will be good for your health. Coutts' answer will come on Saturday, so we will hope to see you on Thursday by which time I shall be quite stout. The Fergussons and W. Clerk dine here on Wednesday and I do not wish to augment the party in my weak state.

There is a poor young fellow here, a sort of protégé of mine, whom I got out to India ; but he is returned in dreadful health and, as I learned with pain, in great

<sup>1</sup> The aisle at Dryburgh in which he was to be buried. See note, Vol. I, p. 15, and note to letter to Richardson (22nd August) in the present volume, p. 469. The engraving forms the frontispiece of *The Memorials of the Haliburtons*, Edin., 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Contributed by Scott to *Provincial Antiquities*.

poverty. He has a curious collection of coins which he had gathered with wonderful assiduity for several years, and I believe a number of Indian curiosities. I have just learned he has been disposing of a valuable watch for a trifle and to stop the mouth of a rapacious creditor. Now, I shall wish you to go over to Bowden where he lives and look at these things with a view to their being inventoried and brought to a fair sale in winter. A small advance (the whole concern can but be trifling) will make him easy and I will make it for you if that should be more convenient.

So you see you have a little job before you, *i.e.*, if the young man has sense enough to follow my advice.—Yours truly,

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, *Monday, 28th June 1819*

I received your letter asking him to review "Law." He said, in his careless way, I think if he sent me at once £70 or £100 for my 'Drama' in the Supplement, I might feel more alert about this—Jo. B.

[*Kilpatrick and Rosebery*] <sup>1</sup>

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I desired John Ballantyne to show the little edition of Carey <sup>2</sup> (for the original manuscript of which I

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter is in Mr. Kilpatrick's volume. Constable has printed it in Lord Rosebery's Barnboulge volume, and adds the sentences from what was presumably a letter from John to himself. I cannot find this in the original. Jo. B.'s note is apparently addressed to Constable, for whom Scott had written on "Drama," and who published Sharpe's "Law."

<sup>2</sup> Smiles in the Murray *Memoir* says, "This was the 'Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth,' published by Constable and Murray in 1808." But he is incorrect. The reference is to Patrick Carey's *Trivial Poems and Triolets, etc.*, with Introduction and Notes by Sir Walter Scott and with MS. note by Sir W. S. in reference to the preceding edition, the existence of which was not known to him at the time of this second publication, 4to. 1819-20. The Introduction is dated "April 1, 1819." Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 155. The original MS., the gift of Murray, is *Triviall Ballades, writt here in obedience to Mrs. Tomkins's commands*, 1651, and *Triolets*; Werneford, 1651. MS.

was many years since obliged to you) and ask you whether you chose to take it at £105 or preferred accepting as many copies as would gratify your amateur friends. As he writes me that you have made the former option I draw on you for £103 : 15 : at three months instead of £105 at six. The bill may be easily renewed to the full term of credit but I want the money just now to help on Walter's appointment which came pretty heavy.

I have to thank you for your kind attention to the young soldier who wrote me that he was to spend a day with you before he left town. I thought of being in town myself but though in some degree recovered I am not quite stout enough for a long journey. So that if you come down to Scotland you will find me stationary at Abbotsford should you travel that way. Yours very truly

ABBOTSFORD 3<sup>d</sup> July [1819]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Sir A. J. Law*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

*Sunday evening*

ABBOTSFORD 4<sup>th</sup> July 1819

DEAR CONSTABLE—I heartily wish you joy of the success of Jedediah. I think I can promise his successor<sup>1</sup> will be as popular. I am thank God able to work and pleased with my labour. I have written to Mr. James Ballantyne whom please to inform when you see him that I wish the present work to be communicated to no person whatsoever out of the office. I wish the world to have an opportunity to debate whether it be by the same author or not.

sm. 8vo. (*Afterwards printed, first in 1771, and subsequently in 1819.*) Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 107. See *Lockhart* and note to *Woodstock*. Some specimens of Carey's poems were published by Scott in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1810. See also letter to Surtees and note, Vol. II, p. 426. They have been republished in *Saintsbury's Caroline Poets*, vol. ii. with Scott's Introduction and Notes.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *Ivanhoe*.

Walter's commission outfit etc. will oblige us to renew some of the bills payable in the beginning of August and end of this month. I propose to send the greater part to London with Jo. B.<sup>1</sup> by which means they can be cashed easily without going to our banks and he will remit you the proceeds ten days or a fortnight before the current bills fall due. These engagements are now much restricted and only exist from my extensive purchases of land.

I hope you will come out here one day and bring your son with you. You will find me much better. Only I cannot stoop to write long. Many thanks to Mr. Napier for the *douceur*<sup>2</sup> which came by John and will serve to purchase shirts for my young soldier. It is more than the article is worth by at least one-fourth. I would write to Mr. Napier but he will excuse it as the operation is painful to me from the stooping posture. Please offer him my regards. I doubt I will be unable to undertake anything in the way of review or otherwise beyond my regular labour. If Mr. Jeffrey makes out his promised visit however we will see what can be done.

Blackwood and Murray have given in and accepted the terms which they declined before.<sup>3</sup> The former had

<sup>1</sup> On 2nd July John notes : "Went to Abbotsford to prepare for going to France, unwell still." On the 8th : "Took a ticket for going to London on the Hawk which sails Saturday the 10th, 2 Ocl." He left, accordingly, "with an agreeable party"; was sea-sick, which did him good; and reached London on the 14th. On the 21st he notes that Scott (the Cornet) is in town. Growing always worse in health, despite Brighton races and a long passage, when he was again sick, he returned on 26th August, not having gone to France.

<sup>2</sup> "He [Scott] was very well satisfied with the £105 and the shape in which it reached him. He thinks it ample payment; expected about £70 or £80, and declares he would not have received a larger sum than that sent if you had been liberal enough even to have offered it."—John Ballantyne to Constable, 2nd July 1819. The payment is from Macvey Napier, editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for Scott's article on "Drama" in the Supplement to that work. See *Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, iii. 128.

<sup>3</sup> The fifth edition of the first series of *Tales of my Landlord* was issued by Constable in 1819. The negotiations with Murray and Blackwood concerned the remainder still on their hands of the fourth edition. See Mrs. Oliphant's *William Blackwood, etc.*, 1897. Her dates are incorrect.

the assurance to say that *his taking this full advantage was merely out of respect for the author*. I have taken care it shall not stand on that footing. But it is as well the business is closed though at some loss which I dare say you will fall to pay one day with some butter to send it down.

Anything you want to know farther John will explain as I have made him quite master of my views during his absence. I suppose the last series will immediately go to press again which will be clear gain to you over paper and print. I am glad your returns have come home roundly at last though so long delayed ; but who can answer for bad health ? I shall draw on you for a full set of the Novels to be sent to John Clerk, who kindly and handsomely refused his fee when consulted.—Yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Constable*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

*Tuesday night* [1819]

MY DEAR JOHN—I have had a visit from Constable and took the opportunity to say that the Mon.<sup>1</sup> would be continued sweetening it at the same time with notice of the T. of My Landlord. He was all alive to the last intimation and talked of producing the *ready* whenever called upon—with a fortnight's notice only—so there is a plug fitted. I will consider your suggestion respecting *Ivanhoe* against Monday. But though the book is sold to the trade yet by an unhappy accident a vessel containing 6000 copies was forced to put into Shields and there is not even yet advice of her having reached London. Before treating for a new bargain we must give full time to exhaust the old.—Yours truly

W. SCOTT

[*Constable*]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *The Monastery*.

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

ABBOTSFORD July<sup>1</sup> 1819

DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE—Nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear you are well and thinking of looking this way, which will give us infinite satisfaction. Among the various sorts of pain, privation, and all unpleasantness, to which my very faithful disorder subjected me, the losing your society when I might have enjoyed it, was no slight aggravation of the whole, so I hope you and Miss W. Clephane will make it up to me by a good long visit. You will find all my things in very different order from when you were here last, and plenty of room for matron and miss, man and maid. We have no engagement except to Newton Don about 19th or 20th August if we be alive—no unreasonable proviso in so long an engagement. My health seems in a fair way of being perfectly restored. It is a joke to talk of any other remedy than that forceful but most unpleasant medicine, *calomel*. I cannot say I ever felt advantage from anything else and I am perfectly satisfied that used as an alterative, and taken in very small quantities for a long time, it must correct all inaccuracies of the biliary organ. At least it has done so in my case more radically than I could have believed possible. I have intermitted the regime for some time but begin a new course next week for precaution. Dr. Dick of the East India Company's service has put me on this course of cure, and says he never knew it fail unless when the liver was irreparably injured. I believe I shall go to Carlsbad next year. If I must go to a watering-place I should like one where I would see and learn something new myself instead of being hunted down by some of the confounded lion-hunters who haunt English Spaws. I have not the art of being savage to these people though few are more annoyed by them. I always think of Snug the Joiner.

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart dates it 15th July.



If I should as lion come *in strife* Into such place 'twere pity on my life.<sup>1</sup>

I have been delayed in answering your kind letter by Walter's departure from us to join his regiment, the 18th Dragoons. He has chosen a profession for which he is well suited being of a calm, but remarkably firm temper, fond of mathematics, engineering and all sorts of calculation, clear-headed and good-natured. When you add to this a good person and good manners, with great dexterity in horsemanship and all athletic exercises, and a strong constitution, one hopes you have the grounds of a good soldier. My own selfish wish would have been that he should have followed the law, but he really had no vocation that way, wanting the acuteness and liveliness of intellect indispensable to making a figure in that profession, so I am satisfied, and all is for the best, only I shall miss my game-keeper and companion in my rides and walks—But as it was, is, and must be—the young must part from the nest and learn to wing their own way against the storm—

I beg my best and kindest compliments to Lady Compton. Stooping to write hurts me, or I would have sent her a few lines. As I shall be stationary here for all this season I shall not see her perhaps for long enough. Mrs. Scott and the girls join in best love and I am ever Dear Mrs. Clephane Your faithful and most obedient Servt.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

<sup>1</sup> *Lion*. Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam ;  
For, if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, sc. i.

TO MISS MILLAR<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR MISS MILLAR,—The recommendation you ask of me is an act of such very common justice that I would have sent it by return of Post had I not still felt some pain in stooping to write although my general health is much improved. I can with the utmost truth bear witness to your kind and constant attention to the education of my family during a space of eight or nine years when they acquired by your instructions reading writing arithmetic and the elementary parts of Music and of the french language.

Mrs Scott and I had the utmost reason to be satisfied not only with your mode of teaching and the instructions which you conveyed to our children but by your very lady like and prudent conduct while we had the pleasure of having you for our inmate a circumstance which is at least of as much importance to the master and mistress of a family as the extent of knowledge and the facility of communicating it. In short my dear Miss Millar as I always considered my children as fortunate in being under the charge of a person of your good sense and excellent principles I shall always feel it a small discharge of the debt which I owe you if I can be of any service to you in your progress through life and I beg you will freely

<sup>1</sup> Three days before this letter Sophia had written to Miss Millar from Abbotsford. After informing her of Papa's health, she goes on: "You will be glad to hear that Walter's commission is come down, and that his name was in yesterday's gazette as cornet in the 18th Light Dragoons, now Hussars. . . . How do you like the *New Tales of my Landlord*? Are they not excellent? I would advise you to read a new book which will be out soon called *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, being a description of the society of Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is one of the most clever, and at the same time rather severe books that has been written for ages; this is Papa's opinion."—*Letters to a Governess*, pp. 58-60. Miss Millar was the governess of Scott's daughters "for several years before 1817. . . . After she left the Scott family she had varying fortunes, and suffered under pupils, boarders, and lodgers, comforted by never-failing kindness and sympathy from Abbotsford, and always cheerful and courageous. The last fifteen or twenty years of her life she spent in Edinburgh in fairly comfortable circumstances. . . . She died in 1860."—*Op. cit.* pp. 12-13.

have recourse to me. I will be happy to give more full explanations and details of your mode of teaching to any person who may wish to make further enquiries. I should have mentioned the elements of drawing and the usual kinds of needlework among the arts you had the goodness to teach my young folks.

You will perhaps have observed that Walter is gazetted Cornet in the XVIII Hussars.

It is so difficult to get into the army just now that I reckon myself very lucky in the countenance of the Commander in Chief who gave him a preference over many other applicants. He leaves us in about a fortnight to join the regiment at Corke. The girls are well and great comforts to me in my broken and twilight state of health so different from that which you remember my enjoying. But Gods will be done. I have had my day of health and strength having scarce known illness from fifteen to forty eight.

All here join in kindest love and hope next season (if not this) you will manage to pay us a visit here. You would hardly know the place and we have plenty of room in which we used you know to be rather deficient. Believe me most truly Dear Miss Millar Your affectionate and obliged friend and servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 8th July 1819

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I had your kind letter and am very sensible of Colonel McLeods kindness in attending to my health. I really think I should be much disposed to his scheme.<sup>1</sup> I like the idea of Bohemia and its seven

<sup>1</sup> Morritt had received a letter from G. F. Macleod dated 18th June. Macleod thus put forward his scheme: "In talking over my Trip to Scotland with Dr. Hochmar the Prince Leopold's Physician, of course my Visit to Abbotsford was not omitted, as I reckon it the pleasantest week I

castles. I am fond of German literature and should find much amusement at one of their watering places. Above all I should be free from the pursuit of those alarming hunters of wild animals so common at Harrowgate Cheltenham and our English spaws who cannot suffer a poor *lion* like myself to come quietly thither for the benefit of his health without having a course at him which to your sick lion especially is very oppressive. On the whole I incline to sit quiet at home this vacation. Under the directions of Dr. Dick very celebrated for his knowlege of bilious disorders I have taken and am continuing a course of calomel in very small dozes so as to act as an alterative on the constitution with excellent success although the remedy produces both faintness and sickness in the operation. Still however the Bile which was furiously deranged has resumed its proper channel and departs by the port Esquiline. I have got my colour some appetite the power of riding about and a prospect of health and strength. Dr. Dick insists his remedy is absolutely specifick if used long enough unless when there has been swelling and induration of the liver which they do not apprehend in my case. I think I had better quietly see the issue of this treatment before commencing any new experiment. Besides I could not well set out for the continent just now as I expect Lord Montagu down almost immediatly and the confidence which my late dear friend the Duke reposed in me respecting many things renders it absolutely necessary we should meet. That blow though expected did me great harm both in mind and body at forty eight we cannot afford to lose freinds nor can I ever hope to have such a one as he was.

passed in the Country. This led to a Conversation on Walter Scott's Health, my Friend being a Physician and I believe a clever one, said the best Remedy was the Waters at Carlsbad . . . although the distance is great yet the Place is pleasant as to situation & convenience, it is 70 miles from Cobourg on the Borders of Bohemia. Perhaps some of his medical People may know it, as it is so famous but none of them may be so well acquainted with its Merits as Dr Hochmar."—*Walpole Collection*.

Our family circle will be narrowd this season by the loss of Walter who goes to join his regt. the xviii Dragoons. I think myself very fortunate in getting him stuck in edge ways into the profession he has chosen where many better men fail but the Commander in Chief gave a very flattering preference to my application. Walter is steady and well-temperd and has a turn for mathematics drawing planning and so forth. I intend when he shall have been well drilld and got off the fore-edge of the novelty of uniform and horse & so forth to get him liberty to attend the military establishment at Wykeham & qualify himself for the higher branches of the profession : after which I hope to get him upon the staff some where or other & so into the infantry. But I hold at present the dragoons to be the better service for a young subaltern as the tone of the mess is much better among them than among the infantry & it is of the last consequence that a lad shall keep good society in the outset of life. Much we must trust to providence and his own prudence after doing our best. The regimt is lying at present at Corke.

What say you to a rally over the border this summer. You will find Abbotsford enlarged in dimensions and improved in scenery. We have plenty of room for the young ladies for the young student and your whole household and I shall hardly stir the whole vacation. Only the sooner you come so much the better.

I know little of the Maitland family by report—I mean of the ladies—but report says what it does say very favourably. Lord Lauderdale<sup>1</sup> treated as I have heard

<sup>1</sup> James Maitland, eighth Earl of Lauderdale (1759-1839), was born at Hatton House, in the parish of Ratho, Midlothian. He married Eleanor, only child of Anthony Todd, Secretary of the General Post Office. By her he had four sons, all of whom were unmarried, and five daughters. Eleanor, the third daughter, married James Balfour of Whittinghame, Haddingtonshire. The late Earl Balfour was her grandson. "Upon the accession of the Whigs to power Lauderdale was created a peer of Great Britain and Ireland on 22 Feb. 1806 by the title of Baron Lauderdale of Thirlestane in the county of Berwick. He was offered by Fox the post of governor-general of India, but subsequently withdrew his claims in consequence of the strong opposition of the court of directors to his appoint-

his countess and daughters like an absolute Bashaw. There was a strong feeling on this subject among the India House people (with whom Lady Lauderdale was connected by her father) when it was proposed to send him out to be Governor General during the reign of the talent[s]. He kept the young ladies long in the background to save expence and trouble so that they are really little known here. Their mother is said to be an excellent woman. I hope the young lady Mr. Stanley has chosen will answer his hopes and yours.

Adieu my dear Morritt—this is a long spell for me in my present state for the very grasshopper is a burthen to me. Health and fraternity. Yours ever

ABBOTSFORD 8 *July* 1819.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Law*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I did not answer your kind letter till I could write confirmd as I hope & trust as a convalescent. To ask an invalid to come to a sick friend's house would have been less than kind. I now experience such benefit from my present system that I can with every confidence expect to profit by your kind visit. You shall have a "prophet's chamber" to yourself where you shall rise and breakfast at your own hour as mine are unreasonably early for we make this Liberty-hall. The weather is fine and inviting and I trust we have enough of rides and drives about us to entertain you for some time. If you will let me know when you set out I will

ment." He therefore accepted the office of Lord High Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland. "Lauderdale was a violent-tempered, shrewd, eccentric man, with a fluent tongue, a broad Scottish accent, and a taste for political economy." He died at Thirlestane Castle, Berwickshire. See Scott's letters to Lord Dalkeith (11th February 1806), Vol. I, p. 277; to George Ellis (20th February 1806), Vol. I, p. 279; to Thomas Scott (25th May 1810), Vol. II, p. 345; to the same (12th and 21st June 1810), Vol. II, pp. 352-53 and note.

send forward the carriage to Torsonce Inn <sup>1</sup> to meet you. The horses have literally nothing to do. It is now our dinner hour a serious and tantalizing time with me for while my appetite is begun to grow sharp my mouth from the operation of the calomel is so sore and my jaws so stiff that I can hardly swallow a morsel. Believe me my dear Charles in impatient expectation of the fulfillment of your kind promise to be always most faithfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

Walter goes off to join his regt. almost immediately.

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE, 9th July 1819.

[*Hornel*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE, ST. JOHN STREET, EDINBURGH

DEAR JAMES,—I have yours & one from John this morning & return as he desires a Bill on the New Paul pr. £500 ,, accepted.

I observe Blackwoods business is closed & as I suppose (though you do not say) for Murray as well as himself. Neither do you say the number of copies sent in.<sup>2</sup> But attend to what follows. You must let Messrs. Constable know that you have got these books their number and amount. By the bargain of Ivanhoe they are to accept for them at 12 mos. credit. It will not be adviseable to ask them to grant these acceptances just now because we have enough of their paper both on their account & ours. But you will request them to verify the amount of the stock and either remove it or you will warehouse it for them *at their risque*. In short let it be taken off your hands. We will not ask them for acceptances untill your bills to Blackwood are near due & then the time current between the delivery of the stock and date of the acceptances say three or six months or whatever it is will be

<sup>1</sup> In Stow parish, Edinburghshire.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. remainder copies of the 4th edition of first series of *Tales of my Landlord*.

[deducted] from the date of the bills & they will be more easily discounted to meet yours to Blackwood. The difference between sale price & subscription as well as the difference of credit will be loss in the transaction. A tight and formal settlement with Constable is indispensable to prevent greater loss.

I must trouble you for £60 which I think I may be able to replace by 20th especially if I could get Carey from you & your engraver. The money is wanted for poor Walters *viaticum* & should be £5 in Scotch notes, £15 in Bank of England paper & a bill on Londn. payable in seven or eight days to Cornet Walter Scott 18th Hussars for £40,, He goes on Wednesday so the cash should reach on Tuesday which it will not do unless the letter is in the box before *one* o'clock on Monday.

You say nothing of going on with *Ivanhoe*. I believe for a miracle the 1st volume will be finishd ere we get to press. Constable talked of decorations. The delay of these artists is such that I would not willingly wait for any.

Compliments to John. I heard with regret he had been ill after leaving me. If he could start on Wednesday or even thursday he might go up with the cornet & aid his inexperience. Should that be possible he might come out here. Walter goes by the Carlisle mail & so across to Borough Bridge passing perhaps a day at Rokeby. Yours ever

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday* [10th *July* 1819]

I shall send a packet for Mr Kerr but do not care to trust the inclosed.

Once more the Monday letter must always be in the box by one on that day otherwise I do not get it till *thursday* Wednesday being blank at Melrose. Beetle this into your head.

Mail goes of from Selkirk at night so would not perhaps suit Johns present health.

[*Glen*]



TO JOHN MURRAY

[July 1819]

DEAR SIR,—As my son Walter passes through London to join his regiment I have desired him to look in at Albemarle Street about four or five o'clock when he has a moment to spare. I do not send him any letters of recommendation but I will be obliged to you to name him to any of my friends that may chance to be with you, that he may say he has seen some of the English literati en passant. I am Dear

[Bottom portion with signature cut off]

[Sir Alfred J. Law]

TO ROBERT SURTEES<sup>1</sup>

[circa Summer, 1819]

DEAR SIR,—I will have the greatest possible pleasure in seeing you here on thursday with M[r.] Raine and am only sorry you talk of a *flying* visit. I was very ill about two months since of which I retain some marks but thank God I am now quite well again though still occasionally obliged to use that troublesome remedy *calomel* for preventions sake. Ever yours most truly,

WALTER SCOTT

I trust you will pass the night with us at least. You shall if obliged to depart start as early as you like next morning. We have plenty of room.

[Mrs. Clephan]

<sup>1</sup> This summer Surtees, with his friend James Raine (see letter to him later on 29th September), visited Edinburgh, where they made the acquaintance of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. This is a reply to Surtees's suggestion of a visit to Abbotsford. Four years later (1823), as we shall see, he and Mrs. Surtees made a more extensive tour of the Scottish Lowlands.

## TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I was so taken up these two days with Walters departure that I could not write. He left us last night in full sail for London.

Your letter containd no state of funds neither what is expended nor what is in hand so I have a very general & probably an imperfect idea of the state of provision since various things prevent the plan from precisely applying to the actual expenditure. I wish to have this as soon as possible also dates of bills & so on. I do not see it is at all necessary we should be put about for your own living. This and other mistakes will be rectified if you will send me a state in figures as usual on Mondays—I have not had one since I came here.

I would have you use your bills with caution & one by one so as to place an interval between them. When you have occasion to communicate with bankers always do it in person if possible. It is easy to shew them how much is paid off and to satisfy by reference to the late publication & its sale that the bills arise out of new & solid transactions.

I shall be glad to put the Journal on some more regular footing. The P[rinting] Office cannot afford debt-accompts. I suspend further observation till I see the long promised state.

You do not say when *Ivanhoe* is to begin. Consider you have not any time to lose. What is the meaning of the delay? I askd you about Carey—of which you say never a word—I wish you would glance over my letters when you are about to answer them.

If you find on calculation you are obliged to give up part of the work do it early and with a good grace & do not give them room to complain that you hold by the bit to the last extremity & so put them to inconvenience.

I shall be glad to hear the matter with Constable about the copies 1st. Series is tightly settled also to have notes of the bills granted to Blackwood.

If you are obliged to give up to Ramsay I would rather give up the fine work.

I had wrote thus far when Ivanhoe arrived which I return. It will go on rapidly as besides that sent with proof of Scenery I send another lot & have more ready. When you wish to look this way you will find the Blucher a ready cheap & pleasant conveyance it drops you at Melrose Brigg end only a mile from hence.

I should wish Ivanhoe to be out early in September which as the 1st. Vol. is finishd cannot be very difficult.

There are no duplicates sent me of the proof inclosed. Let this be amended—it is essential. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *thursday* [15th July 1819]

[*Signet Library*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I have only to say respecting matters here that they are all going on quietly. The 1st. Vol: is very nearly finishd & the whole will be out in the 1st. or 2d. week of Septr.<sup>1</sup> It will be well if you can report yourself in Britain by that time at farthest as something must be done on the back of this same Ivan. I have put off all my own affairs comprehending some large payments till Septr. but I cannot in decency postpone them longer. My health is at present as good as I ever had it bating a little weakness. But I mean to take another course of calomel for prevention.

I wish you would look out for Walter who will be in town when this reaches you & will be heard of at Miss Dumergues. I shall have I suppose from £120 to £150 to pay for his military equipments uniforms etc besides

<sup>1</sup> *Ivanhoe*, however, was not published till 18th December 1819. Lockhart's extract from this letter is dated 19th July 1819, but, as Scott has written Friday and the 19th was a Monday, Lockhart's date is incorrect. The 16th was a Friday and therefore the most likely date.

his horses which he is to get in Ireland. Perhaps you could include this sum of which Walter can let you know the gross amount when he has seen his tradesfolks in your bill for the £116 due to you for purchases & draw either on James & Co/ or me at three months which will be a great convenience. The whole bill will be £260 or £270. The Cornet has travelling cash. As he is a very young purchaser probably you can give him a hint about some of his purchases & payments & it will be doing me a particular favour. He stays but very few days in London as he must join his regimt. in Ireland before the 1st. August. Pray let me know how he stands his journey.

I hope you will be so successful in your foreign journey as to diddle the Edinr. folks out of some cash this winter. But do not forget Sept. if you wish to partake the advantages thereof.

I hope you will be successful in your cash undertakings and am yours very truly

W. SCOTT

I wish you would see what good reprints of old books are come out this year at Triphooks & elsewhere & send me a note of them.

ABBOTSFORD *friday* [16 July 1819]

Walter left us on Wednesday night but would probably stay a day with Mr Morritt at Rokeby.

I shall be glad to hear how you succeed with Messrs. Longman about the agency. As you are now so much steadier & better acquainted with the routine of book-selling matters I think both parties would find their account in it.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

## TO HIS SON WALTER

DEAR WALTER,—I send the enclosed packet under cover to John Ballantyne as it contains letters for you to Ireland to be used as your occasions may require. I would have you keep them by you untill an opportunity occurs of presenting them.

This Saint Boswells fair day—pouring with rain to the great disappointment of many besides those of this household who were all about to set off in high puff. I have sold Sally for 30 gns. to Mr. Alexr. Pringle Whit[e]bank who I am sure will use her well. I shall add the price to your outfit.

Mamma & the girls are very well but very cross. Luckily there is no one to suffer but poor Mr Gordon who is too deaf to be annoyd even by Xantippe herself. I got your hasty line from Carlisle & excuse the illegible manuscript on consideration of your fatigue. But I shall beg you to write a large and distinct hand which you will find very useful in your profession which often (in its higher branches) involves the necessity of much correspondence.

If you go to Dublin do not forget to call on Mr. Hartstonge. He resides in Molesworth Street.

Do not fatigue yourself with trying to see too much in London. The weather is hot & fevers easily come by at this season. I trust this will find you with Miss D[umergue] & Mrs. Nicolson to whom we all send our best love. Yours ever affectionately WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 19 July 1819

[Bayley]

## TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I safely received yours with the Bill for £500 & half bank Note for £200 which I transmit forthwith to James and rely on your zeal and activity for

doing [*several lines of the MS. have here been cut out*]  
I ever did in my life.

You will have got my letter by this time and have seen Walter who I presume is looking very like *a cow in a fremd loaning*.<sup>1</sup> Tell him I sold Sally this morning for 30 guineas to Alexr. Pringle Whitebank who will be kind to her.

I mentiond to you that I wishd you could be in Britain in Septr. early as I trust something may be then arranged. I shall on many accompts be glad to give Longman & Co/ an opportunity of sharing but I fancy we shall have the same struggle as on a late occasion when we were obliged to give in on that point.

If Don Juan <sup>2</sup> which I have not seen be worth anything pray send me a copy under Mr Frelings cover. I mentiond in my last what I wishd about Walters cash for appointments & that due to yourself. Do not however take too heavy a load of the former.

I heartily wish you were here employd as you say. James has sent me but two proofs the reason of which *drumbling* <sup>3</sup> I cannot conceive. All cash matters are going on well with him by the last reports.

[*Several lines of the MS. and probably the signature have here been cut out.*]

I send this under M[r] Frelings cover being desirous to inclose a parcel of letters for Walter to use in Ireland.

[*About 19th July 1819*] <sup>4</sup>

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. "a cow in a strange pasture."

<sup>2</sup> The first two cantos of Byron's *Don Juan* were published on 15th July 1819.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. "sluggishness": *drumbl* = to be sluggish.

<sup>4</sup> See letter to Walter of same date on previous page. John notes Walter's arrival on the 21st.

TO MARIA EDGEWORTH OF EDGEWORTHSTOWN

ABBOTSFORD, *July* 20, 1819

DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—When this shall happen to reach your hands, it will be accompanied by a second edition of Walter Scott, a *tall* copy, as collectors say, and bound in Turkey leather, garnished with all sort of fur and frippery—not quite so well *lettered*, however, as the old and vamped original edition. In other, and more intelligible phrase, the tall Cornet of Hussars, whom this will introduce to you, is my eldest son, who is now just leaving me to join his regiment in Ireland. I have charged him, and he is himself sufficiently anxious, to omit no opportunity of making your acquaintance, as to be known to the good and the wise is by far the best privilege he can derive from my connexion with literature. I have always felt the value of having access to persons of talent and genius to be the best part of a literary man's prerogative, and you will not wonder, I am sure, that I should be desirous this youngster should have a share of the same benefit.

I have had dreadful bad health for many months past, and have endured more pain than I thought was consistent with life. But the thread, though frail in some respects, is tough in others ; and here am I with renewed health, and a fair prospect of regaining my strength, much exhausted by such a train of suffering.

I do not know when this will reach you, my son's motions being uncertain. But, find you where or when it will, it comes, dear Miss Edgeworth, from the sincere admirer of your genius, and of the patriotic and excellent manner in which it has always been exerted. In which character I subscribe myself,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Butler and Lockhart*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE<sup>1</sup>

[Extract]

ABBOTSFORD, July 21, 1819

MY DEAR SIR,—. . . Fortunately God Mercury descended in the shape of calomel to relieve me in this *dignus vindice nodus*, and at present my system is pretty strong. In the meanwhile my family are beginning to get forwards. Walter—(you remember my wading into Cauldshields Loch to save his little frigate from wreck)—is now a Cornet of six feet two inches in your Irish 18th Hussars ; the regiment is now at Cork, and will probably be next removed to Dublin, so you will see your old friend with a new face ; be-furred, be-feathered, and be-whiskered in the highest military *ton*. I have desired him to call upon you, should he get to Dublin on leave, or come there upon duty. I miss him here very much, for he was my companion, gamekeeper, &c. &c., and when one loses one's own health and strength, there are few things so pleasant as to see a son enjoying both in the vigour of hope and promise. Think of this, my good friend, and as you have kind affections to make some good girl happy, settle yourself in life while you are young, and lay up, by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness, against age or bodily decay. There are many good things in life, whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary ; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (without which, by the by, they can hardly exist), are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us.

I have no news to send you from hence. The addition to my house is completed with battlement and bartisan,

<sup>1</sup> The portion of this letter omitted by Lockhart probably repeated the details about his health, with which other letters abound. The original has not come to hand.



but the old cottage remains hidden among creepers, until I shall have leisure—*i.e.* time and money—to build the rest of my mansion—which I will not do hastily, as the present is amply sufficient for accommodation. Adieu, my dear sir ; never reckon the degree of my regard by the regularity of my correspondence, for besides the vile diseases of laziness and procrastination, which have always beset me, I have had of late both pain and languor sufficient to justify my silence. Believe me, however, always most truly yours,      WALTER SCOTT  
[Lockhart]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I received the accompts which I dare say are right though I have no means to cheque them when they go back to such a long period. If you could bring yourself to send the state from week to week it would save you & me much trouble as well as risque of error. You are in this particular like Burns' auld man bothering about the Grace and then giving it at last "like a tether." The following observations occur.

You mention a bill of £525 due to yourself 11 June by Constable on which 3/4ths were received at Sir W. F.<sup>1</sup> being stated as profits due to you on 3d. Series of Tales. I fear you are mistaken in this. I always understood from John, Constable & I think yourself (at least the matter was often canvassed in your presence) that no profit at least nothing above £60,, a piece to John & you resulted from the sale of the first great edition of the Tales and that your profit about four or five hundred pounds would occur on the next edition. I cannot reconcile this with the existence of this bill by Constable to you but shall be glad to find you are not mistaken. I certainly understood from John that you had realized no more on

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Sir W. Forbes.

your share than would take up your own bill for £1000,, granted for cash advanced.

In alluding to your own balance as well as the rest of the deficit you make no allowance for £500 expected from the Newspaper and which is stated in your former accounts as a tangible fund applicable to this purpose. The balance must even after this payment is made be if as I apprehend nothing has been paid by the Newspaper since its establishment. I hope this will be settled.

Also John writes me that of £600 P. Office <sup>1</sup> bills he only took with him £400 leaving Blackwoods & some other to be negotiated by you.

If I am right in these two sources & I cannot be mistaken in that of the Newspaper your *unprovided* will be diminishd by betwixt £600 & £700 & will stand thus—

Unprovided	-	-	-	-	-	-	£912,,
Newspaper	-	-	-	-	-	£500,,	
P.O. Bills Blackwoods &c say	-					150,,	
A bill on Mr. Scott which you may draw forthwith	-	-			380,,		1030,,
Ballance in favr.	-	-	-	-	-		£118,,

If the Newspaper cannot pay the whole £500 you can perhaps manage to let so much of your balance be imputed against it for certainly it is but reasonable to pay the printer as well as other folks.

I am more utterly dismayd with the delay of the paper for *Ivanhoe* than I can describe to you—pray let it be hurried. I wish the work out in September and it must be out were we to print on the *carta cacata* of the old Frankfort printers. I desire all idea of embellishment may be laid aside : it will only cause useless delays.

I shall be glad to hear what is come of Carey on which subject I have no answer. If the wood engraving is not finishd I should think it better to throw the work on the mans hands & publish without it.

<sup>1</sup> Printing office.

I am truly glad of Johns renewed health. I wrote you on Monday remitting half a bank note for £200 & a bill on Longman to my order which I hope came safe. I think you had better answer this as soon as [*the remainder of the letter is not given*].

[*pencilled 21-25 July 1819*]

[*Glen*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

DEAR CHARLES,—I will with great pleasure accept at short dates for the £1500. Walters Outfit has cost me about £1200 exhausting my immediate means but I have plenty of cash in October & November. I will call for this purpose at Melrose today at two o'clock that I may get the proper stamps & every thing right. I will find you I suppose at the office. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday* [24th *July*, 1819]

[*Curle*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[*postmarked 26 July 1819*]

DEAR JAMES,—I inclose you a scheme founded on yours and as I trust you have already Johns additional £300 & the Bills of which I desire an exact Memorandum without delay of a post. I think I have arranged the provision on the worst supposition i.e. your having as I strongly suspect misssd out Veitchs Bill.

There is no renewal due on my part on Constables bills of 5 Augt. £494., & 13 Augt. £495. They are two stock-bills granted that is for the stock taken with the 2 tales and the stipulated credit is long out. This was fully explained to Messrs. Constable by Mr. Jo: Ballantyne.

The two bills were renewed in April last when they were beyond credit & when by the bye I paid the discount which is still due to me by Messrs. Constable. You will not therefore renew either of these bills. But if Messrs Constable want any accomodation of the same kind which they very frankly grant us you will of course be ready to oblige them. But to discount their bills and get them the money having so much of their paper cannot be expected. I request you to lose no time in explaining this in case Messrs. Constable should be relying on this which however ought not to be the case Johns explanation having been explicit.

I shall be glad if you will send to John by speediest conveyance a copy of Carey if by tomorrow so much the better. You never told me it was ready. Mention at the same time the number of impression retaining 20 copies for me. I mean mention this to John as well as to me as he will have to dispose of the work in London. Your statement of the demands in Augt from 17th. to 31st. omit no less than one bill of Constable on exchq. due

19th. - - - - - £482

And one by Jas. B. on W. S. endorsed to Jo: B.

27th. Augt. - - - - - 386

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£868

Have the goodness to look into this matter. I return the proof Sheet on a separate cover with additional copy.  
Yours truly

W SCOTT

I am very glad your boy is better. If you let your heart get into your breeches upon slight complaints or even severe ones you will do both him & yourself injury. It leads to a system of care & anxious precaution inconsistent with sound health.

I am glad the presses come on well. Close attended to they ought to do a great deal this year. Certainly it

is wise to get on every thing as fast as possible during the pause of Ivan[hoe].

[Glen]

[With this letter Scott sends a statement, which, on receiving letters from James and John before sealing the letter, he has to rectify on another page.]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

private

DEAR JOHN,—More last words. I think on the whole I had better leave you the inclosed they may be more easily realized than the long ones and I will have to make some exertion in July when the present funds will be exhausted and you out of town.

I quite forgot to add to my list of Books a most important one *Horne Tookes Diversions of Purley*.<sup>1</sup> I must take care my Saxon characters speak proper language not unintelligible but not modern. They are rebels more-over and Horne Tooke is a good pilot in either character.

James did not give me the exact date when his advance

<sup>1</sup> John Horne Tooke's 'Ἐπεα Πτεροεντα, or the Diversions of Purley. Part I appeared in 1786. Another edition, with a new second part, was issued in 1798, and again in 1805. An edition in 2 vols., with numerous additions, revised and corrected by Richard Taylor, appeared in 1829, and is listed in the Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 316. The Saxon characters are in *Ivanhoe*. The next sentence refers to the politics of Horne Tooke (1736-1812), *quondam* supporter of Wilkes, friend of the American rebels, and of Reform, tried for treason in 1794 but acquitted. See Hazlitt's *The Spirit of the Age*: "Mr Horne Tooke was one of those who may be considered as connecting links between a former period and the existing generation. His education and accomplishments, nay, his political opinions, were of the last age; his mind, and the tone of his feelings were *modern*. There was a hard, dry materialism in the very texture of his understanding, varnished over by the external refinements of the old school . . . He had no imagination (or he would not have scorned it!)—no delicacy of taste, no rooted prejudices or strong attachments: his intellect was like a bow of polished steel, from which he shot sharp-pointed poisoned arrows at his friends in private, at his enemies in public. . . . Mr Horne Tooke was in private company, and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful."

must be repaid. I mentiond my wish that you would look at the receipts & outlay of the P.O. since Xmas. They should be to a good tune. Once more adieu.

WALTER SCOTT

If there is difficulty about the inclosed you can let me know—there is full time before you.

[1819]

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, BOOKSELLER, CARE OF MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO., PATER NOSTER ROW, LONDON

DEAR JOHN,—I got yours with the news of Walters rattle-traps which are abominably extravagant. But there is no help for it but submission. It is his own loss poor fellow for I must add it to the price of his commission as a debt against him. The things seem all such as cannot well be wanted—how the devil they mount them to such a price the taylors best know. They say it takes *nine* tailors to make a man—apparently *one* is sufficient to ruin him. I must request you will (if it can well be) make your draught on me £50,, or so more than we proposed which will put you in cash £200.

James will send you up a copy of Careys poems which should be offerd in the first instance to Murray—failing his wishing to have them I will make him a present of 20 copies—If he declines them I would try Longman. In either case I think they should be good for £105,, at least. You see Murray I believe easily enough to ask him such a question. This will make £300 and I must send the balance from Scotland at whatever inconvenience.

We shall rub through well enough here though James is rather glumpy & dumpy chiefly I believe because his child is unwell.

Constable & Co/ have made an attempt to get a renewal of the two stock bills as a matter of course. But I have put

James on his guard. Walter will be off by the time this reaches you. Indeed I suppose he starts tomorrow. If you can make a trifle more money in Londn. for me good & well. I have no spare cash till Ivanhoe comes forth.

Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

Sunday [PM. July 26, 1819] ABBOTSFORD

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

P.S.—Enclosed are sundry letters of introduction for the *ci-devant* Laird of Gilnockie.<sup>1</sup>

[*Lockhart*]

TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ADVOCATE, CARNBROE,<sup>2</sup>  
HOLYTOWN

MY DEAR SIR,—*Distinguendum est* when I receive a book ex dono of the author. In the general case I offer my thanks with all haste before I cut a leaf lest peradventure I should feel more awkward in doing so afterwards when they must not only be tenderd for the well printed volumes themselves and the attention which sent them my way but moreover for the supposed pleasure I have received from the contents. But with respect to the learnd Dr. Morris<sup>3</sup> the case is totally different and I formd the immediate resolution not to say a word about that learnd

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* young Walter. This postscript appears in *Lockhart* but not in the original.

<sup>2</sup> An estate, with a mansion, and a village on the N. border of Bothwell parish, Lanarkshire.

<sup>3</sup> This letter, which appears in *Lockhart*, refers to Scott's opinion of *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, written under the pseudonym of Peter Morris by Lockhart in collaboration. "A sort of mock-tour in Scotland . . . the Epistles of the imaginary Dr. Morris have been so often denounced as a mere string of libels, that I think it fair to show how much more leniently Scott judged of them at the time. Moreover, his letter is a good specimen of the liberal courtesy with which, on all occasions, he treated the humblest aspirants in literature. Since I have alluded to Peters's Letters at all, I may as well take the opportunity of adding that they were not wholly the work of one hand."—LOCKHART. See note to letter to Miss Miller (8th July), p. 407. "Lockhart's authorship was the most open of secrets, the very drawings were a signature. . . . Much of the book is now antiquated, but many admirable passages of living interest might be extracted."—ANDREW LANG's *Lockhart*, i. 224.

gentlemans labours without having read them at least twice over—a pleasant task which has been interrupted partly by my being obliged to go down the country partly by an invasion of the Southron in the persons of Sir John Shelley<sup>1</sup> famous on the turf and his Lady. I wish Dr. Morris had been of the party chiefly for the benefit of a little Newmarket man calld Cousins whose whole ideas

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Shelley, sixth Baronet (1772-1852), married, on 4th June 1807, Frances, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Winckley of Brockholes, Co. Lancaster. Lady Shelley recalls with delight her visit to Abbotsford in her letter of 16th August from Kinrara Cottage, Grantown. She is enclosing Col. Murray's "Treatise, as he calls it, of [the] Cornet, which I hope will fully reply to all the enquiries you honoured me by entrusting me with, during our agreeable visit at Abbotsford & therefore I refer you to his letter." She then tells him how, during their whole Scottish tour, he has excited in them an interest "in every mountain & glen ever named in Poem, Prose, or conversation, & to own a plain truth, that what is unsung possesses for me little attraction & that except your own 'romantic Town' [Edinburgh] & the Pass of Killicrankie . . . I have seen little in Scotland that could tempt me again to leave my own home or at least to proceed farther North than Abbotsford, where seeing with your magic glass I might again wish myself the inhabitant of a highland glen before the 45 to have lived & died for Prince Charlie. The scenery of Scotland is I confess too tame to satisfy me after reading your descriptions. . . . Lady Huntly has the true spirit of a chieftaness plays the Scotch music divinely & repeats with great animation Jacobite Poems & songs, which I wish I were permitted to transcribe & send you. She has promised if ever an opportunity occurs that she will repeat to you the House of Airly with which I am sure you will be enchanted." While at Dunkeld she heard it regretted that Scott has never celebrated the Duke of Atholl's possessions "and the Duchess expressed a very strong wish that you should pay them a visit in hopes that the pass of Killicrankie would inspire a Poem or Legend of Dundee. . . . I cannot conclude without expressing my delight that the prejudiced Sarcasms of our Giant in literature should be overthrown by a single combattant & that in Scotland there is but one voice in naming the *sole* author of prose as well as poetry, & consequently of the sudden change wrought in English feeling towards Scotland since the publication of the Lay. From the time of Johnson till that period, a certain degree of reproach & ridicule had attached to the name of Scotchman in our Southron land while now, the proudest among us ransack their genealogies to claim kindred with a clan named in song or story. . . . I hope Miss Scott has not forgotten her kind promise of sending me 'The King come.' When I return home I will try to find an opportunity of sending you Undine in German & will add to the packet some of the music Miss Scott liked. . . . Allow me to add the best wishes of Sir John & myself for the continuance of your recovered health & for the success of the young Cornet to whom I am obliged for this opportunity of subscribing myself." —*Walpole Collection*. See also *Diary of Lady Frances Shelley*, ed. Richard Edgcumb, 1913.



similes illustrations &c were derived from the course and training stable. He was perfectly good humourd and I have not laughd more this many a day.

I think the Doctor has got over his ground admirably and the general turn of the book is perhaps too favourable both to the state of our public society and of individual character

His fools have their follies so lost in a croud  
Of virtues and failings that Folly grows proud.<sup>1</sup>

But it was in every point of view right to take this more favourable tone and to throw a Claude Lorraine tint over [our] northern landscape. We cannot bear the actual bare truth either in conversation or that which approaches nearest to conversation in a work like the Doctors publishd within the circle to which it refers.

For the rest the Doctor has fully maintaind his high character for force of expression both serious and comic and for acuteness of observation—rem acu tetigit—and his scalpel has not been idle though his lenient hand has cut sharp and clean and pourd balm into the wound. What an acquisition it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written I do not say fifty but even five and twenty years ago and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved as it were in amber which have now moulderd away. When I think that at an age not much younger than yours I knew Black Fergusson Robertson Erskine Adam Smith Jo. Home &c &c and at least saw Burns I can appretiate <sup>2</sup> better than any one the value of a work which like yours would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours. Dr. Morris ought like Nourjahad <sup>3</sup> to

<sup>1</sup> Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

<sup>2</sup> So Scott spells the word. The persons referred to are Blacklock, the blind minister and poet, Fergusson and Robertson, historians, Erskine the lawyer, Adam Smith, and John Home, the author of *Douglas*.

<sup>3</sup> Nourjahad, a sleeper like Rip Van Winkle, Epimenides, etc. *The History of Nourjahad* by the editor of "Sidney Biddulph" [Frances Sheridan], Dodsley: London, 1767, 12°, and *Nourjahad: Histoire Orientale, traduit de l'Anglois*. Le Cabinet des Fées, etc., tom. 33, 1785, etc., 8vo. See Abbotsford Library Catalogue, pp. 43, 45.

revive every half century to record the fleeting manners of the age and the interesting features of those who will be only known to posterity by their works. If I am very partial to the Dr. which I am not inclined to deny remember I have been bribed by his kind and delicate account of his visit to Abbotsford.<sup>1</sup> Like old Cumberland or like my own grey cat I will e'en purr and put up my back and enjoy his kind flattery even when I know it goes beyond my merits.

I wish you would come and spend a few days here while this delightful weather lasts. I am now so well as quite to enjoy the society of my friends instead of the woeful pickle in which I was in spring when you last favoured me. It was however *dignus vindice nodus* for no less a Deity descended to my aid than the potent Mercury himself in the shape of calomel which I have been obliged to take daily though in small quantity for these two months past. Notwithstanding the inconveniences of this remedy I thrive upon it most marvellously having recovered both sleep and appetite so when you incline to come this way you will find me looking pretty *bobbishly*. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Monday* [PM. July 28, 1819]<sup>2</sup>

[*Law*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—I received the 4<sup>th</sup>/ etc quite safe. Accept my thanks for your kind attention. I will be much gratified by seeing M[r] Ricardo<sup>3</sup> & you here when you can make it convenient. I shall not be absent except

<sup>1</sup> Which had taken place apparently on 10th April 1819. The description of this visit to Abbotsford occurs at the end of vol. ii. of *Peter's Letters*, pp. 299-334.

<sup>2</sup> Lockhart dates this letter "July 19th," which was a Monday.

<sup>3</sup> On 18th July John notes: "Ricardo at [*illegible*] & heard of John Barclay's misfortune." John Barclay was Ballantyne's cousin.

about ten days in August at Drumlanrig about the middle of the month. I have not had a scrape from James nor received the Supernaculum announced by your letter. A little real good whiskey will be a treasure here when you can find it.

I am deeply interested in Constables loss and have written to say so <sup>1</sup>—still however business must go on & I hope this great misfortune has not interfered with the necessity of my making good my promise of £2000 to Mr Usher against the 2d. I trust you will with all due delicacy look into this. Your & James's £1000 will also be necessary & I wish to know when they will be forthcoming.

All here is enchanting & I am always Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *friday* [August 1819]

I will write you particularly about the Hothouse.  
[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

To [HAY] DONALDSON

MY DEAR SIR,—I return the Contract of Excambion <sup>2</sup> duly executed by me this day before Thomas Purdie my Grieve and William Turner my Butler. I am truly glad this business begins to *approprinqué an end*.

The Bill of £800 comes at no very convenient time considering how matters stand in the money market but of moneys worth I have enough and I think I can easily have about £500 of the sum ready by the day of payment whereof please send me a note & make some scramble for the rest without disturbing the counsellor. I shall be well pleased to have the money paid up & only hope it may go *good gale* of which I have my own doubts. Walters outfit will cost me £1000 at least, his commission alone is

<sup>1</sup> Constable's mother, Elizabeth Myles, died in August 1819.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* exchange of lands : a term in Scottish Law.

£750 which I remitted last week. I have also to pay Nicol Milne another £1000 presently [?]. But I have funds coming round for all & means of making more. Please God but to continue my health I will realise as much this year as in 1817 which was more than £10,000. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 1st Augt 1819

[Maggs Bros.]

TO CORNET WALTER SCOTT, AT MISS DUMERGUE'S,  
PICCADILLY, LONDON <sup>1</sup>

[ABBOTSFORD, August 1, 1819]

DEAR WALTER,—I am very glad to find you got safe to the hospitable quarters of Piccadilly and were put in the way of achieving your business well and expeditiously. You would receive a packet of introductory letters by John Ballantyne to whom I addressd them.<sup>2</sup>

I had a very kind letter two days since from your Colonel.<sup>3</sup> Had I got it some days soon[er] it would have

<sup>1</sup> At the top of this letter the words " Lady Shelley &c " have been scored over in pencil.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Walter (19th July), p. 418.

<sup>3</sup> Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Murray (1784-1860), son of David, second Earl of Mansfield, seventh Viscount Stormont, by his second wife Louisa, *suo jure* Countess of Mansfield, third daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart. He was a brother of David William, third Earl of Mansfield, and a distinguished Peninsular and Waterloo officer. In his letter to Lady Shelley (30th July), already mentioned, Murray gives his advice about young Walter's allowance "A protégée of yours is sure to be welcome & no ordinary hopes attach to the son of Walter Scott. You ask me what allowance he should have to keep his place? In my opinion more genius than ever cornet brought to the British Army." He then says that he himself in 1800 was allowed £150 besides his pay as Cornet, and had no servant. "I should think £250 & a good servant, or even £200 & a trusty servant whose honesty might be completely relied on ought to be sufficient. . . . The young man should be fully equipped in Uniform, Horses & appointments independently of future allowance, & in the event of any loss in Horses or unlooked for expence that some assistance might be given him. . . . He should not have the facility of getting habits of expence to which I think a large allowance is apt to expose young officers. Emily . . . has not as your note mentions received a letter from or one

saved some expence in London but there is no help for it now. As you are very fully provided with all these appointments you must be particular in taking great care of them otherwise the expence of replacing them will be a great burthen. Lt. Col. Murray seems disposed to shew you much attention. He is I am told rather a reserved man which indeed is the manner of his family. You will therefore be the more attentive to what he says as well as to answer all advances he may make to you with cordiality and frankness for if you be shy on the one hand & he reserved on the other you cannot have the benefit from his advice which I hope & wish you to gain. Sir John & Lady Shelley, Paris friends of mine who came here with Sir Alexr. Don have written to Col: Murray particularly on your behalf. I shall be guided by the Colonels opinion respecting your allowance : he stipulates most wisely that you shall only have two horses [not to be changed without his consent] and on no account keep a gig—you know also how I detest that mania of driving wheel barrows up & down when a man has a handsome horse & can ride him. They are both foolish & expensive things and in my opinion are only fit for English [*illegible* ? rectors]. Therefore gig it not I pray you—

In buying your horses you will need to be very cautious. I see Col. Murray has delicacy in assisting you very directly in this matter for he says very truly that some gentlemen make a sort of traffick in horse-flesh from which his duty & inclination lead him to steer clear. But he will take care that you do not buy any that are unfit for service as in the common course they must be approved by the commandg. officer as chargers. Besides this he will

respecting Mr. Scott, therefore if any has been sent it has miscarried. A letter has however been received by me from Mr. Scott about his son, the answer to which I should think he must have received some time since. . . . I hope . . . you will be so pleased with my *treatise* (as my groom calls it) of Cornet Scott, that you will send me Frederick when he is old enough for a Hussar. . . . I envy you in particular the best edition of the *Tales of my Landlord*."

probably give you some private hints of which you may avail yourself as there is every chance of your needing much advice in this matter— Two things I advise on my own experience. 1st. Never to buy an aged horse however showy—he must have done work & at any rate will be unserviceable in a few years. 2d. To buy rather when the horse is something low in condition that you may the better see all his points. Six years is the oldest at which I would purchase. You will run some risque of being jockeyed by knowing gentlemen of your own corps parting with their *experienced* chargers to *oblige* you. Take care of this. Any good temperd horse learns the dragoon duty in wonderfully short time and you are rider enough not to want one quite broke in. Look well about you and out into the country. Excellent horses are bred all through Munster & better have a clever young horse than an old regimental brute founderd by repeated charges & halts. If you see a brother officers horse that pleases you much & seems reasonable look particularly how he stands on his fore legs & for that purpose see him in the stable & when he is standing. If he shifts and shakes a little on his fore legs have nothing to say to him. This is the best I can advise not doubting you will be handsomely *excised* after all. The officer who leaves the corps may be disposing of good horses & perhaps selling reasonable. An officer who continues will not at least should not part with a good horse without some great advantage.

You will remain at Corke till you learn your regimental duty and then will probably be dispatchd to some out-quarter. I need not say how anxious I am that you keep up your languages mathematics and other studies—to have lost that which you already in some degree possess, and that which we do not practise we soon forget—would be subject of unceasing regret to you hereafter. You have good introductions, do not neglect to avail yourself of them—something in this respect your name may do for

you a great advantage if used with discretion and propriety. By the way I suspect you did not call on John Richardson which was not right.

When you write always say what letters have reachd you. I got yours safe from Carlisle & London & heard of you besides from Jo: Ballantyne. When you make up a family packet of letters put the whole under a cover addressd to me and then put that under another seald cover addressd to *Francis Freling Esq: Secy. P. O. G. London* in which case they will reach me free of expence as Mr. Freling is Secretary to the post office & his franks carry any weight.

The girls were very dull after you left us—indeed on the night you went away Anne had hysterics which lasted some time. Charles also was down in the mouth & papa & mama a little grave and dejected. I would not have you to think yourself of too great importance neither for the greatest personages are not always long misd & to make a bit of a parody

Down falls the rain up gets the sun  
Just as if Walter were not gone.

We comfort ourselves with the hopes that you will be happy in the occupation you have chosen & in your new society. Let me know if there are any well informd men among them though I do not expect you to find out that for some time. Be civil to all till you can find out by degrees who are really best deserving.

I inclose a letter from Sophia which doubtless contains all the news. Saint Boswells fair raind miserably & disappointed our misses. The weather has been since delightful & harvest advances fast. All here goes its old round the habits of age do not greatly change though those of youth do. Mama has been quite well & so have I but I still take calomel. I was obliged to drink some claret with Sir A. Don Sir John Shelley and a funny little quiz of a Newmarket man calld Cousins whom Sir Alexr. brought with him but I was not the worse in the slightest

degree. I wish you had Sir John Shelley at your elbow when you buy your horses : he is a very knowing man on the turf. I like his lady very much she is perfectly feminine in her manners has good sense & plays divinely on the harp besides all which she shoots wild-boars & is the boldest horse-woman I ever saw but these accomplishments she reserves for their proper place. I saw her at Paris ride like a lap-wing in the midst of all the Aids-de-camp & suite of the Duke of Wellington.

You will write to me of course when you get to Corke & mention what your horses come to &c. Your outfit will be an expensive matter but once settled it will be fairly launching you into life in the way you wishd & I trust you will see the necessity of prudence and a gentleman-like oeconomy which consists chiefly in refusing oneself trifling indulgences untill they can easily pay for them. You will have what ever Col. Murray shall think sufficient & I have been explicit with him concerning your situation in all respects—Once more be very attentive to him and to his lady.

I hear much of a disease among the moor fowl. I suppose they are dying for grief at your departure. The two Captains<sup>1</sup> sea & land go to the highlands where doubtless their doings will *make much noise*. I have bought a pony.

[*Unsigned*]

[*Bayley*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I send you the parcel promised in my letter of to-day. To make your mind easy I have to add that I think I can so arrange matters as not to need much if any banking operations untill the end of Septr. or thereabouts. It is best not to trouble these gentlemen till they come to their stomach.

<sup>1</sup> The Fergusons.



I send your imperfect state inclosed that you may satisfy yourself of the omission. Do for Gods sake be cautious for this blunder & that about Veitchs bill are very gross errors. I wish a note of all bills after Septr. as my state is necessarily imperfect. Yours truly W. S.

[*pencilled 1 August 1819*]

Perhaps you can come here & adjust the Books when this busy week is over.

[*Glen*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I observe your unpleasant dilemma out of which I trust to help you. It is indeed at the unpleasant alternative of anticipating funds designed for the end of the month & beginning of next but the thing cannot be helpd. What is perhaps worst of all is the delay of the paper for Ivanhoe—had I known of it?—but this avails little now.

Upon receiving this you will restore to Mr Constable the bills which you find difficulty in discounting. I will draw on him for £450 which I am pretty sure to get at Galashiels & for £350,, which I trust to get at Jedburgh. The former sum I trust to send you by Mondays post. But in order to get the other my drat. must be returnd accepted. I wish to know whether the £400 due 11th. has been renewd or discounted. I can easily discount it with Coutts.

In the predicament in which credit stands Mr. Cowan must give us grace on the £220,, till we can get out Ivanhoe. But for that blasted blunder about the paper two months would be sufficient. Mr. Cowans accompts have been so regularly paid that he cannot refuse us such an accomodation at this very peculiar time.

I will instruct John how to send you down £230 or thereabouts : and I can procure farther funds in London

on Constables acceptance as above mentiond. Our supplies will then stand thus

Galashiels	-	-	-	-	-	-	£440
Jedburgh	-	-	-	-	-	-	340
Cowan	-	-	-	-	-	-	220
Cash in J. B's hands	-	-	-	-	-	-	309

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1309

This will be effectual before the 7th. But I doubt John being able to send his £230 till the 9th.

Coutts at £500	-	-	-	-	-	-	230
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2039

Demands to 11	-	-	-	-	-	-	2075
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Ball[ance] of Provision - - £36

I have no doubt of realizing all these funds except Cowan whom you must take in hand. I will draw the bills on Constable myself and advise them by tomorrows post. Meanwhile please give them up those in your hands.

John gives up his continental trip<sup>1</sup> which I am sincerely glad of. He can benefit himself & others much more by remaining at his post. I suppose he will be down after he has transacted my business.

I have still no news of the newspaper accompts promised last Monday & your clerk does not now even send me the paper itself.

In the above scheme I see an inconvenience not easily avoided namely that there is about £1600,, to pay by the 7th. I can however lend you £100 or £150 for a day or two which will so far diminish my London advances. I should think Constable could lend the ballance for two or three days.

I send you this night by Capt John Fergusson a packet containing copy of Ivanhoe to the end of Vol I the last

<sup>1</sup> See p. 403, note 1.

proof (of which no double is sent me) and the proofs of scenery. The copy of No III is ready to go to press if the gentlemen wish it. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Sunday* <sup>1</sup> [1 August 1819]

I find I have fortunately a stamp on which therefore I draw £350 on Mr. Constable for the Jedburgh negotiation. The other will reach him through the Galashiels i.e. the Leith Bank. Take care of missing post which one out of two of your letters usually does I suppose by neglect of your bastardly boys. Tomorrow I write him more fully. You observe you give up to him the bills you have.

[Glen]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I inclose a drat. for £440,, & will lose no time in sending you the proceeds of the £350,, which I sent yesterday for acceptance so soon as I get it back.

Your provision will then stand agt. the 7th.

In cash	-	-	-	-	-	-	£309,,
remitted inclosed	-	-	-	-	-	-	440,,
Farther remittance when bill reaches	-	-	-	-	-	-	345,,
Mr Scott will also send	-	-	-	-	-	-	200,,
Cowan	-	-	-	-	-	-	225,,

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£1519,,

You will be still short about £150 wages included. I have written to Constable to lend you this till you receive it from John who has about that sum to remit to you. You will see them tomorrow and tell them if you will need this cash on the 7th. for if you can provide yourself elsewhere it will be better. I shall have £400,, for you [on] the 11th. and plenty of cash afterwards as I make an arrangement to avoid Banks for some weeks.

<sup>1</sup> Sunday was 1st August.

I am only concernd about the delay of Ivanhoe. But the men must work double tides to get it forward. Yours truly

W. S.

2 Aug. [*postmarked* 1819] ABBOTSFORD

[*Glen*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, MRS. FRENCH'S BOARDING-HOUSE,  
BRIGHTON

DEAR SIR,—I observe Walters appointments will stand me in £360 odds and that you have paid £130. I cannot expect he will get two horses under £200,, so that the fitting out the young cornet will be only £200 short of his commission. I observe you have paid £130 to Messrs. Vernon to account of their long-taild accompt and shall hold that sum to your credit.

Meantime I must take the freedom to draw on you to accompt of the late transaction for £350 at two months which I request you to accept and carry to Messrs. Coutts who will probably be so kind as discount it and hold it to my credit. In that case the proceeds being at my credit there you will give the inclosed cheque to Messrs. Vernon for all their rattle-traps & foppery of which I know the names as little as the use. I have made the cheque for £220 supposing they will allow me discount for ready money—if not you must pay them the odd £16 with a murrain to them. I draw on Constable at the same time & accot. & shall send it also to Messrs. Coutts to keep you both on the same footing. This will serve me for the horses & some odd things in London, which I owe for purchases at Bullocks sale etc.

You will keep an exact accompt of these furnishings to Walter as I make them debit against him in behalf of his brother & sisters when he succeeds to his share of Mr Carpenters property.

I would not have given you the trouble of calling on Messrs. Coutts but I do not wish to keep you in London waiting their answer to Scotland. I will write to my respected freinds by next post when I receive Constables drat. My health continues strong but I am still obliged to take calomel which I fear will delay my journey to London<sup>1</sup> [?] untill after Christmas. Adieu I wonder how the folks do in these hard times who have no book-sellers—still more how booksellers do who have only brainless authors. I am Dear John Yours etc

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 2d. August [PM. 1819]

Question in the Rule of Three for Mr. J. B.

If nine tailors make a man how many will it take to unmake him ?

Answer.

As many as there are partners in the House of Messrs. Vernon & son Charing Cross.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

private

DEAR JOHN,—I have this morning the unpleasant accounts from James that he is unable to discot. £850 of Constables Bills & £800 of mine (which last he had impetrated from me sore against my will) leaving me £1650 to make up betwixt [now] & 11th. This I trust to be able to do for I can put off several of Constables bills. But the grief is that I anticipate thus the supplies for the end of th[i]s month and beginning of Sept. for I still trust I[vanho]e will be out before the end. The getting this new paper made has been a miserable delay for the work itself gets on rapidly.

<sup>1</sup> Whatever name has been intended here cannot be clearly deciphered owing to scratching out and writing over.

I have drawn on you the inclosed bill for £350 @ two months which I wish you to carry to Coutts with the inclosed ostensible letter. I have no doubt I will get the money.

I am very glad you have not left London and still more so that you give up the continent this year. I think I can shew you how to do better for you will please attend to what follows.

I could easily remedy James's distresses by applying to my moneyd friends. But I do not like favours and therefore prefer adopting the plan *just now* which we thought of for *September*. It is plain that Constables Bills however good will not serve us trying a certain length and that length has been rather exceeded. Were he to give us a sheaf of his bills I doubt without great interest whether we could make £500. In these circumstances I wish you to bring forward instantly the plan we talkd of for September. Having only a volume & a half of *Ivanhoe* to write and being in excellent health I may safely (as far as man can) enter into such terms as follow.

A New Novel of the right cast—3 volumes—the subject is quite ready & very interesting—to be divided into 3 shares—Longman to be manager—Number 12,000 to be printed in such editions as the booksellers advise—to be publishd in December.

As there are no clogs whatever attachd to the work the authors profit to be the same as on last series *Tales of my Ld.* which was £6000,, on four volumes—ergo—£4500,, on three.

The shares to be thus divided—

Longman & Co/—one third.

James & John B. one third betwixt them.

One third to be reserved for Constable in case he chuses to accept it. But it is not to be offerd to him till I[vanho]e is out as it would you are aware only raise such a clamour as we had in May—when the thing is arranged he must consent or go without.

On these shares should be an advance of £800 at the least but £1000 will do much better. The advance to be made in Longmans bills at dates discountable in Scotland. And the other partners to accept to Longman. But as bills cannot be drawn immediatly on Constable Messrs. Longman will advance on the credit of his share which (failing Constables acceptance) shall remain with them.

If the London lads like these terms you may close with them without farther delay—but if any material alterations are proposed you will take care not to involve yourself as on a former occasion. For I am persuaded the above terms are easily to be gotten in the present dearth of good things. If any alterations are proposed therefor[e] (I mean any of consequence) you will report them to the author carefully—avoiding committing yourself or him an iota farther.

I recommend to you the strictest silence on this matter. John Richardson writes to me there is a report in London—ascribed to you that the Author of W[averle]y has another novel in the press. Surely if this really flows from you it is extreme imprudence. You cannot be too cautious on this subject. Indeed it is one on which you should positively avoid talking unless to those with whom you must communicate on business.

To return to the New Adventure I think the first edition should be at least 6000—the form that of I[vanho]e and the paper might be got ready against September. I[vanho]e will be out of my hands in four weeks.

I would recommend to you to extract what is fit to be communicated out of this letter as much is private.

As the inclosed Drat on you to be discounted at Coutts will pay Vernon & some other little things in London I will thank you to remit the £130 or whatever you can to James and that *quam primum* for he will be pinched about the 11th. when I have done all I can for him. I will

draw on Murray through Galashiels & send the produce to the man of sighs and groans in Saint John street.

If Longman & Co/ grant bills say at six mos. for James's share & yours of the new work you may accept to them with safety even at three if they wish it for Ivanhoe being out your advances on that work will come home again before that period. And I think you will make a good thing of it for the subject is quite new. I am not afraid of working myself out—not that I should not soon do so were I to depend on my own limited invention but the range of the past and the present is at my disposal & that is inexhaustible. The History however advances next.

Your present advances with my former accot. can be accepted for or carried against the sum of £170 balance & about £500 on a bill granted by me of £1000 as you please.

Understand it is by no means my intention to change Constable on future occasions. I only want to give his credit a little repose. I can never forget that he sells better than anyone. I scarce think he would keep back the 2d. Editn. Tales to obstruct your profit because he stops his own in the proportion of 2 to 1. I believe rather that he wills to let the market & the Shops empty a little. You will know in town.

I have concluded all along that 6 mos. bills on Londn will do in Edinr. But this may be changed amongst other things. Now my dear fellow read my letter very carefully before you act upon it in case of mistakes though I think I have been explicit. If you come down by the West road we shall see you—if not I suppose you will soon come out here.

If you conclude the bargain perhaps six bills would be better than three & you might send James one or two of them by post. Yours truly

W. SCOTT



I hope Longman & Co/ will remember Bacons Brazen Head.<sup>1</sup> Time *is*—Time *was*—etc. I will not stand bargaining with them.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO ROBERT SHORTREED, SHERIFF SUBSTITUTE, JEDBURGH

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure of a letter from Mr. Freeling, promising his influence with Mr. Rainie respecting Robert, in case the Reedwater survey proceeds. I expect to hear more certainly soon.

I wish you would ask *Mr. Fair* whether it would be agreeable to him to discount the enclosed bill on my great biblioplist, Constable. I am fitting out your friend Walter for the 18th Hussars, which makes me need more cash than usual, and the times are not favourable for sending many bills to Edinburgh folks, however unquestionable. Only imagine the expense of these corps, when, *without horses*, the appointments of a cornet come to £360 and upwards. I do not intend he shall stay there longer than his jackets last, but will get him on the staff somewhere—meanwhile it is an apprentice fee. If this should be convenient to Mr. Fair, you can enclose me the cheque on Edinr. ; and if not, you will have the kindness to return the note, that, as the minister said when his true love refused him, “I may make other shift.” Excuse this trouble from yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 3d August [1819]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

<sup>1</sup> The brazen head of Friar Bacon. If Bacon heard it speak, he would succeed, if not, he would fail. While Bacon slept, Miles was set to watch, and the head spoke twice : “Time is,” it said, and half an hour later, “Time was.” Still Bacon slept, and another half hour transpired, when the head exclaimed, “Time’s past,” fell to the ground and was broken to pieces. Byron refers to it in *Don Juan*, i. 217 :

Like friar Bacon’s brazen head, I’ve spoken,  
Time is, time was, time’s past.

TO R. W. ELLISTON<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter, and am much obliged by your opinion of my supposed dramatic talents. But the time is long gone by that I could, or dared, have attempted anything for the stage, and I by no means feel disposed to risk any reputation I have acquired, upon so slippery and uncertain an adventure. It is not so much the power of conceiving dramatic character, and putting its expressions into the language of passion, which ensures success in the present day, as the art of constructing a fable, and interesting the spectators in a series of events, which proceed gradually to a striking conclusion. Now, if I had in my better days any talent of the former description, it is much impaired by a course of bad health ; and of the last and most material requisite to success, I never possessed a shadow ; for I never yet began a poem upon a preconcerted story, and have often been well-advanced in composition before I had any idea how I was to end the work.

I wish you, my dear sir, every success in your new and difficult situation, and have the honour to be very much your faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 3 Aug. 1819

[*Raymond's Memoirs of Elliston*]

<sup>1</sup> Robert William Elliston (1774-1831), actor, after refusing the management of Drury Lane Theatre which was offered him by the committee, secured the lease of the house on the 7th August 1819. He made applications to various people among whom was Mrs. Siddons, who declined to be drawn from her retirement. He also applied for dramas to Sir Walter Scott, Maturin, and other celebrated authors. This letter is thus introduced in *Raymond's Memoirs* : " It will easily be believed that, in Elliston's anxiety, respecting actors, he was no less ambitious in his views of writers. To the first and greatest of his day, Sir Walter Scott, he forwards a request, and with it a liberal pecuniary offer, for a five-act play, leaving the time altogether at the convenience of his distinguished correspondent."

—Vol. II, p. 210.

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I inclose you a cheque for £150. I have not time to send it to Galashiels to be chequed but I think you will get the cash for it. Tomorrow I trust to send you the proceeds of the £350 with probably £50,, more. Constable will lend you what is necessary for the week and we shall hear from John with remittances by the 9th or 10th as I wrote on the 1st. So—barring accidents as Paddy says—I think you are pretty snug.

I am desirous to change the name *Harold* for *Wilfred*.<sup>1</sup> Harold is over-scutchd in this our generation. It only occurs on p. 91 of the print.

The Newspaper certainly is not regularly sent from the office. I suppose it sometimes goes to my house in mistake. All my papers & letters besides come safe. Yours truly

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 4 *Augt.* [*postmarked* 1819]

You had best not reckon on the £50,, for a “Taxing man with visage grim” has just demanded such a sum.

I should think Mr Constable would cash the inclosed should you have difficulty in getting it at Leith for want of Craigs docquet.

[*Glen*]

TO WALTER SCOTT, 18TH HUSSARS, CORKE, IRELAND

DEAR WALTER,—Your letters from Bath and Corke the last dated 31st ult. reachd me safe and I am glad you have got your voyage over which I dare say was disagreeable enough. A crouded packet in hot weather is enough to give one the nausea without the addition of the vessell’s rolling.

You will ere this have received a packet from me and sundries which I sent under Mr. Frelings cover to the

<sup>1</sup> The name of the hero of *Ivanhoe*.

care of Colonel Murray. I observe he agrees with me in recommending to you to get horses rather from dealers than brother officers. No wise officer will part with a very good charger save at an exorbitant price and as you ride well enough to break in any horse in a short time its being trained can be no great object. Buy young sound and active—then if the horses do not quite answer you can change without much loss. Of course I will remit the price so soon as you let me know the amount.

Mr. Melin has not yet been heard of and Sophia has not had your parcel. When he appears we shall treat him with all attention in requital of his civility to you. I shall be curious to know how you like your brother-officers and how you dispose of your time. The drills and riding School will of course occupy much of your morning for some time. I trust however you will keep in view languages drawing &c so as at least not [to] fall back. It is astonishing how far even half an hour a day regularly bestowed on one object will carry a man in making himself master of it. The habit of dawdling away time is easily acquired and so is that of putting every moment either to use or to amusement.

You will not be hasty in forming intimacies with any of your brother officers untill you observe which of them are most generally respected and like to prove most creditable friends. It is seldom that the people who put themselves hastily forward to please and to insinuate themselves are really those most worthy of being known. At the same time you will take care to return all civility which is offered with readiness and frankness. The Italians have a proverb which I hope you have not forgot poor Pierrotti's lessons so far as not to comprehend—*Volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*.<sup>1</sup> "An open coun-

<sup>1</sup> "At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having bin Steward to the Duca di Paglia, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest : with him I had often much chat of those affairs ; into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native

tenance & close thoughts." There is no occasion to let any one see what you exactly think of him and it is the less prudent to do so as you will see reason in all probability to change your opinion more than once.

I shall be glad to hear you are fitted with a good servant. Most of the Irish of that class are scapegraces drink steal and lie like the devil. If you could pick up a canny Scotsman it would do well. Let me know your mess-habits when you learn them. To drink wine is none of your habits but even drinking what is call'd a certain quantity every day hurts the stomach and by hereditary descent yours is delicate. The poor Duke of Buccleuch laid the foundation of that disease which occasion'd his premature death in the excesses of Villars<sup>1</sup> regiment and I am sorry and asham'd to say for your warning that the habit of drinking wine so much practiced when I was a young man occasion'd I am convinced many of my cruel stomach complaints. You had better drink a bottle of wine on any particular occasion than sit and soak and tipple at an English pint every day.

I am glad to say we are all quite well here Mamma healthy and cheerful. Only Sophia is cutting a wisdom tooth. I hope much wisdom is coming for she has great pain. Mr. Thompson went the evening before last to Huntly Burn to return the Sextant. Captain John Fergusson fortunately met him on the road he having lost his way and relieved him of his burthen. But lo ! he again lost his way in coming back and did not reach home till eleven at night. He is certainly the very moral

Harbour ; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. ' Signor Arrigo mio ' (says he) ' I pensieri stretti & il viso sciolto ' will go safely over the whole World.'"—Sir Henry Wotton to Milton in Introduction to *A Mask*, i.e. *Comus*. I cannot discover who Pierrotti is.

<sup>1</sup> Might read " Villiers."

of Parson Abraham Adams—as absent as goodnatured and as simple.

I am sorry to say the people in England seem very unsettled thanks to the mischievous firebrands that mislead them. They have shewn however the cloven foot too soon which will alarm everyone who possesses property. I should not be surprized if your first real military experience should be in this most disagreeable duty. The discontent has spread to the manufacturing districts in Scotland but the people are more prudent. Here we are quiet. Distress there is among the folks that is certain—but then their orators to relieve them would engage them in pillage bloodshed and rebellion.

All our bipeds are well. Hamlet<sup>1</sup> had an inflammatory attack. I began to think he was going mad after the example [of] his great namesake but Mr. Laidlaw bled him and he has recoverd. Pussy is very well. Mamma the girls and Charles join in Love. Yours affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 7th August [PM. 1819]

Always mention what letters of mine you have received and the date ; and write to me whatever comes into your head. It is the privilege of great boys when distant that they cannot tire papas by any length of detail on any subject.

[Law]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I inclose the proceeds of the Jedburgh Bill which (so cross are our posts) only reached me this day. You will use precaution in getting the cash. I mentiond to Constable you might need £150 to make you up tomorrow which they will advance till the bills come from London. I expect to hear from John on Sunday or Monday and have no doubt to be able to supply you fully by the 11th.

<sup>1</sup> One of the dogs, see note 1, Vol. IV, p. 327.

I should wish much to have a copy of the Haliburton MS. as now printed that I may see what notes are to be added. Lizars has executed the engraving most beautifully. I should be glad also to have ten of the reserved copies of Carey sent me by the carrier (Nicol Mercer Darnick carrier leaves town on Wednesday morning).

You once talkd of throwing off the paragraph on the poor Duke of Buccleuch. If you have done it I wish you to forward them to Lord Montagu now at Dalkeith with the reservation of half a dozen for me to be sent with the Carey. Yours truly

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 6 July<sup>1</sup> [*postmarked 7 August 1819*]

[Glen]

TO MISS RUTHERFORD, DANESMAIN [?] LODGE,  
CORSTORPHINE, EDINR.

MY DEAR FREIND,—I have received your kind letter containing the very acceptable proposal of a visit to Abbotsford which I hope you will find agreeable while this fine weather lasts. I therefore accept your offer of naming the day (although all are alike to us) in order that I may fix the earliest to ensure long days and at least the chance of good weather. Peter will be at the new inn<sup>2</sup> at Stow on thursday se'ennight & ready to return with you when you come up which I suppose may be about two o'clock. You were so much the better of being here last time that I would fain hope a similar result from this little jaunt. You and Eliza will be quite snug & separated from all the world in two little apartments which we call the Chapel.

I am thank God quite recoverd and the course of medicine Dr. Dick put me on has agreed so well with me

<sup>1</sup> Scott has indeed written "July." The postmark is clearly August.

<sup>2</sup> The Torsonce Inn. See letter to C. K. Sharpe (9th July), p. 412.

that I have not felt even those little stomach complaints which even at the strongest period of my life I was never quite free from. As for my Embon-point I am in no hurry for its restoration as it began to be rather a little of the unwieldy order.

Mrs. Scott & the girls join in kindest love & thanks for your exertion (for it must be one in prospect at least though I hope not difficult in accomplishment) in our favour. We all beg our love to dear Jane. The hopes your letter holds out of her returning strength give us most sincere pleasure. How hard it is that so excellent a creature should want even for a season the power which she employd in bringing always pleasure and frequently comfort to her freinds. I should be sorry almost for your leaving her but that I know she cannot want assistance while Anne is with her.

We heard from our Cornet pretty regularly. Poor fellow—he enters into life early but I have lived long enough to see the folly of parents expecting to form the character of sons by keeping them at home while their hearts are abroad and he has already given me a pleasant proof of a steady & moderate disposition in his wish to controul as much as possible the expence of his equipment.

Adieu my dear freind. Sincerely do I hope you will make out your journey with ease. Fail not on thursday as Mary Vine<sup>1</sup> emphatically conjures her correspondent. Yours truly & affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 11 *Augt.* [1819]

Tomorrow being the 12 Thursday se'enight will be the 19th.

[*Miss Mary Lockhart*]

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. IV, p. 399.



TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, CARE OF MESSRS. LONGMAN AND  
CO/, BOOKSELLERS, PATER NOSTER ROW, LONDON

DEAR JOHN,—I have yours the want of which for several days has put me to great uncertainty. I think you have answered my letter without reading it attentively. I did not mention £4500 of advance on the first edition but either £800 per share or £1000,, if it could be had being £2400,, or at most £3000,, leaving in the one case £1500 in the other £2100 to the booksellers. Perhaps the first demand is most reasonable. I only made it alternative because you in general conversation on the subject said £3000 might be had. £2250 would be just the half of the whole sum on half the number of copies leaving.

You have forgot that the only reason why Ivan[hoe] was given on half profits was to get rid of Blackwoods copies to the amount of £1500,, I intend to make no such bargain on a novel *clear of stock*. Whether the saving be nine or ninety per cent it is as well with me as the booksellers. It would be very silly in me to lower a price nobody has quarrelld with.

Your conjecture is wrong respecting Constable's negotiations. They have all our acceptances in their pocket-book. James saw them the other day. It is the general distrust which strikes everywhere, or rather a resolution to withdraw their capital (I mean the Banks) from discount to job in the funds.

As to what you say of making advances comfortable they might be so to Messrs. Longman but they will not at all answer my purpose if less than £2400 is made forthcoming. I am pledging my time and leisure for *my own* convenience not *for theirs* & if they do not like the terms I do not desire to deal with them as it would not answer my purpose. I own I wish you had read my letter & proceeded on it so as to get a *specific answer* which would have enabled me to help myself otherwise. Whereas

now what with delay of one kind or other you have run me to the very wall. I could easily have made my bargain in course of this week if your letter had containd a refusal of my terms but as it is I am really non-plus'd. Veitch's £1000 is due on the 20th. and I trusted to some arrangement about it either in Londn. or Edinr.

You say nothing of the inclosures respecting Coutts etc. Col. Murray Walters Colonel says Vernons accompt contains many things unregimental which he talks of returning such as white leather pantaloons, cocked hat etc the accompt however being paid (as I suppose it is by this time) there will be no occasion to litigate these matters as little good comes of it.

If you settle with Messrs. Longmn. please send the Bills to James not to me and advise me of your having done so. And be *on* or *of* with them. Probably your next will apprise me which is like to be the case & I shall make provision accordingly.

I must not forget to acknowledge your inclosed Cheque for £130 which had better have been sent straight to James. Believe me yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 12 August [PM. 1819]

Pray write by return of post.

On looking at your account of Ivanhoe I observe you rate half profits on 6000 copies so low as £1600 which makes a difference of £650 against me compared with the bargain on 3d Series Tales. This is no joke. But I suspect there is an error in the price of Ivanhoe. You call the sale price 18/ but I suppose Constable will make it higher. Otherwise I cannot understand the difference.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO MR JAMES BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, SAINT JOHN  
STREET, EDINR.

DEAR JAMES,—I inclose £130 from John. He has not had time to close his transaction in London & has *unnecessarily* wrote me for further instructions mine being quite explicit. In exchange of post I cannot hear from [him] untill 19th & though I have little doubt of his success yet it will run us short for the 20th. up to which date I trust to provide you. I hope to see you on Saturday which will be essential for many reasons. Pray bring what of Ivan—is finishd & send to see if there is any thing at my house. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *friday* [Aug. 13 1819]

[*Signet Library*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

Do read this attentively.

DEAR JOHN,—I have yours of 10 May [August]<sup>1</sup> this morning. I wrote you yesterday by which you will see I never wishd to have £4500 on 6000 copies but upon 12000. There is some gross miscalculation betwixt us. I know the half profits on the old novels run on the gross (on four volumes) above £200,, to 1000 copies—£250 being 25 per cent more to the author leaves £150 clear to the booksellers which in a case where so many thousands are cleared off at once is, I think, enough. To the worst author & most unsuccessful half profits are allowd and when I have made that bargain it has been because heavy stock was

<sup>1</sup> On 9th August John returned from Brighton to London and stayed there growing worse in health till he left for Edinburgh on the 19th by the *Queen Charlotte*, "a dirty ship." He was "eight days at sea" and "sick but no better this time."

taken at the same time. Looking at your calculation of *Ivanhoe* I observe the statement is

6000 copies at 18/	-	-	-	£5400
Off print & paper	-	-	-	2200
				—
				3200

Being £1000,, more than what you point at in your letter. But in my opinion the sale price should be 20/- which would leave about £4000 divisible out of which the author may certainly expect £2250 which is my present demand being £4500 on 12000—the booksellers would have £1500 which is pretty well. Perhaps it may be as well distinctly to limit the £2250,, to each edition instead of £2400,, which I proposed should be advanced on the first—

In case this is adopted the advance will be £750 *on each share* making in all £2250 being the full profit on 6000 copies. I propose Longman should advance this in bills at six months taking your bills (& eventually Constables if he takes his share) in exchange for their advance of £750 on each share. Any arrangement short of this will not answer my turn which is to be clear of the plague of Scotch bills just now.

About the shape of the work I am by no means clear. I wish you would settle it with Longman. *Ivanhoe* sticks for want of paper but the manuscript gets on.

I am sorry for poor Terry. I would have you give him a call before paying Bullock to be sure there is no mistake. I never had an idea my name was down for the articles & instantly remitted the £50,, merely to keep Terry out of advance. At any rate I shall be more sorry for the poor fellow than for the loss of the £50 but I would have you by no means give him the £30. You will be guided by what Terry says whether you shd. pay the balance to Bullock or not. The Accompts I wish paid are Bohte &

Co/ York Street who promise discot.—	-	-	-	£35,,
Mr Barber Haymarkt. @ Ct	-	-	-	50,,
Ball: of Bullocks accot.	-	-	-	30,,

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£125,,

If you find Terry hurt & distressd about the £50  
do not bother him but say you will advance it  
yourself for you may get it back but I cannot  
inde - - - - - 50,,

Total in any case - - - £175,,

To pay which you have balance of the £170  
minus £130 remitted - - - £40  
Inclosed drat. - - - 135

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175,,

I have written to Bohte & Barber that you will call & settle with them. I wish the former to get me a good edition of Wielands works<sup>1</sup>—please to bring it down with you.

When you settle with Messrs. Longman & Co/ which I think the @ instructions will enable you to do you may mention the title of the work namely The Monastery. James will be looking sharp after the bills—for reasons expressd in my last.

Walters outfit will not stand me less than—	-	£1500,,
I have to pay Tom	- - - - -	400,,
And odds & ends furniture etc	- - - - -	1000
Nicol Milne (balance of £6000)	- - - - -	1000

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3900

So you see it is time that I bestir myself. Thank God  
I can do so. Yours truly W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 13 Augt. [PM. 1819]

<sup>1</sup> C. M. Wieland's *Sämmtliche Werke*. Herausge. von Gruber. 36 vols., and Supplement 6 vols.—42 vols. 12mo, Leipz., 1794-1801, Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 55.

In the above I forgot my Newspaper about £10 due to Charles Holmes. I have not another stamp to write the drats over.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO WALTER SCOTT, 18TH REGT. DRAGOONS, BARRACKS,  
CORKE, IRELAND

Write immediatly on receiving  
the inclosed.

MY DEAREST WALTER,—I received in course your letter of the 1st but I could not answer it immediatly not knowing whether Jo: Ballantyne had paid Messrs. Vernons accompt or not. That active person being something of the nature of a flea in a blanket had hop'd down to Brighton for a few days and I only had his answer this morning. I find he has paid the Accompt. There will be therefore no use in returning the things. I stopd about £20 from their accompt for ready money. For the rest you must just be the more œconomical in other matters. I am very much obliged to Colonel Murray for the trouble he has taken in your behalf. I hope he has received the letter which I wrote to him a fortnight since under Mr. Frelings cover. It coverd a parcel of letters to you. I took the liberty of asking his advice what allowance you should have to assist you. You know pretty well my circumstances and your own and that I wish you to be comfortable but not in any respect extravagant and this for your own sake and not for that of money which I never valued very much, perhaps not so much as I ought to have done. I think by speaking to Colonel Murray you may get at his opinion and I have so much trust in your honour and affection as to confide in your naming your own allowance. Meantime lest the horse should starve while the grass grows I inclose cheque upon Messrs. Coutts for £50 ,, to accompt of your first years allowance.

Your Pay Mr. will give you the money for it I dare say. You have to *indorse* the bill *i.e.* write your name on the back of it.

Mr. Melin has forwarded all your things but has not appeared being hurried for time. All concerned are pleased with your kind tokens of remembrance. Mama and I like the caricatures very much. I think however scarce any shews the fancy and talent of old Gilray.<sup>1</sup> He became insane—I suppose by racking his brain in search of extravagant ideas—and was supported in his helpless condition by the woman who keeps the great print shop in St. James Street who had the generosity to remember that she had made thousands by his labour. Mr. Melin writes me that he goes immediately to Ireland and we send a domestic packet of letters to his care.

Everything here goes on in the old fashion and we are all as well as possible saving that Charles rode to Laurence fair<sup>2</sup> yesterday in a private excursion and made himself sick with eating gingerbread whereby he came to disgrace.

Sophia has your letter of the 4th which she received yesterday. The inclosed will help you to set up shop and to get and pay whatever is necessary. I wish we had a touch of your bands to make the parties rise in the morning at which they shew as little alertness as usual.

I beg you will keep an accot. of money received and

<sup>1</sup> James Gillray (1757-1815), the caricaturist, who, "after publishing with Holland of Oxford Street, Fores of Piccadilly, and others, finally took up his residence with, and practically confined his efforts to, the establishment of Miss (by courtesy Mrs.) H. Humphrey, which, originally located in the Strand, passed afterwards to New Bond Street, then to Old Bond Street, and ultimately to No. 29 St. James's Street. . . . Gillray continued to be an inmate of Miss Humphrey's house until he died. She made a handsome income by his labours, and in return supplied her retiring and somewhat morose lodger with every requirement. His health at length yielded to growing habits of intemperance, fostered . . . by the constant strain upon his inventive powers, and about the end of 1811 he sank into comparative imbecility, passing a great part of the latter years of his life confined in an upper chamber of Miss Humphrey's house."—*D.N.B.*

<sup>2</sup> Probably the Lammas fair at Melrose, which, Mr. Curle informs me, the Burgh of Regality held under its Charter. It survived to well on in the nineteenth century, and even then gingerbread was a feature of the outing.

paid. Buy a little book ruled for the purpose for pounds shillings and pence and keep an accmpt of cash received and expended. The balance ought to be cash in purse if the book is regularly kept. But any very small expences you can enter as "Sundries £0 : 3 : 6" which saves trouble.

You will find this most satisfactory and useful. But indeed Arithmetic is indispensible to a soldier who means to rise in his profession. All military movements depend upon calculation of time numbers and distance.

I shall be glad to hear that you are provided in good horses. You will be pleased not to change them without the advice of Colonel Murray. And he also recommends and I en[dorse] that you shall have no [longi]ngs after a gig which would [be] an useless and idle expence.

Dogs all well—cat sick—supposed with eating birds in their feathers. Sisters brother and mama join in love to the "poor wounded Hussa-a-r"—I dare say you have heard the song if not we shall send it for [the] benefit of the mess. Yours affectionately  
WALTER SCOTT

13 August [PM. 1819] ABBOTSFORD

Yesterday *the 12th* would I suppose produce some longings after the Peel heights.

My respectful compliments attend Colonel and Mrs. Murray.

[Law]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, 95 FLEET STREET, LONDON

ABBOTSFORD 14 August 1819

DEAR JOHN,—I received yours with £1000,, bills inclosed & the agreeable intelligence that you had closed with Messrs. Longmn. on the terms of £4500,, for 12000 copies. It will be necessary however that there be advances on the other shares so as to make up £750,, for each share & I proposed Mess[rs] Longman to accept



for this taking acceptances of the other partner. It was with this view that I gave them the management. Pray settle about paper shape of the work etc.—I expect James today & will let you know in a postscript when the £1250,, will be wanted. I wish to keep clear of renewing Scotch bills at present which is the reason of my bargain with Longman.

I observe with pleasure poor Terrys matter is settled. I should have been (between ourselves) rather hurt had it been otherwise. I wish you could find out for me at Bullocks how the last cargo of things were sent. They have never appeared. They may be at Leith or Castle Street.

I have two or three other trifling commissions which I hope will not overburthen you though I observe this will reach you just the day before you leave London.

1st. Be kind enough to pay five pounds to James Biggs Esq. 27 Southampton Street Covt. Gardn. on my part for the benefit of a distressd family.

2d. Messrs. Dowson Iron-mongers 69 Wellbeck Street Cavendish Square have sent me two very handsome grates for my eating-room and armoury and I wish to have fenders and fire-irons conforming thereto. You can use Terry's taste in the matter if you can get hold of him. Mr. Atkinson wrote me that my sideboard with painted glass and other articles would be shipd for Scotland last week. I am anxious to have them lest the devil should blow His R. Highness our way—not that I have the least reason to expect him except he should come to Melrose when as he knew me in France I might be obliged to offer him breakfast or something or other.

3dly I find I have lost my pruning knife. Will you be so good as get me from some cutler of renown a real good one with a handle of five or six inches in length & two folding blades, one a short curved pruning blade the other a double-toothed saw.

This I think exhausts the demands I have on your time.

The drat. on Coutts inclosed in my last being calculated to pay Bullock in full if necessary will pay every thing and leave me about £35,, balance. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

Will you call at Dowsons & chuse the fenders etc plain & handsome like the grates.

You may charge me for a hackney-coach if you like for this weather will kill you should you walk.

Terry wishd a pattern of the Ding. room paper in order to match the curtains. I inclose it for him.

I run this off with the chance of finding you still in town till the 18th. If you have saild on Sunday it can follow you.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, BOOKSELLER, HANOVER STREET,  
EDINR.

DEAR JOHN,—I have your letter of the 16 from which I observe you have made your bargain in some considerable degree better than I intended so, I must not scold on account of its being worse in another ; for to get an advance of £1000,, & £3500,, when the work is printed will do much better than to get an advance of £2400,, & have to wait perhaps a 12 month for £2000 more. So the one blunder has more than compensated the other.

But it will put us about to get the balance made up for the present. I request you will give James the London cash you bring down & look over his things carefully. Also that you will enquire into the state of credit etc in Edinr. and then let me see you here so soon as you can.

Inglis insists upon having a return of £400 on bills (long-dated) amounting to £1134,, something perhaps might be done with them.

You will receive a letter from me returnd from Londn. covering a Cheque on Coutts for £130 to your order which

you will please not to use now as I must put off paying these things for a few weeks.

Hogarth and James have agreed to come to a settlement for the newspaper & part of the balance is already paid. I am to have a bill at 6 months for £220,, and at 15 months counting from 1st. April last for £500,, Think if these can be used at present. The dates I suppose may be shortend for my convenience I renewing them.

The only vexation in these matters has been the delay of the paper for I[vanho]e which has swallowd up for the present £2000 & upward. This should have been forthcoming in the end of Septr. to meet my calculations.

If Cowan<sup>1</sup> (one continues in business) is to furnish the paper for the Monastery I hope it will be got ready immediatly. Also I trust he will give us some aid in these hard times as we are excellent customers by whom he cannot lose.

I hope to see you soon and am Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 19 *August* [PM. 1819]

I say I will ratify such loans or payments as you may make to James to the amot. of the £500 or £600 you mention as I know you like specific authority for your advances.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I have a letter from John today in which he tells me he has procured me £500 or £600 instead of the £1400,, he should have brought. To make amends for this he has made a bargain in other respects very advantageous so it is only the inconvenience of the delay. I have desired him to let you have what he can & come to me to make arrangements for the rest. On this

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to Mr. Allister Cowan for informing me that Alexander Cowan in 1819 became sole partner of D. & A. Cowan, paper makers. The firm's title was changed in 1824 to A. Cowan & Son, and in 1840 to its present title of Alexander Cowan and Sons. See Vol. IV, p. 499 and note.

Monastery matter when out I receive (besides £1500 print & paper) £3500—total £5000 in Longmans beautiful & dutiful bills. The only curse is not getting I[vanho]e out of the way including wh: & the above well nigh £10,000 will fall in before Xmas.

I beg you will speak with John about the state of matters with you so as to send him full primed hither. I am yours in haste

WALTER SCOTT

*Thursday 19 August [postmarked 20 August 1819]*

ABBOTSFORD

Something should be stipulated with Cowans in the way of a little temporary assistance buttering it with an order for the paper. I have finishd the 2d. volume I[vanho]e and am determind to let it rest since the paper is not come & take to the other to save time.

I send Mrs. James a black-cock i.e. If Tom can shoot one so as to be off with the coach tomorrow. Let your boy enquire for the bird—per Blucher.

[Glen]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE, EDINR.

DEAR JAMES,—I wrote yesterday under an impression that John had not been [able] to execute my commission—he has wrought it out however. To be sure he is a devil for what boxers call a *rally*. I inclose excellent paper for £1400 ,, so our first calculation holds good. They wish 10,000 of 1st. Edit. *Vogue la galere*. Yours ever

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 20 *August* [1819]

Please to let John know the inclosed came safe. I wrote to him under the idea they were not to be sent. I need not remind you to be most attentive in remitting Coutts.

[Glen]

For THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD SIDMOUTH<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR LORD,—This will be delivered to you by my Son Walter a Cornet in His Majesty's *present* or *late* regiment (I am not sure which) of Hussars Numero 18. I have desired him in case he went to Dublin not to omit paying his respects to one of his fathers most valued and most kind friends. I sincerely hope you will not feel seriously incommoded by your exertions on the present very [un?]pleasant occasion constant as they must be and am always with particular respect My dear Lord Your most faithful & obliged Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 21 August [1819]

Favoured by Cornet Walter Scott 18 Hussars.

[*Edin. Univ. Lib.*]

To JOHN BALLANTYNE, BOOKSELLER, HANOVER STREET,  
EDINBURGH

DEAR JOHN,—Your two letters the first inclosing £1416,, came safe and were very acceptable. I have some reason to think the first occasion for your fraternal assistance will be to pay fees on a Baronets patent. I write just now chiefly to say that I shall be obliged to go to Langholm to meet Lord Montagu on Wednesday next. I return on Thursday and shall look in upon the sale of

<sup>1</sup> Henry Addington, first Viscount Sidmouth (1757-1844). On his return to public affairs in 1812, after Lady Sidmouth's death the previous year, he accepted the presidency of the council in Perceval's cabinet. When, on Perceval's assassination, Lord Liverpool reconstructed the administration, Lord Sidmouth accepted the office of Home Secretary, which he held for ten years. Almost a week before Scott writes this letter occurred the terrible event known as the Manchester massacre (16th August 1819), "the result of the inopportune exhortations to a display of energy given by the secretary of state." Lord Sidmouth expressed the Government's thanks to the magistrates and to the troops. The country felt keen indignation at the conduct of those concerned in the massacre. Sidmouth retired from office in 1821, though he remained a member of the cabinet till 1824. He voted against the Reform Bill in May 1832.

furniture etc at Riddell. If you should come up either from Timpondean <sup>1</sup> or Kelso we might meet there either on Thursday or Friday : what makes me propose this is the chance you might pick up something in your way as all comes to the hammer plate & china excepted. I attend myself to look out for wine & any odd matters. . . . shall be quite stationary. . . . [*The rest of the sentence and the signature have been cut out.*]

ABBOTSFORD

Sunday <sup>2</sup> [22 August 1819—PM. Aug. 23, 1819]

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON, FLUDYER STREET, WEST-  
MINSTER

ABBOTSFORD, 22d August 1819

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—I am sorry Walter did not get to your kind domicile. But he staid but about five or six days in London, and great was his haste, as you may well suppose. He had a world of trinkums to get, for you know there goes as much to the man-millinery of a young officer of hussars as to that of an heiress on her bridal day. His complete equipage, horses not included, cost about £360 ; and if you add a couple of blood horses, it will be £200 more, besides the price of his commission, for the privilege of getting the hardness of his skull tried by a brick-bat at the next meeting of Radical Reformers. I am not much afraid of these folks, however, because I remember 1793 and 1794, when the same ideas possessed a much more formidable class of the people, being received by a large proportion of farmers, shopkeepers, and others, possessed of substance. A mere mob will always be a fire of loose straw ; but it is melancholy to think of the individual mischief that may be done. I did not find

<sup>1</sup> Timpendean, close to Ancrum in Roxburghshire.

<sup>2</sup> Sunday was 22nd August.

it quite advisable to take so long a journey as London this summer. I am quite recovered ; but my last attack was of so dreadful a nature, that I wish to be quite insured against another—*i.e.* as much as one can be insured against such a circumstance—before leaving home for any length of time.

To return to the vanities of this world, from what threatened to hurry me to the next : I enclose a drawing of my arms, with the supporters which the heralds here assign me. Our friend Harden seems to wish I would adopt one of his Mermaidens, otherwise they should be both Moors, as on the left side. I have also added an impression of my seal. You can furnish Sir George Naylor<sup>1</sup> with as much of my genealogy as will serve the present purpose. I shall lose no time in connecting myself by a general service with my grand-uncle, the last Haliburton of Dryburgh Abbey, or Newmains, as they call it. I spoke to the Lyon-office people in Edinburgh. I find my entry there will be an easy matter, the proofs being very pregnant and accessible. I would not stop for a trifling expense to register my pedigree in England, as far as you think may be necessary, to show that it is a decent one. My ancestors were brave and honest men, and I have no reason to be ashamed of them, though they were neither wealthy nor great.

As something of an antiquary and genealogist, I should not like there were any mistakes in this matter, so I send

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Naylor (1764[?]-1831), Garter King-of-arms. "At the extension of the Order of the Bath in January 1815, Naylor was confirmed in his position in connection with that order, and every knight commander and companion were required to furnish him with a statement of their respective military services, to be entered by him in books provided for that purpose." Appointed Blanc Coursier herald and genealogist of the Order of the Bath in 1792 ; Bluemantle Pursuivant 1793 ; York Herald 1794 ; first King-of-Arms of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order 1815 ; first King-of-Arms of the Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George 1818 ; promoted Clarenceux King-of-Arms, "in which capacity he officiated as deputy to the aged Sir Isaac Heard (then Garter) at the coronation of George IV, and succeeded him as Garter on 11 May 1822." *D.N.B.*

you a small note of my descent by my father and my paternal grandmother, with a memorandum of the proofs by which they may be supported, to which I might add a whole cloud of oral witnesses. I hate the being suspected of fishing for a pedigree, or bolstering one up with false statements. How people can bring themselves to this, I cannot conceive. I send you a copy of the Haliburton MS.,<sup>1</sup> of which I have printed twenty for the satisfaction of a few friends. You can have any part of them copied in London which ought to be registered. I should like if Sir George Naylor would take the trouble of looking at the proofs, which are chiefly extracts from the public records. I take this opportunity to send you also a copy of a little amateur-book—Carey's Poems—a thorough-bred Cavalier, and, I think, no bad versifier. Kind compliments to Mrs. Richardson. Yours, my dear Richardson, most truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[Lockhart]

<sup>1</sup> *Genealogy of the Family of Haliburton, MS.*, sm. fol., and *Memorials of the Haliburtons*, Edited by Sir Walter Scott, with MS. additions by him, 4to, Edin., 1820, are in the Abbotsford Library Catalogue, pp. 13 and 14. A reprint (1824) of the *Memorials* appears in the Rev. Charles Rogers's *Genealogical Memoirs of the Family of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. of Abbotsford* (1877). Scott, in his Preliminary Notice (dated November 1824) says: "The original manuscript is a family register, kept by the Lairds of Newmains, representatives of the Haliburtons, Barons of Mertoun, beginning about the middle of the seventeenth century, and continuing down to the period when their possession of the small estate terminated by Robert Haliburton, the last possessor of the name, and the last male of the family, selling the property, in 1766, to — Todd, Esq., from whose representatives it was purchased by the present Earl of Buchan, and forms the estate now termed Dryburgh Abbey. . . . Robert Haliburton, last male heir of the family, and who sold the estate as already mentioned, died at Edinburgh about 1788. The representation of the family then devolved upon the late Mr Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet. . . . The representation of the extinguished families of Haliburtons of Mertoun and Newmains has now descended to Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford . . . [who] was served heir to his grand-uncle, Robert Haliburton of Newmains, by a respectable jury at Selkirk, the 14th day of February 1820."



## TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I will certainly embrace the opportunity your letter gives me of seeing your Lordship and the dear young ladies before you leave Scotland. I am the more anxious to do so because as half a lawyer and an entire freind our regretted freind trusted some of the mechanical part (as it may [be] calld) of the Roxburghshire interest to my hands. I mean the looking after new claims of enrollment &c &c. And it is proper your Lordship should know how that has been managed and express your future wish on the subject. I intend therefore to be at Langholm on Wednesday in good time. I will incroach very little on your business hours as I can easily conceive how they are occupied. The forming of Ld. Walters character is even of more importance than the regulation of his immense property and it is from your precept and example my dear Lord that he must learn to be what his father & grandfather so eminently were—the hope and blessing of his country. So that the sooner you get back to him the better.<sup>1</sup>

I shall return early on Thursday morning as I want to buy a little wine &c at Riddell where they are selling

<sup>1</sup> Lord Montagu had written from Bothwell Castle on 19th August to say he and Lady Anne and Isabella had arrived there on their way to Ditton, “stopping for about a day each at Douglas, Drumlanrig & Langholm.” He has found it impossible to visit the Abbotsford neighbourhood. His time has been entirely occupied with “dry matters of business or in distressing & perplexing arrangements. . . . I am fully impressed with the importance of not only doing all that can be done for the advantage of my nephew, but doing it quickly. . . . I can not but feel it is only to me he can ever look as to a second Father. It is indeed on his account I am now so anxious to hasten back to Ditton, he must return to School early in Sept.” He has arranged to meet Riddell on business “at Langholm about Wednesday the 25th & hope to proceed on my journey on the 26th or 27th.” He does not wish to inconvenience Scott with a proposal to meet there, and they have found it necessary in order to get through their business to *invite* nobody, but if Scott were to be there about that day (the 25th) they “should not be surprised, & though my business would not give me much time to enjoy your company the two Ladies at least would be at leisure, & I need hardly add most happy to meet you. . . . I am willing to look forward to the satisfaction of seeing this boy [*i.e.* the young Duke] turn out well, that will indeed give me pleasure.”—*Walpole Collection*.

all off—a melancholy conclusion of gentleman's farming and improvements.

With respectful Compliments to Lady Anne and Isabella. I always am My dear Lord most truly yours

ABBOTSFORD 23 Augt. [1819]

WALTER SCOTT

I hope your Lordship will pardon my bringing my youngest boy as a sort of companion on the journey. He is quite accustomed to amuse himself & will give no trouble.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LADY LOUISA STUART

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA,—Your very kind remembrance reached me two days since. I have been dreadfully ill this summer I mean in point of pain and exhaustion for they say the complaint is seldom mortal. However when one can neither eat drink or sleep for sheer agony and is carried up and down like a log of wood with hardly the power of lifting the hand to the head one is not for the moment much comforted by the idea that an avenue so disagreeable does not terminate upon the last grand vista which closes mortal views. As to care I really take as much as I can that is I obey the injunctions of my physician as well as a man of mould may but as all my friends prescribe for me as a matter of course I must necessarily incur the bad reputation of neglecting many kindly meant hints cautions and recommendations for which it may be some apology that they are totally irreconcilable with each other. One person recommending a vegetable diet and no wine another condemning me to butcher meat of which I eat but moderately at any time and warning me against the use of vegetables fruit and a long et caetera concluding with bread itself the very staff of life. Were I to obey both these injunctions there is some chance of my going without my dinner which now that I have recovered my appetite would be no very

pleasing prospect—Truth is I swear by a certain Dr. Dick long physician to the E. India Company who has discovered that calomel used in small quantities and for a length of time is a specific in such derangements of the biliary vessels as I have suffered from—And assuredly persevering in his system has restored me to complete health for the present. On Wednesday I go to Langholm just to spend a few hours with Lord Montagu and the dear young ladies who are to be there on their return to England. My God when I look back on what that family was when I had first the honour among many high advantages I owe them of forming your Ladyships acquaintance at Dalkeith ! The last calamity has hurt me very much it occasioned an immediate relapse but that was of less consequence than a feeling which I have as if the horizon of my hopes and interests was narrowed around me. There were many things in which I only took an interest because they were the Dukes and because they were the subject of conversation and correspondence betwixt us and with which my connection is now ended. I have only once ventured up Yarrow—it was on some business and I cannot tell you how severely I felt when my horse from long habit turned his head immediately to go to Bowhill.—Your Ladyship was quite right in supposing I had tried to give some idea of the Dukes character. I feel it to be much colder than it would have been had I given vent to my own regrets but I was addressing a public singularly ignorant of his merits and to make the desired impression it was necessary to assume the tone of impartiality. I sent a copy of the sketch Mr. Ballantyne having thought proper to reprint it as I can put it under Mr. Freelings cover. I am very glad your Ladyship found the tales in some degree worth your notice.<sup>1</sup> It cost me a terrible effort to finish them for between distress of mind and body I was very unfit

<sup>1</sup> In her letter of 11th August Lady Louisa says she has been away at Brighton and only on her arrival in London ten days ago did she know of

for literary composition. But in justice to my booksellers I was obliged to dictate while I was scarce able to speak

the arrival of the new volumes of "Tales of My Landlord." "Do not suppose however that I am at present reading the work for the first time. . . . I have had it by heart these five weeks. It possesses the same power of captivating the attention as its predecessors ; one may find this or that fault, but who does not read on ? The Master of Ravenswood is perhaps the best *lover* the author ever yet drew : and oh ! how glad I was to hear the true notes of the old lyre in Annot Lyle's matin song ! And why no more ? Where are the good couple who concealed the Regalia from Cromwell's soldiers ? I am sensible that the actor should always leave the stage before the spectator is tired, but I verily believe that nobody is tired. If no more exactly thus however, may there be much more in some other way ! Meanwhile I believe most people would say of the four & twenty volumes, what I have known the parents of large families do of their children—' You may think them a great many, yet there is not one we could spare.' For my own part, I acknowledge I am not a fair judge ; all these writings, all the author's works, confessed & unconfessed, are so much associated in my mind with, not the earliest, but the pleasantest part of my life, that they awaken in me many feelings I could hardly explain to another. They are to me less like books than like the letters one treasures up—' pleasant yet mournful to the soul '—and I cannot open one of them without a thousand recollections that, as time rolls on, grow precious, although they are often painful. Independent of this how many hours of mine have they soothed & softened ! And still do sooth & soften—for I can read them over and over again." Lady Louisa's remark about Annot Lyle refers, of course, to the daughter and heiress of the Knight of Ardenvohr in *A Legend of Montrose*. The "matin" song appears in the Poetical Works (1833-34) as "Ancient Gaelic Melody," and begins—

"Birds of omen dark and foul."

Lady Louisa says she has had accounts of Scott's welfare from Morritt. "It grieves me to think of all you have gone through. I am told you are not so careful of yourself as you should be, but I would fain suppose that arises from feeling an inward vigour still remaining, which sensation is one that promises a return of health. For surely you would not be wilfully negligent of the welfare of all who love and depend upon you ? I cannot believe it." She then refers to the Buccleuch bereavement. "Alas ! My dear Mr Scott ! Those two families which we have seen so flourishing, how changed & desolate. I often think of your phrase, the roof-tree ; it has (God knows !) been my roof-tree, far more than that of my father's house, and little did I dream of living to see it thus shaken. Personally the last poor man was a greater loss to you who knew him more ; but they are all what I may term my own people, and their joys & sorrows must ever be mine. Was not the character of him in the Gentleman's Magazine for June written by you ? I thought I knew your hand, & young George Smyth who visited my sister at Brighton said he believed it was copied from an Edinburgh journal."—*Walpole Collection*. Scott's article on the late Duke of Buccleuch had, as we have seen, appeared in *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal* of 12th May 1819. An abbreviated reprint of it was published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of June 1819, pp. 579-81. See note to letter to Lord Montagu (14th May), p. 382. Lady Louisa again alludes

for pain.<sup>1</sup> With better hope I am trying an antiquarian story I mean one relating to old English times which is a great amusement to me. I have laid aside a half-finished story on the dissolution of the Monasteries. When I print them I shall put them into different shapes and publish them with different people and so run the one against the other. I am rather curious to know if I can be detected in both instances. I have had the great event of sending my eldest son to join his regt (the 18th Hussars) and one of these tales will be necessary to reimburse me for about 1200£, or 1500£, which his commission and outfit of all kinds cost me. It is better than mortgaging land for the same necessary purpose as many a better man is obliged to do. Walter seems at present a good subject for the army having a sensible good temper'd and at the same time a very cool and determined disposition a handsome and athletic person and being very good at all manly exercises—Well mounted and armed he will really look as a borderer should do, and I have great hopes from a natural firmness of disposition that he will encounter with resolution the various temptations to which his present situation exposes him—

to the obituary article in her reply of 27th August : "The character I read in the *Gent: Magne*: was taken from it probably, but so abridged (if not garbled) that it gave me an inadequate idea of the original. Your self-denial in not saying more must have been painful, but was perfectly well-judged. . . . Oh that I could infuse into you my intimate knowledge of another character & see that drawn by your hand, clothed in your language !" She has been staying with the Scotts at Petersham. "The Dutchess & part of her family are at Richmond. . . . What you say of your sensations when your horse naturally turned towards Bow Hill goes to my heart and so do many things in your letter, your account of your own sufferings especially. However I thank God you are better." In her conclusion she has a roguish dig about the Cornet. "May Walter want a lieutenantcy very soon, & may it cost a great deal. For Miss Baillie's play, I pity you ; the dilemma is a sad one, for I suspect she is not *advisable*, otherwise she would never have published more comedies after her first attempt. Still I should suppose a tragedy of hers could never be dull or insipid, & must therefore win it's way to the heart & the fancy just as our elder poets do with all their faults. But indeed you may answer that *Hamlet* or *Othello*, if new, would stand a bad chance at Covent Garden, and for aught I know, so they would."—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>1</sup> See Ballantyne's note in the *Journal*, Vol. I, pp. 408-9.

I am in sad perplexity just now about a play of Joanna Baillies<sup>1</sup> which she has sent to Mrs. Siddons (our manageress) to be acted in Edinburgh. It contains abundance of genius and of fine poetry and passion in short abundance of all that one expects particularly from her—But then it is not well adapted for the stage and many things cannot be represented in the way the author has conceived them. There is a coxcomb who turns out a man of courage and spirit—This is rather a comic than a tragic character—Then there is a child—an infant—a personage which unless in the single instance of the pantomime termed the Virgin of the Sun<sup>2</sup> has never succeeded. A wax doll is ridiculous, a living infant more absurdly ludicrous. Now our friend desired Mrs. S. to show me this play which she had not failed to do intimating in a very delicate manner her own sense of its imperfections but obviously wishing to shelter herself under my opinion—Now if I speak truth—and “tis my occupation to be plain”—I fear I shall hurt our honoured friend or perhaps even offend her and if I do not I suffer her to commit her well-earned fame as well as her feelings to a certain risqué, for whatever theatrical audiences may have been in former days they are now such a brutal assemblage that I am lost in astonishment at any one submitting to their censure. I am really vexed about this matter. But I have taken up enough of your time. Believe me dear Lady Louisa most truly & respectfully  
Your obliged servant  
WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 23rd August 1819

I have heard nothing of Morritt this age.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

<sup>1</sup> *The Separation*, a tragedy, according to *F.L.* There is no mention of its ever having been played at Edinburgh in Dibdin, *op. cit.*

<sup>2</sup> *Die Sonnen-Jungfrau, ein Schauspiel in fünf Aufzügen* [and in prose] by August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue : 1788, etc., 8vo. *The Virgin of the Sun*, a play translated by Anne Plumptre : London, 1799, 8vo. An opera founded on this translation was popular in London in 1812.

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

DEAR JOHN,—The gods have attachd much uncertainty to my motions. Yesterday I wrote you I should be at home on Thursday. But I have got a letter from Lord Mellville begging me very particularly to be with him that day for which purpose I must return from Langholm Lodge by five in the morning. On Saturday *sans faute* I shall be at home to dinner. A line will find me at Mellville Castle by the post either on Thursday or Friday. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 23 August [PM. 1819]

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

To MRS. CLEPHANE

ABBOTSFORD August 20th [25th?] 1819

DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—I am hurried from here tomorrow by particular business which requires me to meet Lord Montagu at Langholm, and as the Deuce will have it I must on Thursday and Friday be at Melville Castle, so that it will be Saturday before I return home. Such are my individual motions—In the meanwhile Mrs. Scott and my whole family are at home and will be delighted to receive you either on Wednesday or any other day and if your time enables you to offer us a good comfortable visit—the sooner you come, the kinder. But if you are limited in point of time, I should be truly sorry to lose any part of your long-expected visit : perhaps it is giving myself too much consequence in the case of a lady to suppose so much of the visit intended for me as this letter seems to indicate. But vanity you know always peeps out at some one corner or other.

I send a special messenger with this, and beg my best respects to Lady Grace and Mrs. Douglas—Believe me very truly and respectfully yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I inclose the Note. I shall return I[vanhoe] by tomorrows post. I go tomorrow to Langholm and return on my steps for the purpose of being at Mellville Castle thursday & friday—On Saturday I shall be again here. So you know where I am to be found for three days. I expect the weekly Accot. I beg it may not wait untill a moment of pinch but be sent regularly.

Your correctors might save me much trouble by observing how proper names &c are corrected on the return proofs. It is very hard to send me the same blunders again & again—Always Brian-de-Bois Guilbert for Brian de Bois-Guilbert Athelstone for Athelstane etc. I have corrected these about twenty or thirty times.<sup>1</sup>

It is odd you neither mention John nor the paper for I[vanho]e. Yours etc

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 25 *Augt.* [PM. 1819]

You carried a note for me to J. Stevenson which has either not been deliverd or he has blunderd the matter. It was desiring some things at my house to be sent by Nicol Mercer, Darnick carrier. I have told the man to call about them. I mean the carrier. I really want them much.

[*Signet Library*]

TO MRS. SCOTT, CORSTORPHINE, NEAR EDINR.

DEAR MOTHER,—I could do nothing in young Watsons matter till I saw Lord Mellville personally for letters in these affairs usually go for nothing. I put Capt. Watsons letter to you into his hands and added as much as I thought myself entitled to say in the young gentlemen's favour. I cannot say I have any hope it will do him

<sup>1</sup> For similar blunders when printing *Quentin Durward* see letter to Ballantyne, March 1823.



much good unless the balance should weigh pretty equally otherwise. For you are aware that I have no influence whatever with Lord Mellville of what is call'd a political nature and which usually decides these sort of applications. However it can do Mr. Watson no harm and not only for the gratification of your wishes but for his fathers sake I devoutly hope it may do him some good. He ought to strengthen his interest as much as he can through his superiors whose application and testimony in his behalf will necessarily be of consequence.

If young Mr. Watson<sup>1</sup> be disappointed on this occasion he will act very unadvisedly in giving up his situation. In every line of life which my experience is acquainted with one is liable to disappointment and to see others put over his head but time and chance happen to us all and he that sticks fast has a chance of preferment in his turn whereas in giving up present subsistence you are also renouncing future hope. I can only add that the number of young men desiring such offices as his is very great and that any thing like a hasty offer of resignation would be caught up as soon as made.

I call'd in George Street yesterday but found the house lock'd up. I was two days at Mellville Castle and had to travel very rapidly betwixt that and Langholm Lodge.<sup>2</sup> I do not feel the least return of my complaint notwith-

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Watson Gordon (1788-1864), portrait-painter, was the son of Captain James Watson, R.N., a distant relation of Scott's mother, and a nephew of George Watson, first President of the Royal Scottish Academy. He was trained for the army. Before receiving his commission in the engineers, "while studying drawing under John Graham in the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh," he determined to pursue the profession of art. His apprenticeship was carried on in the studios of his uncle and Sir Henry Raeburn. On Raeburn's death in 1823 he became the leading portrait-painter of Scotland. Three years later he took the surname of Gordon. In 1850 he was elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy and knighted, and in 1851 he became a London Royal Academician. He painted several portraits of Scott during the later period of the novelist's life. An unfinished study, made in 1830, is in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland (see *Catalogue of Scott Centenary Exhibition*, 1871, pp. 77-78).

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Lord Montagu (23rd August) and note, p. 470.

standing all this skirmishing. All here are well and Miss Rutherford I think somewhat better. Besides her and Eliza Russell we have Mrs. MacLean Clephane and her two daughters and two other girls freinds of my daughters. So the House is like a convent, only the young vestals are very noisy.

We heard from Walter some days since he is well and pleased with his profession. Charlotte and the girls beg kindest love. Many thanks for the admirable stockings. I am prepared for the gout should it ever visit me. Here is the finest weather and the best harvest I ever saw. I remain always Dear Mother Your dutiful & affectionate Son

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday* [PM. 30 August 1819].

I will return the letters and book by the first opportunity when you come to town. I trust this fine weather will be of service to you.

[*Law*]

To JAMES SKENE

ABBOTSFORD, *Sunday, September* 1819.

MY DEAR SKENE,—I was at Melville for two days and had intended to call upon you, but I was too much hurried for the only hour I was in town. I have written to Lizars to send you a proof of his engraving and attend to any alterations which your good skill may recommend. On the whole I think his effort is very creditable. I do not intend to have the prints thrown off till I come to town in November. My health continues very good indeed, rather better than it has been for several years, but I cannot write very long at a time without feeling a very disagreeable aching pain in my back. I shall be condemned to use an amanuensis, which is grievous work for one accustomed to independence. I wish you would come and see us now the weather is like to be favourable for exercise, and we will waken Newark Hill once more

with the grey-hounds. I was at Langholm Lodge the other day. What a change since we saw Lord and Lady Dalkeith there, the one in full strength, the other in all the bloom of beauty, with a fine family, of whom two, with themselves, are now in the grave !

Adieu, my dear Skene ; the more friends one loses, the dearer they ought to be who remain behind, and you are one of those whom I have every reason to value most highly. I beg compliments to Mrs. Skene ; I need not say how happy we will be to see her if she can come with you. We have the Macleods<sup>1</sup> with us here at this moment, but they leave us soon.—Yours most truly,

[*Skene's Memories*]

WALTER SCOTT

TO CORNET WALTER SCOTT, 18TH HUSSARS, CORKE.

ABBOTSFORD 4 *Sept.* [1819]

DEAR WALTER—Your very acceptable letter of the 26th reachd me today. I had begun to be apprehensive that the drat. had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. But the very long calm must have made the packets slow in their progress which I suppose was the occasion of the delay. Respecting the allowance Colonel Murray informs me that from £200 to £250 in addition to the pay of a cornet ought to make a young man very comfortable. He adds which I am much pleased to hear that your officers are many of them men of moderate fortune and disposed to be œconomical. I had thought of £200 as what would suit us both but when I see the account which you very properly keep I will be better able to determine. It must be considerd that any uncommon expence as the loss of a horse or the like may occasion an extra draught over and above the allowance—I like very much

<sup>1</sup> Possibly Lieut.-General Duncan McLeod (1780-1856), of the family of Neil McLeod of Assynt, and his wife who was Henrietta C. L. Friell, descended maternally from the French family of Boileau of Castelnau. See letter to young Walter on 1st March 1821.

your methodical arrangement as to expences : it is rather a tiresome thing at first to keep an accmpt of pounds shillings and pence but it is highly necessary and enables one to see how the money actually goes. It is besides a good practical way of keeping up acquaintance with arithmetic and you will soon find that the principles on which all military movements turn are arithmetical and that though one may no doubt learn to do them by rote yet to *understand* them you must have recourse to numbers. Your adjutant will explain this to you. By the way as he is a foreigner you will have an opportunity to keep up a little of your French and German. Both are highly necessary to you. The knowlege of the last with few other qualifications made several officers fortunes last war.

You are quite right not to buy horses till you can get them really worth the money. Bad ones cost nearly as much as those which are really fit for service and are immediatly useless. It is very kind of your Captain to lend you a charger. I hope you will take great care of him. What strength are you at Corke? And do you exercise often?

I observe with pleasure you are making acquaintance among the gentry which I hope you will not drop for want of calling &c. I trust you have deliverd all your recommendations for it is an affront to omit doing so both to the person who writes them and those for whom they are designd. On the other hand one always holds their head a little better up in the world when they keep good society. Lord and Lady Mellville are to give you recommendations when you go to Dublin. I was at Mellville Castle for two days and found them both well. I was also one day at Langholm lodge to meet Lord Montagu. Possibly among your Irish friends you may get some shooting. I shall be glad you avail yourself of any such opportunities and also that when you get your own horses you hunt in the winter if you be within the reach of hounds. Nothing confirms a man in horsemanship so

well as hunting though I do not recommend it to beginners who are apt to learn to ride like grooms. Besides the exercise, field sports make a young soldier acquainted with the country and habituate him to have a good eye for distance and for taking up the *carte du pais* in general which is essential to all but especially to officers of light troops who are expected to display both alertness and intelligence in reporting the nature of the country being in fact the *Eyes* of the army. In every point of view field-sports are preferable to the in-doors amusement of a Billiard table which is too often the lounging place for idle young officers where there is nothing to be got but a habit of throwing away time and an acquaintance with the very worst society—I mean at public billiard rooms—for unquestionably the game itself is a pretty one when practized among gentlemen and not made a constant habit of. But public billiard tables are almost always the resort of black-legs and sharpers and all that numerous class whom the French call Chevaliers d'industrie and we Knights of the whipping post.

I am glad you go to the Anatomical lectures. An acquaintance with our own very extraordinary frame is an useful branch of general knowledge and as you have some turn for drawing it will also enable you to judge of the proper mode of disposing the limbs and muscles of your figures should you prosecute the art so far. In fact there is no branch of study can come much amiss to a young man providing he does study and very often the precise occupation of the time must be trusted to taste and opportunity.

I observe what you say of your two colonels—of course you will avoid making party with either—but in case you are compelled to make an option you should lean to your countryman unless he is very much in the wrong. We know him and his family and from what you say of the other he seems a hawk of a bad nest. These foolish differences are the disgrace of the British service and

generally arise out of ignorance and bad education. A man of sense will often carry his point with an unreasonable colleague by *leading*, seldom by attempting to *drive* him.

The White boys made a great noise when I was a boy. But Ireland (the more is the pity) has never been without White boys or Right Boys or Defenders or Peep of day Boys or some wild association or another for disturbing the peace of the country. We shall not be many degrees better if the Radical Reformers be not checked. The Manchester Yeomen behaved very well upsetting the most immense croud ever was seen and notwithstanding the lies in the papers<sup>1</sup> without any unnecessary violence. Mr. Hunt pretends to have had several blows on his head with sabres but has no wound to show for it. I am disposed to wish he had got such a one as once on a day I could have treated him to. I am apt to think his politic pate would have broachd no more sedition.

Miss Rutherford and Eliza Russell are now with us. Miss R. eats and sleeps well but suffers under an ast[h]matic complaint. I think she is better since she came here. We were also favoured with a visit of the Miss MacAllisters who are rather empty cannisters though I dare say very good girls. Anne tired of them most inhospitably. Mrs. Maclean Clephane and her two unmarried daughters are here : being as we say pears of another tree. Your sisters seem very fond of the young ladies and I am glad of it for they will see that a great deal of accomplishment and information may be completely reconciled with liveliness fun good humour and good breeding.

You managed your awkward business of your trunks very well. You were quite right to apply to Mr. Hamilton and I am much obliged for the trouble Mr. MacLean & he took in your behalf.

For the snuff if you could get a good opportunity of sending a cannister perhaps capt. Fergusson would be

<sup>1</sup> See next letter to Ballantyne and note.

gratified by such a token of remembrance. But I believe it is contraband so I would not have you think of sending it unless you could get the means of doing so easily.

Our harvest is very far advanced—my wheat is all down and much of it in—some actually threshd—I expect about £250 for it and will get more unless prices fall very much. The weather till of late has been delightful but too warm for exercise. Now it is windy and cool but still good harvest weather.

All here send love. Dogs and cat are well. I dare say you have heard from some other correspondent that poor Lady Wallace died of an inflammation after two days illness. Trout<sup>1</sup> has returned here several times poor fellow and seems also to look for you. But Henry Scott is very kind to him and he is a great favourite.

As you Hussars smoke I will give you one of my pipes. But you must let me know how I can send it safely. It is a very handsome one though not my best. I will keep my *Meer-schaum* untill I make my continental tour and then you shall have that also. I hope you will get leave for a few months and go with me. Yours very affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

[Law]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I duly received your letters. I shall be glad to know at what rate I[vanho]e advances & when it will be out?

What I have to say about the Journal<sup>2</sup> will perhaps give you some pain but I think it absolutely necessary for the

<sup>1</sup> “*Lady Wallace* was a pony; *Trout* a favourite pointer which the Cornet had given, at leaving home, to the young Laird of Harden, now the Master of Polwarth.”—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal* commenced in January 1798. “William Brown, the editor, intimated the start of the *Journal* as a revival of the *Patriots’ Weekly Chronicle*.” Brown died in March 1809, “and thereafter the paper was produced . . . for his heirs and for the other proprietors. From January 1, 1812, the printing was done by Michael Anderson. . . . Anderson died . . . on March 25, 1817, and next day the *Journal* passed to

consistence of my whole life to retire altogether from the concern. I cannot continue a partner where such mistaken views are inculcated at a crisis of peculiar danger and in relation to any profit which might accrue from the paper conducted on such principles it would be absolute contradiction to every sentiment & action of my whole life to participate in it—Your opinion I doubt not was founded on the strongest mental conviction although it certainly seems to me that you must have altered your former mode of thinking in some very material particulars. But even allowing you were right (as I hold diametrically the contrary) in supposing that the Manchester Magistrates placed in a dreadful situation of danger acted prematurely were you call'd upon as a friend of good order to pronounce against them so loudly and to give these banditti the encouragement which they will derive from the countenance of any one decent & well disposed Editor? Especially were you call'd on to do this before you were Master of the facts or before any evidence had been adduced? It never can be right of an Editor to argue *against* his own conviction but it may be often highly adviseable that he should suppress an opinion form'd even on good grounds because the publishing it may lead to evil consequences. It is an obvious thing that 50,000

James Ballantyne. . . . It was bought for himself and other proprietors." It was acquired by Ballantyne at a public sale, the price paid being £1850, "an advance of £20 on the bid by Blackwood, the publisher."—W. J. Couper, *The Edinburgh Periodical Press* (1908), vol. ii. pp. 245-254. Scott had a share in the property of the paper. Ballantyne edited it till his death in 1833, when he was succeeded by Thomas Aird, the poet. John Ballantyne acted as dramatic critic. In December 1819 and January 1820 Scott contributed three anonymous letters against Radicalism. See note to letter to Lord Melville (26th November). In this present letter he finds dissatisfaction with James's views regarding the Manchester Massacre, which appeared on 24th August 1819 ("We fear the proceedings of the Magistrates will be found to have been ill arranged, and the conduct of the Yeomanry employed to have been rash and precipitate," p. 289) and 7th September 1819, p. 304. The Malachi Malagrowth Letters appeared here in 1826, and a weekly instalment of the Waverley Novels. See letters to James Ballantyne (22nd April 1800), Vol. I, pp. 96-97 and (16th August 1817), Vol. IV, p. 498.



men are not a deliberative body—they cannot be assembled for any proper or useful purpose and they are in the case in hand avowedly assembled for the overthrow of the constitution. It is the plan (I speak from certain information) to hold these meetings in different places on the same day so as to divide the military force and render it impossible to assemble every where a sufficient force & thus in some one point or other to acquire an irres[is]tible and predominating power of numbers. And are you really soft enough to think they will not act as soon as they obtain such a superiority. Be assured that it is their purpose almost their avowed purpose to carry their point by force—What therefore follows—either that Magistrates must exercise the discretionary & responsible power lodged in them for dispersing these Assemblies before they are habituated to facing soldiery or that we shall have an Irish rebellion with all its horrors. It is much better for the constitution that the Magistrates should exert themselves to the uttermost upon the present laws as they stand than that we should have new statutes passed for disturbed districts which will inevitably be the consequences if according to your view of the subject the hands of the protectors of the public peace are tied up in such a case as Manchester. I do not apprehend the consequences of their present irritation. I remember the Battle of Tranent—much noise was made about it and many more fell by the sword than at Manchester. But we never heard of a militia mob again. And you may depend on it that a little intimidation at the first saves an ocean of blood in the long run.

I have written thus far just that you may not think I am acting upon any feeling of irritation on account of your not being of my opinion but because my conviction of the mischief which most unintentionally you run the risque of doing is the sole cause of my withdrawing myself from a concern in which I engaged at your request and for your benefit independent of which I should not

have wishd to hold property of the kind. I do not think my ideas are those of a party man—in fact I care very little about parties & have other things to think of. But this seems to involve the great question of whether we shall have peace in our time or a bloody and remorseless struggle between property and the populace. And I cannot in any way tacitly or avowedly countenance opinions which seem to me to lead to the latter catastrophe. As a Magistrate I should have acted and will in the same circumstances act upon the peril of life & fortune & fame precisely like those of Manchester and therefore it would be highly inconsistent in me to remain concernd in a paper where they are held up to public odium for having done their duty.

I am very sorry for all this—But as our judges are wont to say “there is no help for difference of opinion.” Mine is what I have entertaind my whole life and I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. I can I thank God make fair allowance for every mans opinion but I cannot alter my own & I have so often seen the wholesome effects of chastisement on a froward child fairly counter-acted by the condolences of some well-meaning but misjudging freind that I really apprehend the same consequences in the present case. I am Dear James very sincerely yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday* [PM. 12 *Sept.* 1819]

I am very glad to think that the state of the paper is so prosperous that my retiring will be rather an advantage to Mr. Hogarth & you & as I have paid no money all that is necessary will be to relieve me of my cautionary obligations for the cash-credits & other engagements.

You may remember I gave up the *Edinr. Review* on the paper of Spanish affairs. I was then calld narrowminded & illiberal—*But* wha’s fule now my Lord?

By the way I saw your old friend Lundie yesterday who rather to my surprize as I supposed him one of the

*liberales* seems to be much of my opinion relating to these matters. I fear you will find many whose good opinion is worth valuing of the same faith.

[*Signet Library*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[Extract]

[September 1819]

DEAR JAMES,—I shall certainly remain a partner since you wish it and promise to be cautious. A moderate paper will always be more useful than a violent one but on the other hand there are times when one ought to withhold opinions unfavourable to the conduct of Magistrates who placed in a highly responsible situation & acting to the best of their judgement in a moment of personal risque universal apprehension & irritation of every kind may not exactly hit the very moment or the very mode of action which precludes every possibility of misconstruction. Nobody—thinking as you think—can doubt that on the one hand the intention[s] of the magistrates were good and the ultimate designs of the mob & their leaders as bad as possible and it ought to be a very strong case that should authorize a hasty condemnation of the one or ready sympathy with the others. If I had retired it would certainly have been without touching any part of the profits as I have had neither trouble nor advance about the paper. I hope you will keep the thing in better order under Georges<sup>1</sup> charge. I observe on the two states that the profit resulting on the last is less than that on the first which John will make manifest to you. I suspect your Mr. Bell merits a bell-rope. . . . Yours truly

W. S.

[*Signet Library*]

<sup>1</sup> i.e. George Hogarth.

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

[Extract]

DEAR JOHN,—In my last I quite forgot to say that the circuit comes on in the end of this week so that from friday till Sunday night I shall be engaged. . . .

The Duke's people were to begin extirpating the hares on Newark in about ten days so we are slaughtering all we can to save them trouble. If you are fit to take the braes with Old Mortality we shall have some good sport. I hope James is driving on with I[vanho]e. Yours truly.

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Sunday* [13th September, 1819]

James promised me a state of Bill to be expected from the P. Office this & next month but has not sent it. His accot. opens £1000 with Sir W. F.

[*Watson Collection*]

To ROBERT JOHNSTON[E]

19 Sept 1819

DEAR SIR,—I was very much obliged to you indeed for the beautiful specimen of penmanship which I received safely by the Darnick carrier. If the verses<sup>1</sup> could have been worthy of the beauty of the writing & the elegance of the mounting it would have been the most complete thing of the kind which was ever executed. I have hung it up provisionally in a little boudoir adjoining to my Cabinet of curiosities. When I have a drawing room it shall occupy a distinguished situation but I am afraid of the damp of the room which we at present use as such.

I am very much interested in Mr. Playfair's views. He seems to be following out the ideas & feelings of poor

<sup>1</sup> The copyist has remarked that the verses refer to the visit of the Archduke Nicholas.

Stark with a kindred genius. Whatever may be done with the other parts of his plan I trust that the summit of the Calton will be kept sacred from all buildings of a private nature & that the elm trees at Mr. Allans will be preserved.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MRS. SCOTT

DEAR MOTHER,—I take the opportunity of Miss Christy returning to send you the book you were so good as to lend me and to return you the two letters. I have not heard from Tom for some time which I am rather surprized at.

I hope you will find Miss Christys health improved. She is really looking better and I think her complaints are nervous. She will give a good account of my health which is stronger than it has been for years only attention and the occasional use of a little medicine will be necessary for some time.

We have been made very vain here by a visit of Prince Leopold whom I knew at Paris. As he came four miles out of his way to see us we must take it as a compliment. For my part I begin to tire of all the “said Is & said hes” which are repeated on the occasion and I thought the best part of the scene was Charlottes distress of mind at her total want of preparation to receive such a guest.<sup>1</sup>

Believe me dear mother always your dutiful & affectionate Son

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Monday morning* [c. 24 September 1819]

[*Law*]

<sup>1</sup> See letters to Lord Montagu of 25th September and 3rd October, pp. 495 and 505 respectively.

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[c. 24 September, 1819]

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,—Your very kind letter reached me only today so that I had already learned the inestimable loss my poor friend W. Erskine has sustained in his excellent Wife.<sup>1</sup> I would not have allowed him to remain so long in your neighbourhood without being known to you but for the circumstances of Mrs. Erskine's

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth's letter of 22nd September from Rydal Mount opens with the announcement of Mrs. Erskine's death. "An inflammation in my eyes," he says, "obliges me to employ an Amanuensis, for the performance of a melancholy office with which your friend Mr Erskine has charged me, & which he himself, from the state of his feelings, is unequal to. It is to communicate to you the painful intelligence that his Wife is no more." Wordsworth then proceeds to say that confinement to the house has prevented him from seeing Erskine, "but I learn from his Apothecary, the Bearer of this wish respecting you, that the Lady's illness though tedious was attended with little pain & that she was carried out of this world to all appearance as gently as possible. She expired at Lowwood Inn on the banks of Windermere on Monday morning. On the Tuesday preceeding it was evident that unless the tax [?] which was wasting her away could be stopped her constitution must sink under it—on Saturday there was no hope. Mr. E. I understand is by this time as tranquil as could be expected. His Wife's Mother arrived yesterday & the Body is to be removed to Scotland.

"I greatly regret that I have not seen your Friend, it is possible that I might have been of some service to him during his long detention in this neighbourhood—several weeks elapsed before I learned who the Stranger was—upon learning I called immediately, but did not find him at home—he was then at Grasmere preparing to leave it for Lowwood. I have since that time been myself unable to leave the house & as Mr[s] E[s] melancholy condition I suppose prevented him from communicating with me, his silence made me fearful that a visit from Mrs W. might be an intrusion. This consideration however would not have prevented her calling had we been aware of the dangerous situation of Mrs E.

"I have heard with great concern, from several quarters, that your own health has been much deranged & it added to my disappointment in not seeing Mr Erskine that I missed the opportunity of making enquiries from him upon this subject. Do be so kind as to let me know how you are & have been. For myself I am happy to say that my general health is good, but my eyes have been for some time unequal to the service to which I could wish to put them. . . . I hope Southey will have seen you before his return from Scotland."—*Walpole Collection*. Mrs. Erskine was Euphemia, the only daughter of John Robison, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. She and Erskine were married in 1800. Shortly after Erskine's death in 1822 (the year he had become

health which was so weak that they avoided coming even to this place where they would have been as if at home. The idea of change of air so often lately and vainly resorted to served in this instance as in many others to keep up an appearance of hope where real ground for hope was not. I shall go into town to see my poor friend so soon as I learn his return from Fife where she is to be interred. In other circumstances you would have been pleased to know this unfortunate pair. Mrs. Erskine was daughter to a celebrated man professor Robison remarkable for his scientific attainments and had herself much talent. She had been beautiful but that was gone under a long series of bad health. Of her taste in literature it was no slight evidence that she was a great admirer of your writings. Erskine is much to be pitied. This sad event leaves him in that most desolate situation a widower at the head of a large family several of whom are at the age when the care & constant tenderness of a mother can ill be supplied. His eldest daughter is an excellent girl and promises to be a comfort to him.

I was dreadfully ill (so far as bodily torture can be

Lord Kinnedder) there was printed for private circulation *A Sketch of the Life and Character of the late Lord Kinnedder* Edin. : Jas. Ballantyne & Co., 1822) by Hay Donaldson, W.S., to which Scott contributed several particulars. It pays tribute to Mrs. Erskine's amiable and gentle manners, her great understanding, and her taste for literature. When Erskine read to her, she offered her observations and criticisms, "particularly on all works of the imagination, poetry, or the Belles Lettres, which constituted their favourite studies" (pp. 7-8). She was buried in the churchyard of Saline (5½ miles N.W. of Dunfermline), the Fifeshire parish containing the estate and mansion of Kinnedder from which Erskine took his title. On the 7th October Erskine writes to Scott asking him to compose an epitaph for the tombstone. "I make this request with great reluctance, not I assure you from the slightest doubt of your wish to oblige me, but from a consciousness that the task is much more difficult than it is generally supposed to be. . . . It would gratify me more than I can tell, that the last and permanent tribute to the companion of my happiest years should be paid by my own dearest friend." This letter is docketed in Scott's hand—"W. Erskine about the Epitaph. Alas!" The "Epitaph on Mrs. Erskine" (*Poetical Works*, 1833-34) opens with the lines

"Plain, as her native dignity of mind,  
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd."

called dreadful) all the spring and during the months of June & July. My disorder was some derangement of the bile attended with the most violent spasms in the stomach which lasted for many hours in despite of the quantity of laudanum which they obliged me to swallow. I was at length reduced to a shadow & carried up & down like a child from the hot bath to my bedroom for these were my most extensive travels. At length Dr. Dick an old E. Indian physician particularly skilful in such disorders put me upon a peculiar treatment which proved apparently effectual and a long & severe course of calomel has I hope restored my health : at least I am as well or better for the present than I have been for several years. My appetite and rest are restored to me and I have not for many weeks had the slightest return of my complaint.

I hear of Southey being in Scotland<sup>1</sup> and trust I shall see him on his return from the north and that he will pay me a comfortable visit. In the wild and disordered times in which we live old friends become dearer to us and happy should I be if we could all meet blythely together as we did long since at the island on Windermere.<sup>2</sup>

I beg my kindest and best respects to Mrs. Wordsworth—to your Sister—and to your fireside in general. My nestlings have begun to take flight. Walter my eldest son joined his regiment this summer & I have given the king a good soldier in him for he is sensible & good-humoured with perfect resolution of mind and great personal activity in management of his horse and weapons—and all this perhaps to be knocked on the head by a

<sup>1</sup> About this date (22nd-24th September) Southey was visiting Ballachulish, Glencoe, Moor of Rannoch, Loch Awe and Inveraray. The tour was completed at the end of September, returning by Loch Lomond, Glasgow, New Lanark, and reaching Keswick by way of Longtown and Carlisle. See Southey, *Journal of a Tour in Scotland in 1819*, ed. by C. H. Herford (1929), pp. 224-69.

<sup>2</sup> According to Lockhart, Scott and his wife had made a short excursion to the Lakes about August 1805. See postscript to letter to William Scott, Vol. I, p. 257.



shower of brickbats at the first meeting of radical reformers. I hope better however though the sad prospect of these insane convulsions afflicts me more now than it did twenty years since when I might have been personally exposed to the perils. Believe me

[*Signature and address cut away*]

[*Gordon Wordsworth*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I have written to Mr. Riddell to day about a very trifling matter but which still I think it as proper to mention to your Lordship. I am farming a considerable plantation upon a place just above the *Charge-law* where Buccleuch arrayd his clan on the morning of the battle of Melrose and as the upper part of my proposed plantation marches with the Dukes land I wishd to have a mutual fence to which I am entitled as a matter of common right. But as the line of march intersects the land in a very *bravura* manner zigzagging from one side to another into very odd indentures I would propose for the benefit of both parties that the Duke should plant two or three acres on his side divided from mine by a line of larch or spruces & throw the whole into one Christian looking inclosure which will be a great ornament to the country save some trouble and expence and in time furnish the farm of Dingleton<sup>1</sup> with any wood that may be necessary for inclosures & so forth, there not being at present a stick upon that property. The whole expence exclusive of fencing cannot be above five or six pounds and the land is worth positively nothing being mere heath & ravines though very proper for planting.

We have had a visit from P. Leopold. The Sutors gave

<sup>1</sup> The farm of Dingleton Mains, which embraces the Eildon Hills, lies to the south of Melrose.

him his freedom.<sup>1</sup> M[r.] Pringle like a shy cock would not march through Coventry with said Sutors or afford them any countenance. I thought it but decent to attend as Sheriff especially as he had known me at Paris—And I found (to Mrs. Scotts no small dismay) that he designd to come down to Abbotsford—where nought was provided—However by dint of one cold leg of lamb—broild salmon—and baked black game, for I scorn to mention the sour plumbs<sup>2</sup> of Galashiels a saucer of which graced one corner and the iron pears of Abbotsford which dignified another—by the help I say of said viands we refreshd H.R.Hs princely stomach and as I have some excellent old Hock the thing went off well enough. Indeed I added a dram of whisky lest the plumbs & pears should come to wrangling before H.R.H. got to Hawick.

I understand the Sutors are indignant at the desertion of Mr. Pringle & proportionally pleased with me. Sooth to say I did not feel particularly comfortable at the head of the rogues though encouraged by the martial harmony of one drum and a mistuned fife. But Land<sup>3</sup> made a speech highly creditable to his own good sense & very well deliverd. The Prince seemd much pleased with it. Believe me ever your Lordships truly faithful

ABBOTSFORD 25 *Sept.* [1819]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> In his reply from Buxton on the 30th, Lord Montagu says that he and Lady Montagu "have been much gratified with an account in the *Kelso Paper* of the reception of Prince Leopold at Selkirk, and give you great credit for having managed to intercept him in his passage through the Forest, for I think I see the hand of the contriver throughout the whole transaction. . . . We shall be delighted to get from you a few more particulars of this royal visit. We are very anxious to know if the Royal Sutor was compelled to suck the Birse (I am puzzled for the orthography of this word). Melrose I fear he did not see. Where did he sleep the night he left you? The Lodge at Langholm would have made a good Inn for him, but there seems to have been no time to make any such arrangement."—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>2</sup> So Scott spells the word.

<sup>3</sup> Obviously "Lang" is meant. See letter to Lord Montagu (3rd October), p. 505.

## TO CORNET WALTER SCOTT 18TH HUSSARS CORKE

MY DEAR WALTER,—Your letter of the 10th. gave me the pleasant assurance 'that you are well and happy and attending to your profession. I hope you are employing a part of your leisure in improving your french and german. Assure yourself you will find both languages very useful in your future life. We have been jogging on here in the old fashion somewhat varied by an unexpected visit on friday last from no less a person than Prince Leopold. Mama was not a little put about how to receive this great personage but she got over the ground astonishingly considering the surprize. I conclude you will have all the particulars of this important event (only rivald by the memorable *disjune* at Tillietudlem) from the other members of the family so I shall only say that when I mentiond the number of your regimt. the Prince said he had several friends in the 18th. and should now think he had one more which was very polite. By the way I hear an excellent character of your officers for regularity and gentlemanlike manners. I learnd this from Mrs. Chisholm whose brother Col. Ellis was very well acquainted with your regiment. This report gives me great pleasure for to live in bad society will deprave the best manners and to live in good will improve the worst.

I am trying a sort of bargain with neighbour Nicol Milne at present.<sup>1</sup> He is very desirous of parting with his estate of Faldonside and if he will be contented with a reasonable price I am equally desirous to be the purchaser. I conceive it will come to about £30,000 at least. I will not agree to give a penny more and I think that sum is probably £2000 and more above its actual marketable value. But then it lies extremely convenient for us and

<sup>1</sup> See note and letter to Laidlaw (February 1818). Later we shall see Scott still contemplating the purchase of Faldonside and still thinking Milne asks too much for it in a letter to Walter on 27th April 1825.

would joint to Abbotsford make a very gentlemanlike property worth at least £1800,, or £2000 a year. I can command about £10,000 of my own to which in case of Mrs. Carpenters demise you could add the same sum and if I be spared life and health I should not fear rubbing off the rest of the price as Nicol is in no hurry for payment. As you will succeed me in my landed property I think it right to communicate my views to you and I believe you will agree that your own money when at your disposal had better be secured in land than in any other way for cash is apt to slide through a young mans fingers he cannot well tell how whereas Faldonside is rooted to the centre and there it will abide. I am much moved by the prospect of getting at about £2000 or £3000 worth of marle which lies on Milnes side of the loch but which can only be draind on my side so that he can make no use of it. This would make the lands of Abbotsford worth 40/ an acre over-head excepting the sheep farm. The present rent of Faldonside even supposing the house let will not exceed £800,, but I think it might be raised to £1000 or thereabouts so that by sinking my own £10,000 the rent would pay 5 per cent on the rest of the price. I am sensible I might dispose of my money to more advantage but probably to none which in the long run would be better for you certainly to none which would be productive of so much pleasure to myself. The woods are thriving and it would be easy at a trifling expence to restore Faldonside loch and stock it with fish. In fact it would require but a small dam head. By means of a little judicious planting added to what is already there the estate might be renderd one of the most beautiful in this part of Scotland. Such are my present plans my dear boy having as much your future welfare and profit in view as the immediate gratification of my own wishes.

I am very sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. William Erskine is no more. She was sent by the medical people on a tour to the lakes of Cumberland and was taken

ill at Lowood on Windermere. Nature much exhausted by her previous indisposition sunk under four days illness. Her husband was with her and two of her daughters—he is much to be pitied. Miss Rutherford and Eliza left us this morning. I am happy to say my aunt is greatly better than when she came, so much so that I have great hopes her health is about to take a revolution for the better. Mr. and Mrs. Skene were with us when we received P. Leopold and helped us extremely well out.

I observe you are in some hopes of getting to see the Lakes of Killarney which are so highly spoken of. I am afraid the season will be a little late for seeing them in full glory though probably the autumn does not end in the south of Ireland so early as in our frozen climate. Mr. Rees the Bookseller told me he had [met you] in the streets of Corke and reported well of the growth of your *schnur-bart*. I hope you know what that means. Pray write often as the post comes so slow. I keep all your letters and am much pleased with the frankness of the stile. No word of your horses yet but it is better not to be impatient and to wait for good ones. I have been three times on Newark and kild six hares each time. The two young dogs are capital good.

I must not omit to tell you our old and I may add our kind neighbour Lauchie<sup>1</sup> has departed or as Tom expresses it has been fairly *flytten out o' the world*. You know the old quarrell betwixt his brother and him about the wife—in an illfated hour Jock the brother came down to Lochbreist with a sister from Edinr. who was determined to have her share of the scolding match—they attackd poor old Lauchie like mad folks and reviled his wife in all sort of evil language. At length his passion was wrought up to a great pitch and he answerd with much emotion that if she were the greatest whore in Edinr. it was not their business and as he utterd this speech he fell down

<sup>1</sup> For Lauchie and Lochbriest see note 2, p. 69.

on his back and lay a dead man before them. There is little doubt the violence of the agitation had broke a bloodvessell in the heart or brain. A very few days since he was running up and down calling for a coffin and wishing to God he was in one to which Swanston<sup>1</sup> who was present answerd he could not apply to a better hand and he would make him one if he had a mind. He has left a will of his own making but from some informality I think it will be set aside. His land cannot come into the market untill his girl comes of age which by the way makes me more able for the other bargain.<sup>2</sup> His death took place at his own door and shocking enough it is that an inoffensive creature should have been murderd (for in *foro* Conscientiæ it is little better) in such a way. I went to the funeral. Very few people would take notice of Jock Mercer whom they look on as a second Cain. The black-cock are very plenty. I put up fourteen cocks and hens in walking up the Cappercleuch to look at the wood. Do you not wish you had been on the outside with your gun. Tom has kept us well supplied with game : he boasts that he shot fifteen times without a miss. I shall be glad to hear that you do the same on M[r] Newenhams grounds. Mama the girls and Charles all join in love and affection. Believe me ever dear Walter  
Your affectionate father

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 27 *Sept.* [1819]

[*Law*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

[Extract]

ABBOTSFORD, 28th *September* 1819

MY DEAR TERRY,—I ought to have thanked you long since for your most acceptable present ; the knife is by

<sup>1</sup> John Swanston succeeded Tom Purdie as Scott's henchman.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* for Faldonside.

far the finest and fittest for the purpose that I ever saw, and shall henceforth be my constant companion. It has already sealed, or rather scored, the doom of sundry old firs in Moss' stripe, which might have cumbered the ground longer but for the irresistible temptation of marking them with this delightful implement. I have made John Goodfellow,<sup>1</sup> the crooked tailor of Darnick, make a leather pocket to my jacket that the knife may escape the fate of its predecessor. The singularity of your having the kind purpose of presenting me with the very knife I wished for is one of these odd contingencies of which so many have happened to me both in important matters and trifles, that they would seem very singular if collected. The other day a learned American<sup>2</sup> (an uncommon animal also) told me of a collection of Spanish ballads published in Germany, which interested me very much. I looked through all catalogues for it in vain, when, behold, young Constable just returned from Germany comes out to pay me a visit with the book in his pocket which I was hunting for, designed as a present for me. You would, I know, be very much concerned to hear that Erskine<sup>3</sup> has lost his excellent and amiable wife. They were on a journey recommended by the physicians to the Lakes of Cumberland, and she was taken finally ill at Lowood,—a deplorable and irremediable loss to our poor friend; her case had, I think, been scarcely well

<sup>1</sup> During the summer months of 1824, Lockhart says, Scott's main care was the arrangement of his library and museum at Abbotsford. "The hangings and curtains were chiefly the work of a little hunch-backed tailor, by name *William Goodfellow*—(save at Abbotsford, where he answered to *Robin*)—who occupied a cottage on Scott's farm of the Broomieles; one of the race who creep from homestead to homestead, welcomed wherever they appear by housewife and handmaiden, the great gossips and newsmen of the parish,—in Scottish nomenclature *cardoers*."—LOCKHART.

<sup>2</sup> Professor George Ticknor of Boston, who recommended Depping's *Sammlung*. For Ticknor and *Sammlung* see notes to letter to Southey (4th April), pp. 335 and 339 respectively. For an account of Ticknor's visit, see his *Life and Letters*, i. 276-284.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder. See letter to Wordsworth and note, page 492.

understood, notwithstanding the best advice was of course resorted to. I will not dwell on this subject, so affecting in all its bearings. Another instance of mortality has taken place in my immediate neighbourhood. Poor old [Lauchie] my brother Laird. . . . He sunk down before them a dead man, the contending passions of shame and anger and sorrow fairly burst the flood-gates of life. Was not this a truly dramatic exit? He was talking much of selling his land a little before his death, but that prospect is now over for twenty years, his child being a minor, and only about a year old. So it will not be my fate in all probability to compleat Abbotsford on that side. This makes me look towards neighbour Nicol Milne, who is anxious to sell if he could get his price, as I am to buy if he would take mine. Walter's fortune would be better secured in land, and I have enough besides to manage it, trusting to health and future exertion. It would be an immense thing for Abbotsford, which would then be one of the best estates in this part of Teviotdale—worth probably £1800 or £2000 a year, and for beauty nothing would be so easy as to restore the old Lake at Faldonside, besides having the exclusive and compleat command of Cauldshields Loch. On the other hand, I must remember that gold may be bought too dear. I will acquaint you with the termination of this affair, which is at present *entre nous*. Prince Leopold honoured us with a visit a few days since, and was much pleased with Abbotsford, and especially with the Armoury, which by dint of the new acquisitions makes now a very handsome appearance. We use it much as a sitting-room, being now compleated and in order. . . . Believe, dear Terry, that I am always most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Familiar Letters*]



TO REVD. JAMES RAINE,<sup>1</sup> DURHAM

MY DEAR SIR,—I duly received your very kind letter with the notes of the Swinton Charters. I foresee that your researches are likely to afford the highest possible satisfaction to all who make the Antiquities of Northumberland and the neighbouring regions of Scotland either their pursuit or their amusement. I had always under-

<sup>1</sup> James Raine (1791-1858), antiquary and topographer, was second master of Durham school from 1812 to 1827. He was ordained priest in 1818. In 1816 he became librarian to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and in 1822 he was presented by that body to the rectory of Meldon in Northumberland. The degree of M.A. was conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1825. In the same year he was instituted principal surrogate in the Consistory Court, and in 1828 to the living of St. Mary in the South Bailey in the city of Durham. Raine's acquaintance with Surtees of Mainsforth began in 1812 and lasted till Surtees's death in 1834. He unselfishly assisted his friends in topographical works. The county historians, Hodgson, Sharpe, and Surtees, all record their indebtedness to his thorough industry. Surtees maintained he would never have been able to complete his *History of Durham*, had it not been for Raine's labours. Upon Raine, as Surtees's literary executor, devolved the task of arranging and editing the fourth volume of the *History* which appeared in 1840. The idea of founding a Surtees Society (1834), in memory of the Durham antiquary, originated with Raine, who edited for it seventeen volumes including George Taylor's *Memoir of Robert Surtees* (vol. 24, 1852), from which some of Scott's letters to Surtees have been drawn for the present work. Scott is here replying to Raine's letter of 2nd September, wherein he sends particulars "in addition to the account contained in Douglas's Baronage relative to the family of Swinton of Swinton, compiled principally from the Coldingham records." These particulars, in Latin, are followed by "Alanus de Swinton witnessed a Charter of Edward de Aldeambus in 1197. Sir Alan de Swinton Knt. occurs in 1248. John son of Alan de Swinton occurs 1248. Alan de Swinton witnessed a charter of patrick I E. of Dun. de capella de Ercheldun. Henry de Swinton occurs in 1331." (See Rogers's *Genealogical Memoirs of the Family of Sir Walter Scott*, 1877, p. liii.). He then continues thus: "The curious charter which I pointed out to you when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Abbotsford is, I observe, already printed in Douglas from Macfarlan's collections. The above information is however new and very much at your service. We have here in that inexhaustible mine, the Coldingham records, three curious letters from James, King of Scotland, relative to the Castle of Dunbar which had it seems been seized by patrick son of Sir Adam Hepburne of Hales Knt. and converted into a prison for the prior of Coldingham &c. I know not whether the Castle of Dunbar is in such a state as to be worthy of a niche in your national antiquities. If this should happen to be the case these Letters might be introduced with propriety. At all events I shall have very great pleasure in sending you a copy of them if you feel the least curiosity on the subject."—*Walpole Collection*.

stood that there was a treasure of ancient papers preserved at Durham which wanted only the zeal and firmness of a northern Leland to examine and arrange them, and these qualities they have fortunately found in you. I will be greatly obliged to you when convenient for a copy of the papers respecting Dunbar Castle. I trust we will prevail on Turner to look at its remnants for the Scottish scenery : the date will be distant, and I trust in the mean while you will not hurry yourself on my account. If I can be of the slightest use respecting any papers you may want from Edinburgh during the winter I hope you will command me without scruple, and be assured you will do me pleasure.

Mr. Rees the Bookseller who left Abbotsford three or four days since took care of three sets of a small reprint of Carey's poems,<sup>1</sup> a gallant Cavalier of the time of the Civil War who I think writes reasonably good verses. One of the copies is for yourself, one for Mainsforth and the third for Sir Cuthbert Sharpe.<sup>2</sup> The parcel was entrusted to the care of Mr. Andrews. I am in this town more famous in ancient Border Wars than for the present opportunities of amusement which it affords for th[e] purpose of paying suit and service at the Circuit, and am always Dear Sir your obliged and humble servant

JEDBURGH 29 *Sepr* 1819

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO GEORGE CRAIG, GALASHIELS

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a bill on John Ballantyne for £450 at three months as I shall have to draw for £150 or thereabouts by W. Laidlaw. He will talk over the

<sup>1</sup> See above, note, p. 401.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Cuthbert Sharpe (1781-1849), the antiquary, who wrote *The History of Hartlepool* (1816) and contributed to Surtees's *History of Durham*. Among his other works is *The Worme of Lambton, a legend* (1830).

subject which we last mentioned. I conceive £27,000 or £28,000 to be the full marketable value of the property perhaps more than it would fetch in the present times as it, certainly presents no advantages as a residence. To me however local circumstances may make it worth more perhaps even as far as £30,000 but not a penny more ; for although in a small purchase one may make large sacrifices for convenience or fancy yet it would be ruinous to extend an offer on mere fancy considerations where the stake is so very large. Yours very truly.

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Monday* [*October* 1819]<sup>1</sup>

[*Rutherford*]

TO LORD MONTAGU

MY DEAR LORD,—I am honoured with your Buxton letter. All that can be done or ought to be attempted in Roxburghshire<sup>2</sup> will be done under Mr. Douglas's plan which establishes a system of surveillance & defence without incurring much expence for I should be decidedly against trying any question of which the result did not seem certain or at least as certain as any thing of the kind can be.

I mentiond in my last a proposed plantation. Mr. Riddell writes me he will send Elliot from Goldielands<sup>3</sup> to

<sup>1</sup> This letter is undated, but it is docquetted in Mr. Craig's handwriting "October 1819 about Faldonside."

<sup>2</sup> Lord Montagu had (in the letter already quoted) regretted the shortness of an interview with Scott at Langholm. "On one subject you were anxious about, Roxburghre. I think from what Chas. Douglas writes to me that all is done that can be done till he & I meet, which I hope we shall do in a few weeks."—*Walpole Collection*.

<sup>3</sup> Goldielands, a Border peelhouse in Hawick parish, Roxburghshire. Its lairds were descended from Walter Scott (1532-96), natural son of the famous Sir Walter of Buccleuch. When the last of them died without male issue towards the close of the seventeenth century, the estate reverted to the Buccleuch family. "Gaudilands" is mentioned in the ballad of "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead."

look at it and make a sketch of the ground which is all I can desire. I think it will be useful to the Melrose estate to have four or five acres planting on that waste spot.

Anent P. Leopold I only heard of his approach at eight o' clock in the morning & he was to be at Selkirk by eleven. The Magistrates sent to ask me to help them to receive him ; it occurr'd to me he might be coming to Melrose to see the Abbey in which case I could not avoid asking him to Abbotsford as he pass'd my very door. I mention'd this to Mrs. Scott who was lying quietly in bed and I wish you had heard the scream she gave on the occasion—"What have we to offer him ?"—"Wine and cake" said I thinking to make all things easy but she ejaculated in a tone of utter despair "Cake !!! Where am I to get cake"—However being partly consoled with the recollection that his visit was a very improbable incident & curiosity as usual proving too strong for alarm she set out with me in order not to miss a peep of the great man. James Skene and his lady were with me and we gave our carriages such additional dignity as a pair of leaders could add & went to meet him in full puff. The P. very civilly told me that though he could not see Melrose on this occasion he wish'd to come to Abbotsford for an hour—new despair on the part of Mrs. S. who began to institute a domiciliary search for cold meat through the whole city of Selkirk which produced *one shoulder of cold lamb*. In the mean while H.R.H. received the civic honours of the *birss* very graciously. I had hinted to Baillie Lang<sup>1</sup> that it ought only to be lick'd *symbolically* on the present occasion so he flourish'd it thrice three times before his mouth but without touching it with his lips & the P. follow'd his example as directed. Lang made an excellent speech sensible and feeling & well deliver'd—the P. seem'd much surprized at this great propriety of

<sup>1</sup> "Scott's good friend, Mr. Andrew Lang, Sheriff-Clerk for Selkirkshire, was then chief magistrate of the county town."—LOCKHART.

expression & behaviour in a Magistrate whose people seemd such a rabble and whose whole band of music consisted in a drum and fife. He noticed to Baillie Anderson that Selkirk seemd very populous in proportion to its extent—"On an occasion like this it seems so" answerd the Baillie neatly enough I thought. I question if any magistrates in the kingdom Lord Mayors & aldermen not excepted could have behaved with more decent & quiet good breeding. Prince Leopold repeatedly alluded to this during the time he was at Abbotsford.

I do not know how Mrs. Scott ultimately managed but with broild salmon and black-cock & partridges she gave him a very decent lunch & I chanced to have some very fine old hock which was mighty german to the matter—The Prince seems melancholy whether naturally or from habit I do not pretend to say but I do not remember thinking him [so] at Paris where I saw him frequently then a much poorer man than myself. Yet he showd some humour for alluding to the crowds that followd him every where he mentiond some place where he had gone out to shoot but was afraid to proceed for fear of "bagging a boy." He said he really thought of getting some shooting-place in Scotland and promised me a longer visit on his return. If I had had a days notice to have *warnd* the waters we could have met him with a very respectable number of the gentry but there was no time for this & probably he liked it better as it was—There was only young Clifton who *could* have come and he was shy and cubbish and would not though requested by the Selkirk people—he was perhaps ashamed to march them through Coventry—It hung often and sadly on my mind that *he* was wanting who could & would have received him like a prince indeed. And yet the meeting betwixt them had they been fated to meet would have been a very sad one.

Did I give you the name of my sons tutor to be put on your list for church preferment when occasion shall offer.

It is George Thompson son of the Minister of Melrose a sort of Scottish Abraham Adams ?

I think I have now given your Lordship a very full true & particular account of our royal visit unmatched since that of King Charles at the Castle of Tillietudlem. That we did not speak of it for more than a week after it happend & [that] that emphatic monosyllable *The Prince* is not heard amongst us more than ten times a day is on the whole to the credit of my family's understanding. The piper is the only one whose brain [he] seems to have endangered for as the P. said he preferd him to any he had heard in the highlands (which by the way shows H.R.H. knows nothing of the matter) the fellow seems to have become incapable of his ordinary occupation as a forester and has cut stick and stem without remorse to the tune of *Phail Phranse* i.e. the Princes wellcome.

I am very sorry for dear Lady Annes indisposition which I hope will be of short duration. Her health is of inestimable consequence to her family & freinds. I am just going to the Head Court with Donaldson & go a day sooner to exhume certain old monuments<sup>1</sup> of the Rutherfords at Jedburgh. Edgerstane<sup>2</sup> is to meet me at Jedburgh for this research and then we shall go up with him to dinner. My best respects attend Lady Montague. I wish this letter may reach you in a more lively day than it is written in for it requires little to add to its dullness. Tweed is coming down very fast the first time this summer. Believe me ever my dear Lord Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 3d. October 1819

[*Buccleuch*]

<sup>1</sup> Scott here uses the word in the sense of muniments. "“Old Goodman Powheid has the charge of the muniments” (meaning probably monuments).”—*Castle Dangerous*, Chap. IX.

<sup>2</sup> “The late John Rutherford of Edgerstone, long M.P. for Roxburghshire, was a person of high worth, and universally esteemed. Scott used to say Edgerstone was his *beau ideal* of the character of a country gentleman. He was, I believe, the head of the once great and powerful clan of Rutherford.”—LOCKHART. See Vol. III, p. 418.

TO HAY DONALDSON, W.S., FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH

[Extract]

MY DEAR SIR,—. . . I was really much relieved by the state in which I found our freind Erskine. I never saw a human being bear severe affliction with more patience and fortitude. I only fear the consequence of over exertion . . . Yours truly W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 9th October [1819]

I have this instant a letter from Tom saying he is about to marry his eldest daughter Jessie to Captain Huxley of his regiment. . . .<sup>1</sup>

[Glen]

TO WALTER SCOTT, CORK

DEAR WALTER,—I had your last letter and am glad you find pleasant society. Mrs. Dundas of Arniston is so good as to send you some introductions which you will deliver as soon as possible. You will be now in some degree accustomed to meet with strangers and to form your estimate of their character and manners. I hope in the meantime the French and German are attended to : please to mention in your next letter what you are reading and in what languages. The hours of youth my dear Walter are too precious to be spent all in gaiety. We must lay up in that period when our spirit is active and our memory strong the stores of information which are not only to facilitate our progress through life but to amuse and interest us in our later stage of existence. I very often think what an unhappy person I should have been if I had not done something more or less towards improving my understanding when I was at your age and I never reflect without severe self-condemnation on the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which I either trifled

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Tom of 16th October.

with or altogether neglected. I hope you will be wiser than I have been and experience less of that self-reproach.

My last acquainted you with Mrs. Erskine's death and I grieve to say we have just received intelligence from Mr. S. Somerville that our kind neighbour and good friend Lord Somerville is at the very last gasp. His disease is a dysentery and the symptoms as his brother writes to Mr. Samuel Somerville<sup>1</sup> are mortal. He is at Vevai upon his road I suppose to Italy where he had purposed spending the winter. His death for I understand nothing else can be expected will be another severe loss to me for he was a kind good friend and at my time of life men do not readily take to new associates. I must own this has been one of the most melancholy years I have past. The poor Duke who loved me so well Mrs. Erskine Lord Somerville not to mention others with whom I was less intimate make it an year of mourning. I should not forget the Chief Baron who though from ill health we met of late seldom was always my dear friend and indeed my early benefactor. I must look forward to seeing in your success and respectability and in the affection and active improvement of all of you those pleasures which are narrowd by the death of my contemporaries. Men cannot form new intimacies at my period of life but must be happy or otherwise according to the good fortune and good conduct of those near relatives who rise around them.

We are all quiet as yet within Scotland except in the West and I have no fear of the reforming mania coming our way. Even the Weavers of Galashiels are contented

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Somerville, W.S., a son of Thomas Somerville (1741-1830), the historian of Queen Anne. He had "a pretty villa at Lowood, on the Tweed, immediately opposite the seat of his relation, Lord Somerville, of whose estate he had the management." John Southey Somerville, fifteenth Lord Somerville, had wintered in Italy for his health in 1818. In the summer of this year he had been in France. About a week before the date of this letter of Scott's, Somerville, while travelling through Switzerland, had died of dysentery at Vevey on 5th October. He was a keen agriculturist. See Scott's eulogy of him in *Misc. Prose Works* (1834), iv. and Scott's *Memorie of the Somervilles* (1815).



and happy and making very joyous and peaceful processions with Bruce piping at their head by special permission. They have presented Dr. Douglas with a silver cup well merited by his exertions to support the credit of the town when their commerce was interrupted and money hard to be come by. They did us the honor of marching along Deadwater Heugh with colours displayd and so forth and no persuasion could prevail on them to accept a guinea which I sent them to add to their festivity. Bruce on his part generously refused all remuneration for the wind he expended in their service.

I wish much to know if you are lucky in a servant. Trust him with as little cash as possible and keep short accompts. Many a good servant is spoild by neglecting this simple precaution. The man is tempted to some expence of his own gives way to it and then has to make it up by a system of overcharge and peculation and thus mischief begins and the carelessness of the Master makes a rogue out of an honest lad and cheats himself into the bargain.

I have a letter from your Uncle Tom telling me his eldest daughter is to be forthwith married to a Captain Huxley<sup>1</sup> of his own regiment. As he has had a full opportunity of being acquainted with the young gentleman and approves of the match I have to hope that it will be a happy one. I fear there is no great fortune in the case on either side which is to be regretted.

Of domestic affairs I have little to tell you. The harvest has been excellent the weather delightful but this I must often have repeated. To day I was thinning out fir-trees in the thicket and the men were quite exhausted with heat and I myself though only marking the trees felt the exercize sufficiently warm. The wood is thriving delightfully. On the 18th we are to have a dance in honour of

<sup>1</sup> "In addition to his son Walter, Thomas Scott had four daughters. The eldest, Jessie, was married in 1819 to Captain (afterwards Colonel) Huxley."—*Some Notes on the Children of Thomas Scott, brother of Sir Walter Scott, and their descendants*, by William Moncreiffe (MS. 760, Nat. Lib. Scot.).

your birthday. I wish you could look in upon us for the day at least only I am afraid we could not part with you when it was over and so you would be in the guise of Cinderella when she out-staid her time at the ball and all her finery returnd into its original base materials. Talking of balls the girls would tell you the Melrose hop where Mama presided went off well.

Henry Scott<sup>1</sup> was here to day taking leave for Cambridge. He lookd melancholy and I was sorry to part with him for he is [a] good young man. I am by no means sure that his father is taking the best course with him. I suspect a commission would suit him better than long study at the College and it is most important that his time should be employd by duty of one sort or other. I expect poor Erskine and his daughters next week or the week after. I went into town to see him and found him bearing his great loss with his natural gentleness and patience. But he was sufficiently distressd as he has great reason to be. I also expect Lord and Lady Mellville here very soon. Sir William Rae (now Lord Advocate)<sup>2</sup> and his lady were with us saturday and Sunday. Maida walkd with us and in jumping the paling at the Greentongue park contrived [to] hang himself up by the hind leg. He howld at first but seeing us making towards him he stopd crying and waved his tail by way of signal it was supposed for assistance. He sustaind no material injury though his leg was strangely twisted into the bars and he was nearly hanging by it. He showd great gratitude in his way to his deliverers.

Here is a long letter and little in it. But that is nothing extraordinary. All send best love and I am ever dear  
Walter Your affectionate father

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 14 *October* [1819]

[*Law*]

<sup>1</sup> I think this must be Henry Hepburne-Scott, eldest son of Hugh Scott of Hardon, born January 1800.

<sup>2</sup> Rae had been appointed Lord Advocate in place of Alexander Macdonochie (afterwards Maconochie-Welwood), on 24th June of this year.

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